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OCT

2018

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# MAD

NO. 3 OCTOBER 2018

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# MESSY LAYERED ONE

Let's agree  
This guy's me  
In this film of no  
imagination!  
They just **hacked**  
My whole act,  
What a blatant  
im-i-tation!

I'm **Arty-Mess**, and if you don't count thousands of fans busting a nut over the return of **Iron Giant**, I'm the love interest!

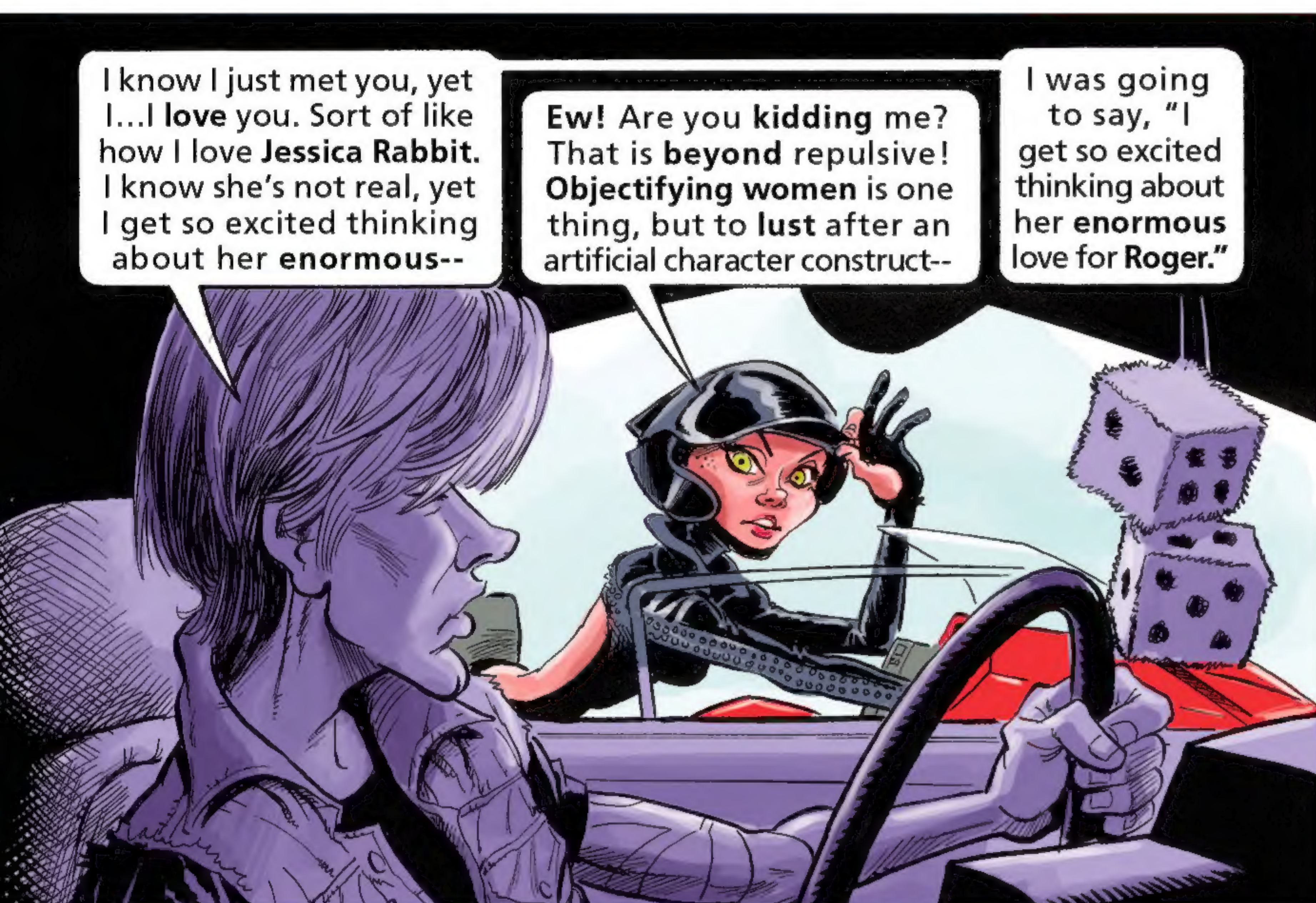




Now **this** is the real me, **Weird Whatsis**. My aunt **Whatsername** and I are mired in poverty, but every day I put on my wireless VR goggles, laser recognition scanner, and tactile exo-sensory gloves, and log in to my virtual reality **Hiatus** account. If only we had **money for food**!



**Arty-Mess** is one of the greatest game players in the **Hiatus**, but hang on to your joystick for the twist...she's a **GIRL**! As an emotionally stunted white male gamer stereotype, I didn't know if I should ask her out or doxx her. Unfortunately, my understanding of romantic relationships comes from watching **Princess Peach** get kidnapped by **Bowser**!



I know I just met you, yet I...I love you. Sort of like how I love **Jessica Rabbit**. I know she's not real, yet I get so excited thinking about her **enormous--**

**Ew!** Are you kidding me? That is **beyond repulsive**! **Objectifying women** is one thing, but to **lust** after an artificial character construct--

I was going to say, "I get so excited thinking about her **enormous** love for **Roger**."

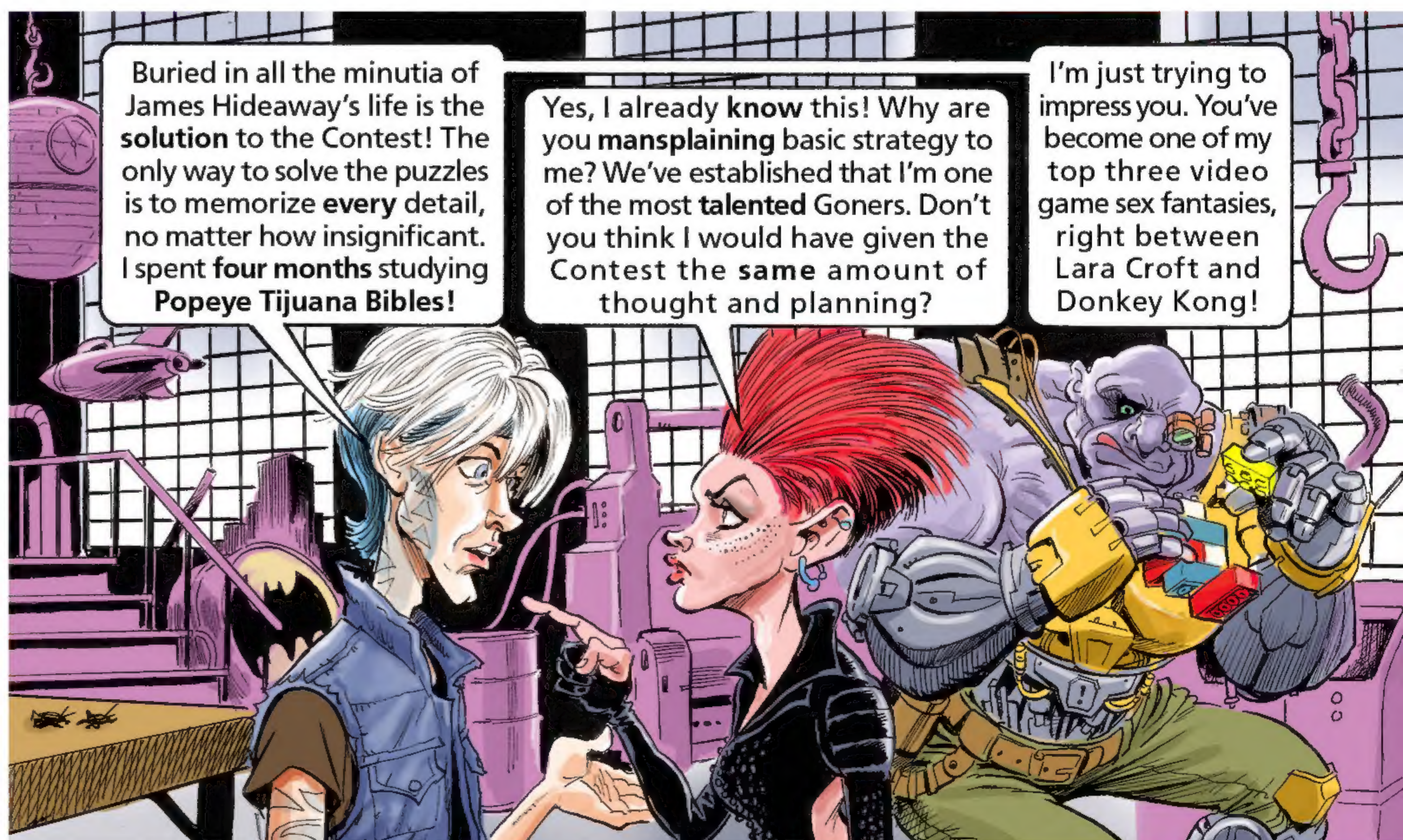


This looks **brutal**, but remember, it's nothing but pixels and virtual 1's and 0's! It's not as if **real people** are **dying**. It's sort of like the way a certain **U.S. administration** used to think about **Puerto Rico**.

Every single player **lost**, and most of them are **dead**! But at least there's **one silver lining**!



♪ 1-877-Kars-4-Kids! ♪  
K-A-R-S, Kars-4-Kids,  
♪ donate your car to- ♪  
daAAAAYYYYY... ♪



Buried in all the minutia of **James Hideaway's** life is the **solution** to the **Contest**! The only way to solve the puzzles is to memorize **every detail**, no matter how insignificant. I spent **four months** studying **Popeye Tijuana Bibles**!

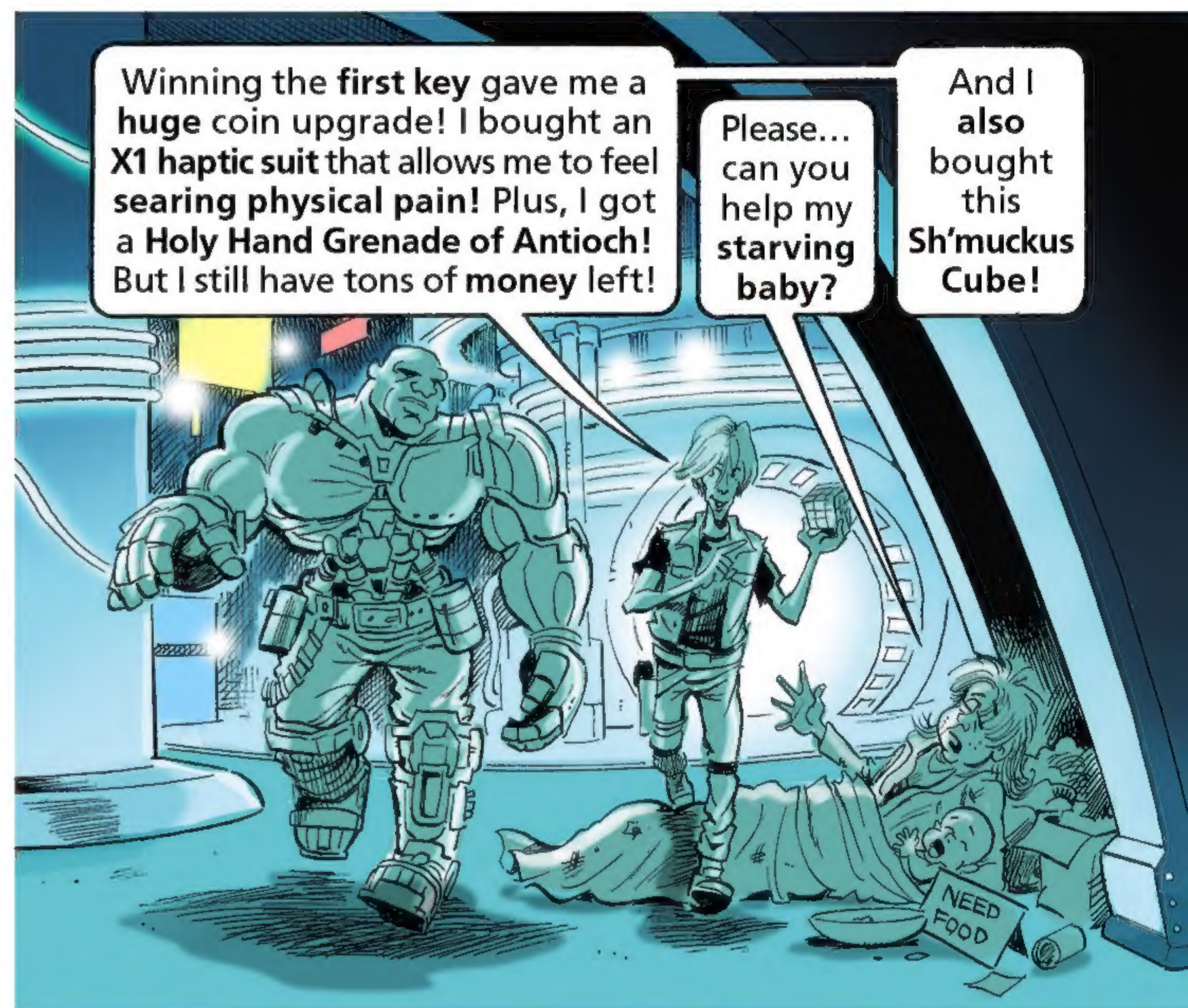
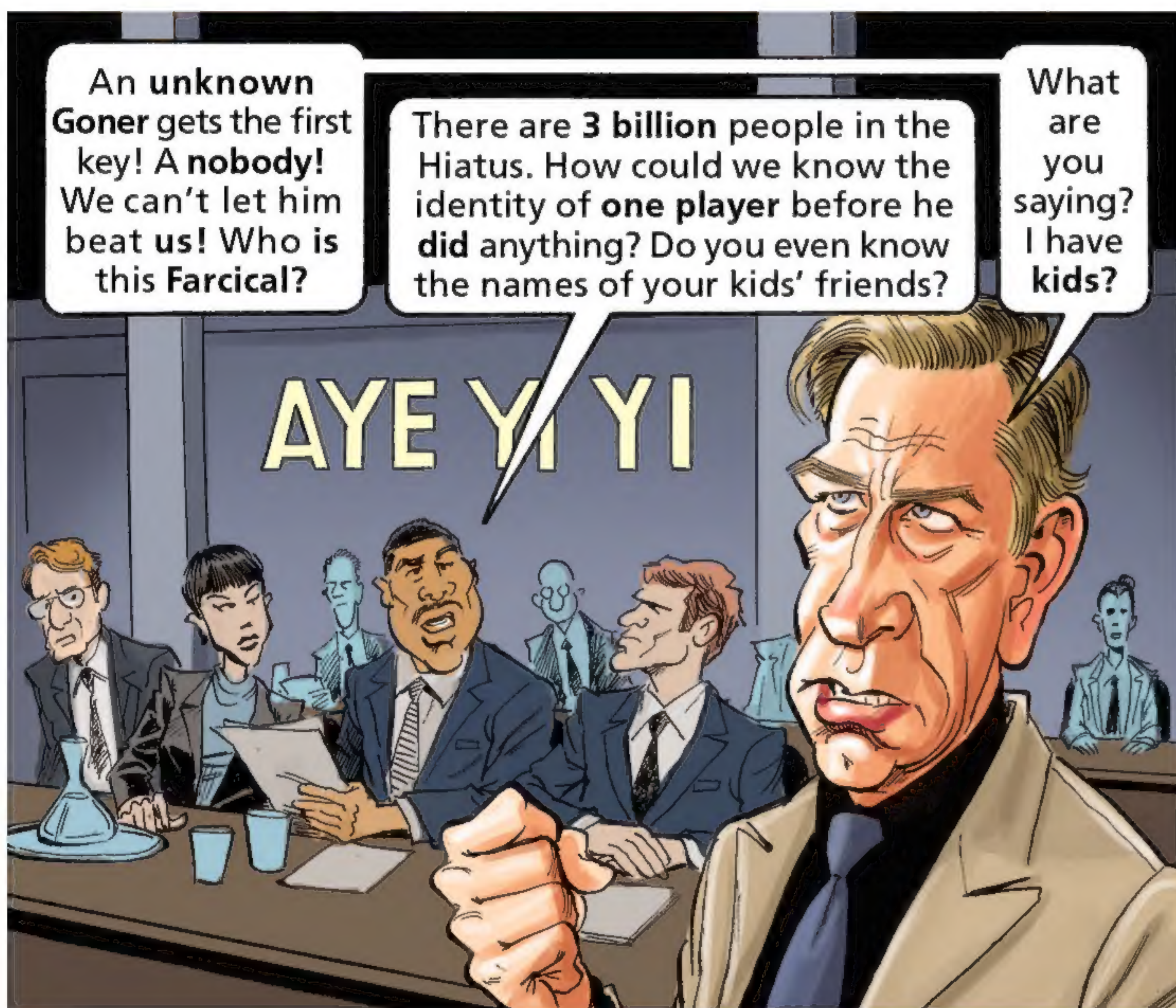
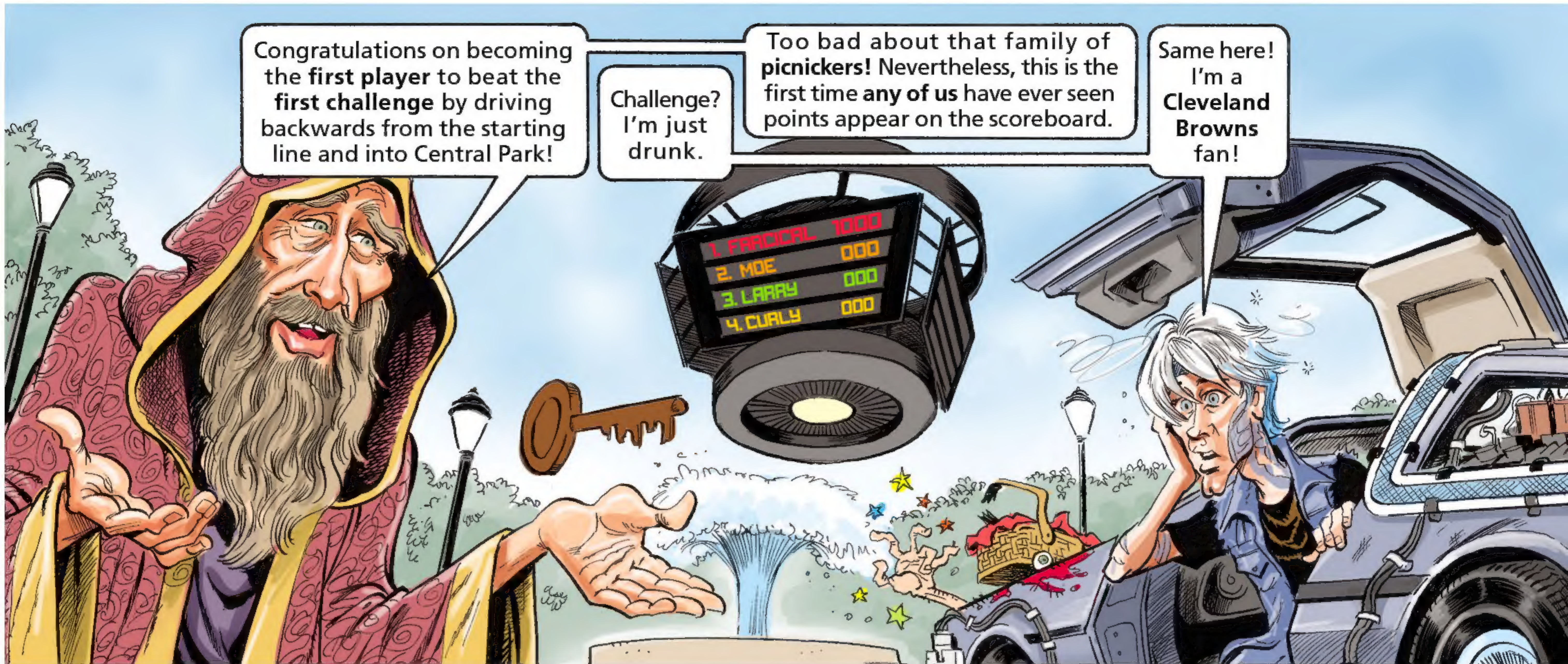
Yes, I already **know** this! Why are you **mansplaining** basic strategy to me? We've established that I'm one of the most **talented Goners**. Don't you think I would have given the **Contest** the **same** amount of thought and planning?

I'm just trying to impress you. You've become one of my top three video game sex fantasies, right between **Lara Croft** and **Donkey Kong**!

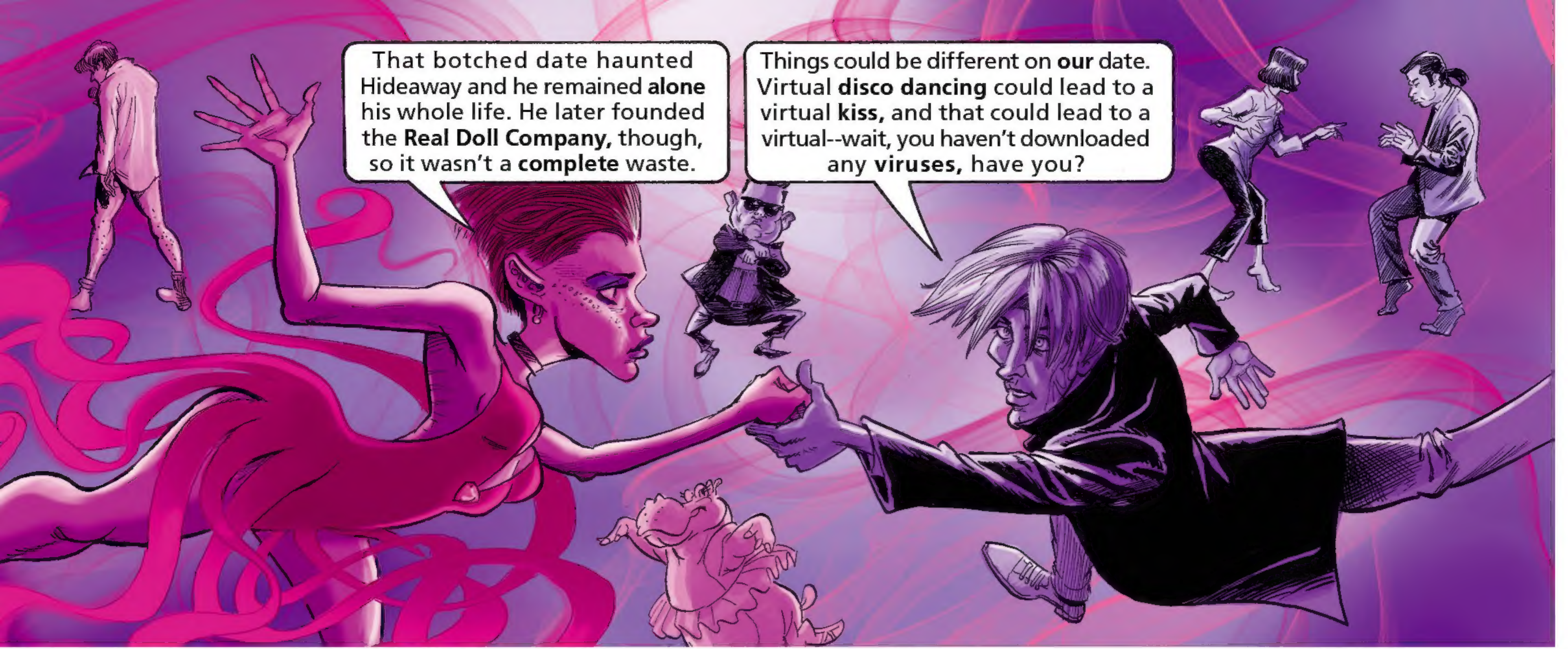


"I'm trying to save water by peeing in the shower, but all these extra showers seem wasteful."



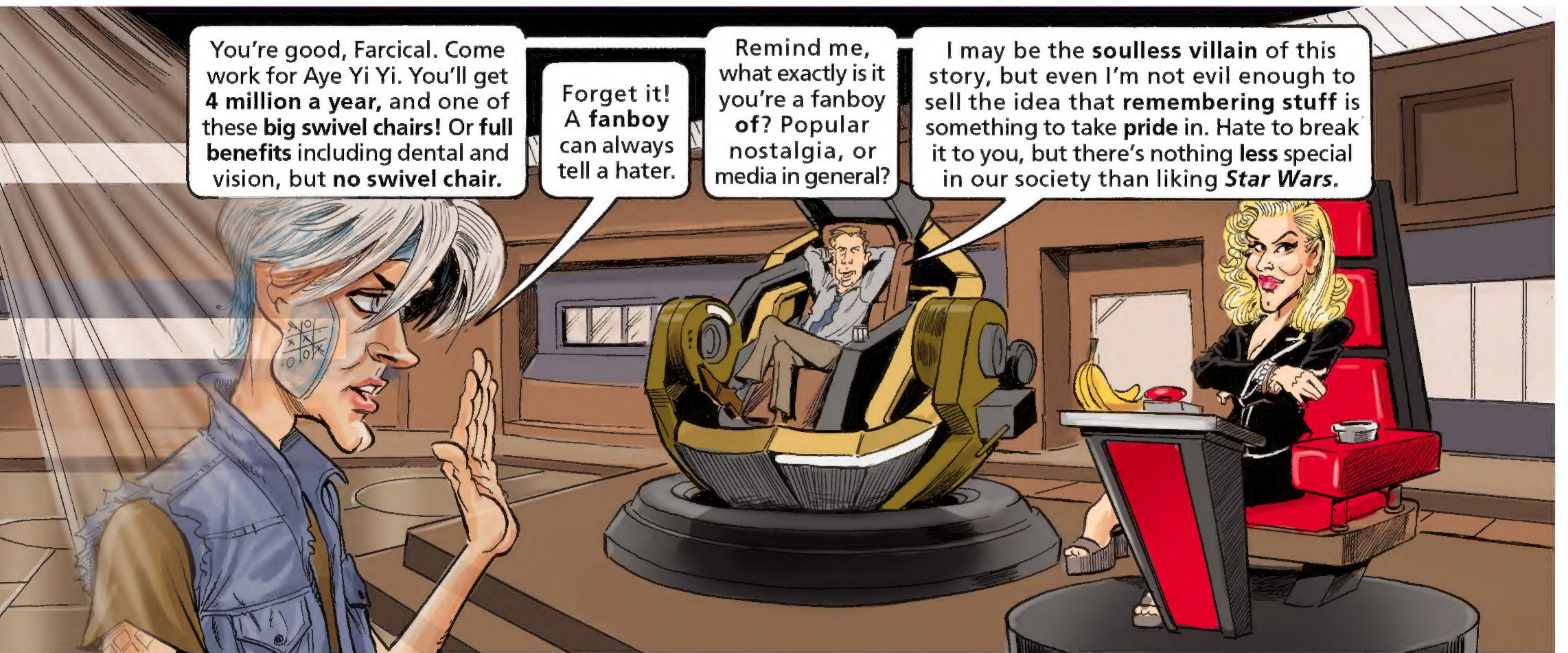






That botched date haunted Hideaway and he remained alone his whole life. He later founded the **Real Doll Company**, though, so it wasn't a **complete waste**.

Things could be different on **our date**. Virtual **disco dancing** could lead to a virtual **kiss**, and that could lead to a virtual--wait, you haven't downloaded any **viruses**, have you?



You're good, Farcical. Come work for Aye Yi Yi. You'll get **4 million a year**, and one of these **big swivel chairs**! Or full **benefits** including dental and vision, but **no swivel chair**.

Forget it! A **fanboy** can always tell a **hater**.

Remind me, what exactly is it you're a **fanboy** of? Popular nostalgia, or media in general?

I may be the **soulless villain** of this story, but even I'm not evil enough to sell the idea that **remembering stuff** is something to take **pride** in. Hate to break it to you, but there's nothing **less special** in our society than liking **Star Wars**.



I can't believe it! My Aunt Alice just got killed by Aye Yi Yi, but **no coins** spilled out of her! Real life **sucks**!

Aunt **Who**? She was barely in the movie at all. This is the **thinnest** revenge quest since **Pee-Wee Herman** wanted his bicycle back.



Welcome to the **rebellion**, which is currently **three people**. Unless my gardener **Phil** changed his mind?

We fight against the **Hiatus** by playing it **all the time**, um...just like everyone else. Anyway, this is the **real me**. I knew you'd be disappointed with the way I look.

You mean that **skin blotch**? Puh-leeze! Never mind about **you**, most gamers would give their left nut just to sext with the **blotch**! Best of all, it's a **perfect match** for a map of **Narnia**!

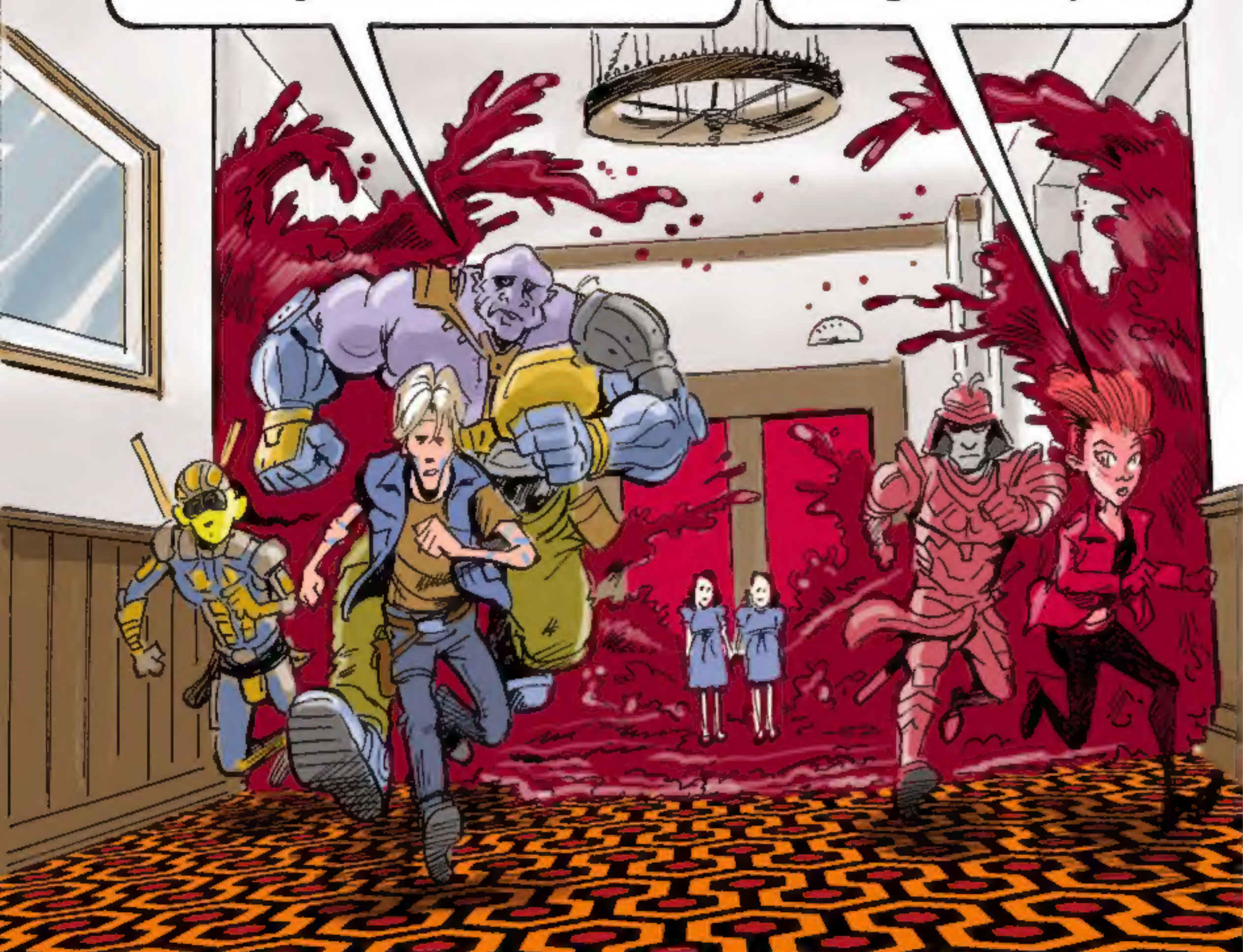
Nah.





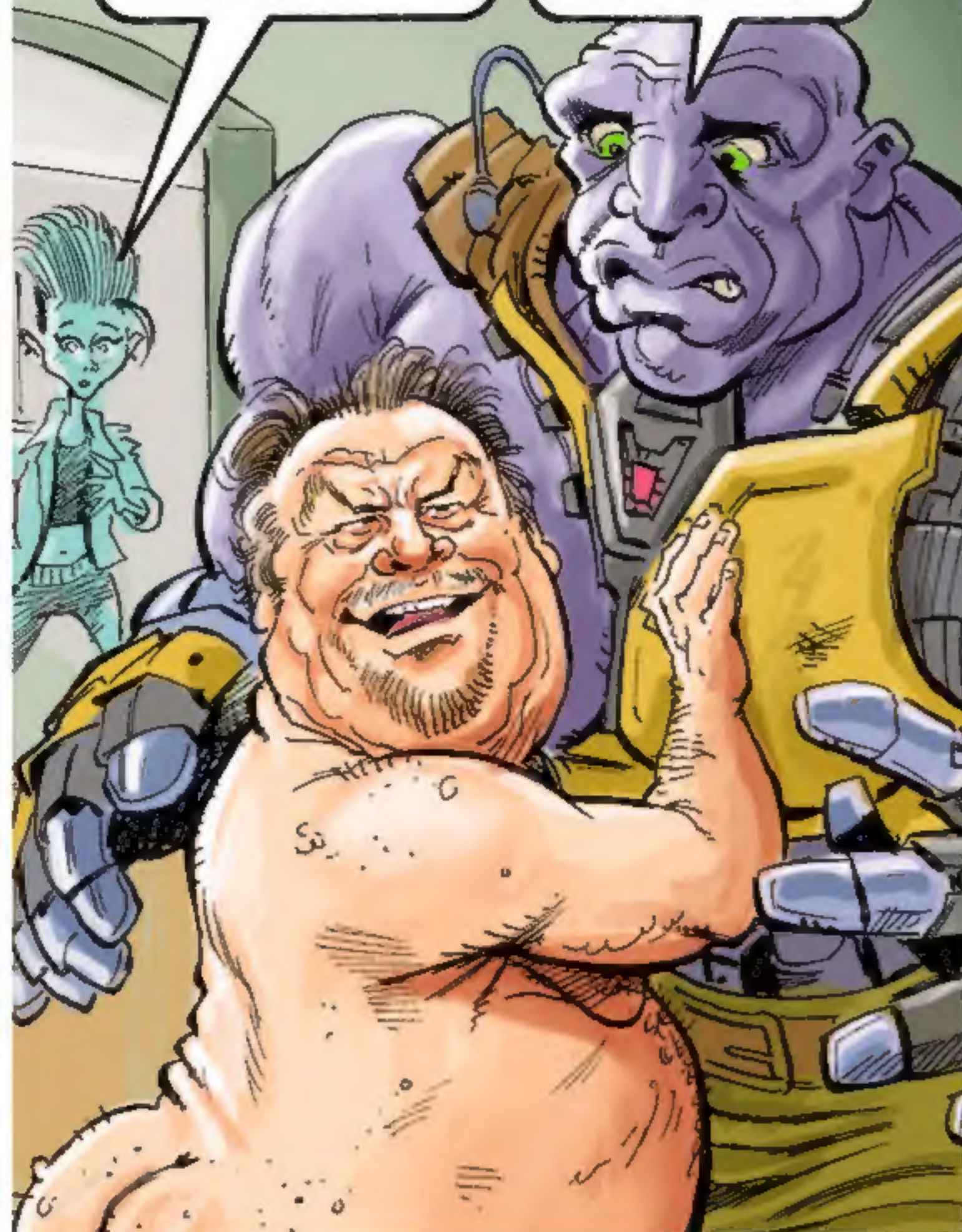
The **second key** is in Hideaway's favorite movie: *The Shining*! But they never should have put two little girls in charge of this year's blood drive!

They'll need about **46,000 lemons** to get the stains out of this unsettlingly designed carpet!



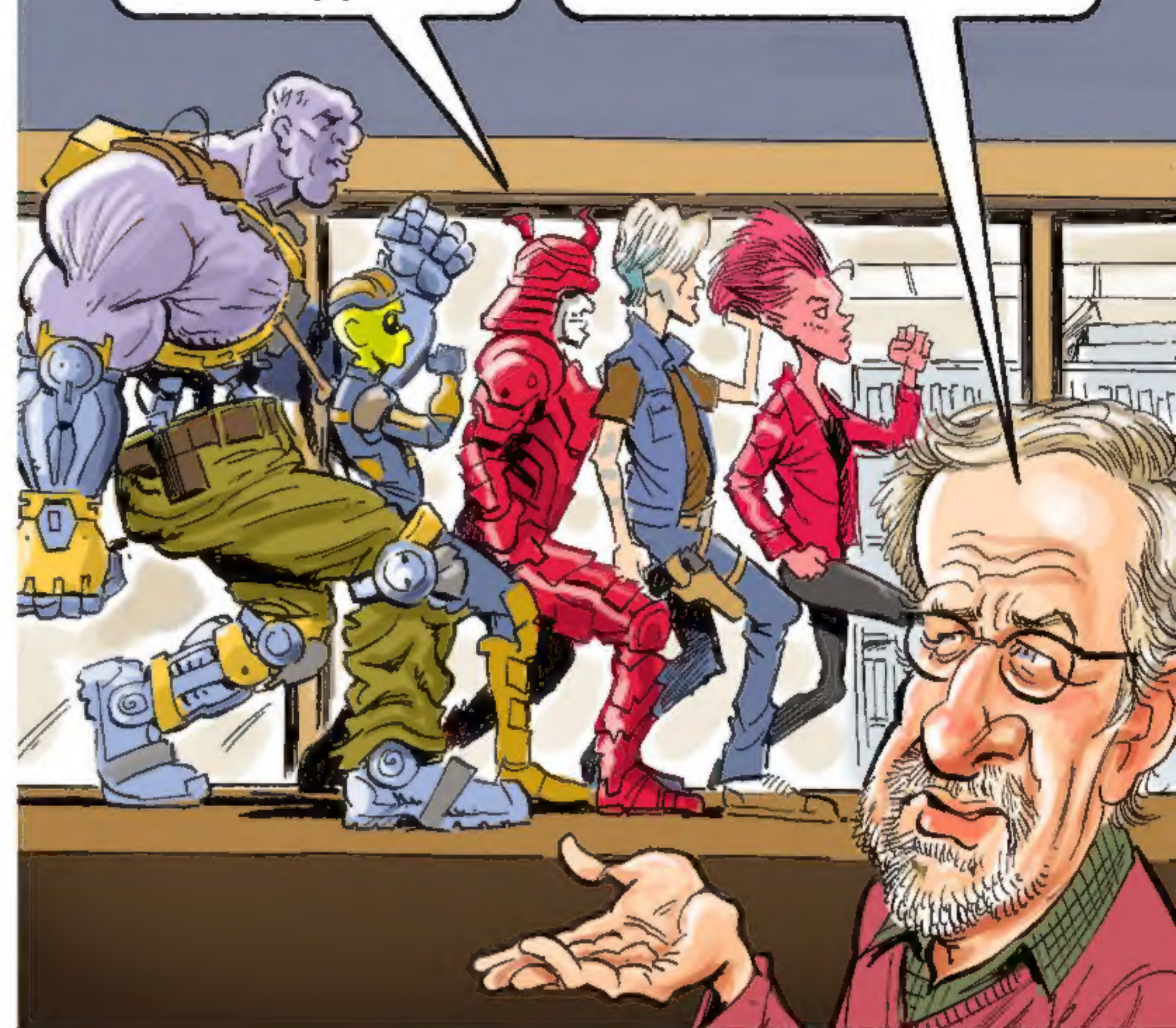
Ewww! It's the rotted old lady from the bathroom scene!

Actually, I think it's present-day Jack Nicholson!



Wait, somehow we've morphed inside *The Breakfast Club*. What happened?

I realized I was taking an unacceptable risk by showing my audience a scene from a much, much better movie!



Hey, I think we're in *Good Morning, Vietnam*!

That's good!

That's bad!

Now we're talking!

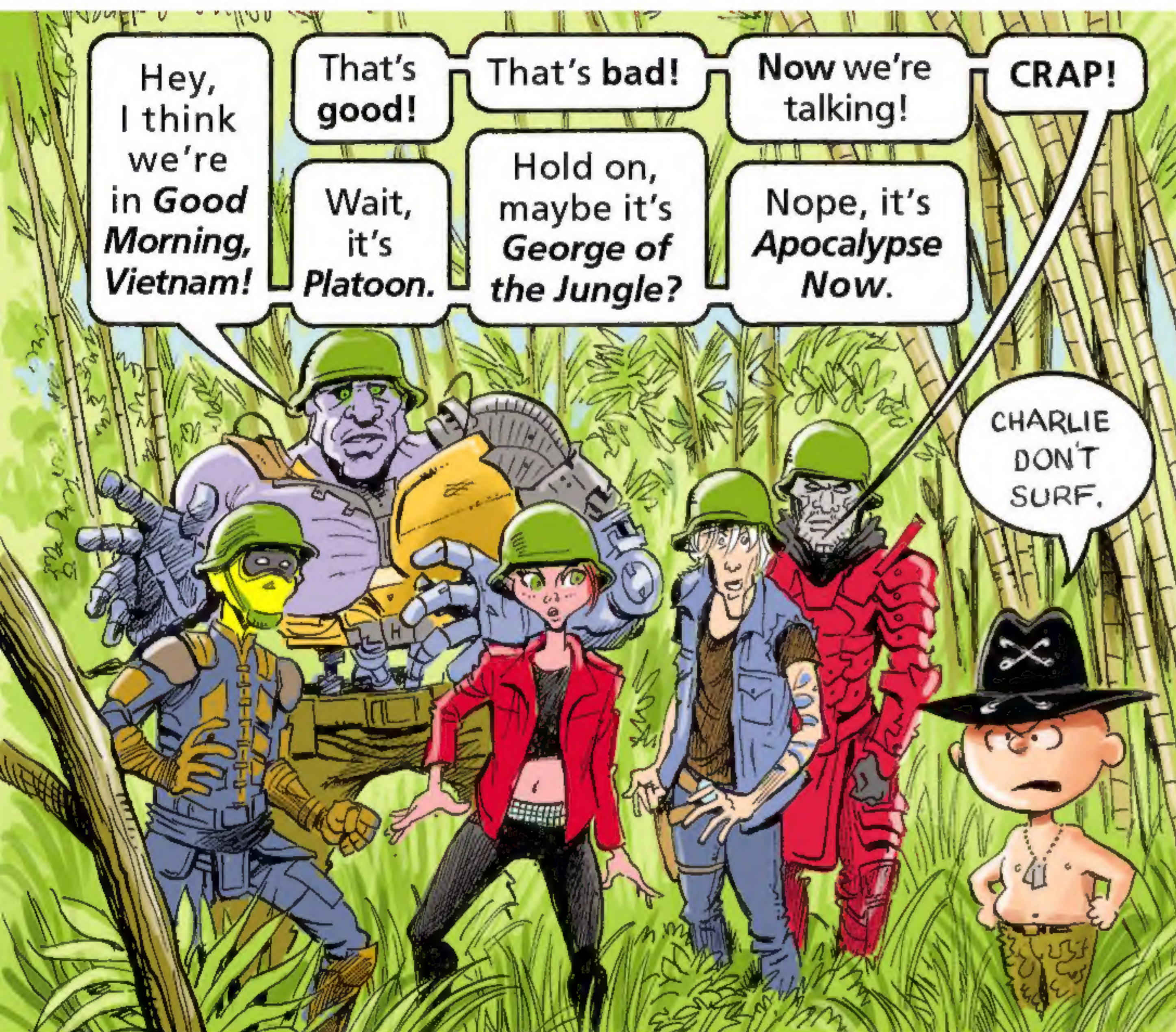
CRAP!

Wait, it's *Platoon*.

Hold on, maybe it's *George of the Jungle*?

Nope, it's *Apocalypse Now*.

CHARLIE DON'T SURF.



While they were trapped in an '80s movie loop, we captured and caged **Arty-Mess**. Now the last challenge is playing the obsolete *Adventure* console game! We'll force Arty-Mess and the rest of our sixers to play until they win, or die!

Yeah, we're going **old school**! That's what I like!

Old school? You mean you like the **Atari 2600** gaming system?

A little further back. We're talkin' **slavery**!



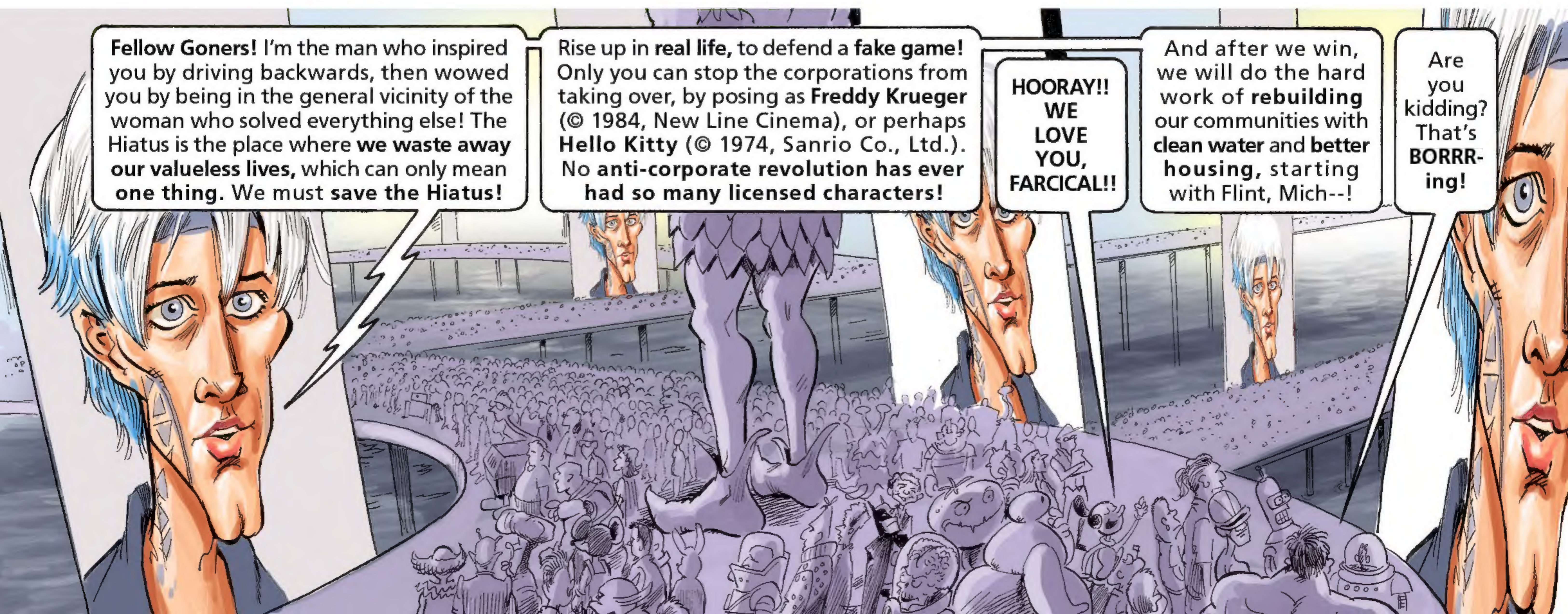
**Fellow Goners!** I'm the man who inspired you by driving backwards, then wowed you by being in the general vicinity of the woman who solved everything else! The Hiatus is the place where we waste away our valueless lives, which can only mean one thing. We must save the Hiatus!

Rise up in real life, to defend a fake game! Only you can stop the corporations from taking over, by posing as **Freddy Krueger** (© 1984, New Line Cinema), or perhaps **Hello Kitty** (© 1974, Sanrio Co., Ltd.). No anti-corporate revolution has ever had so many licensed characters!

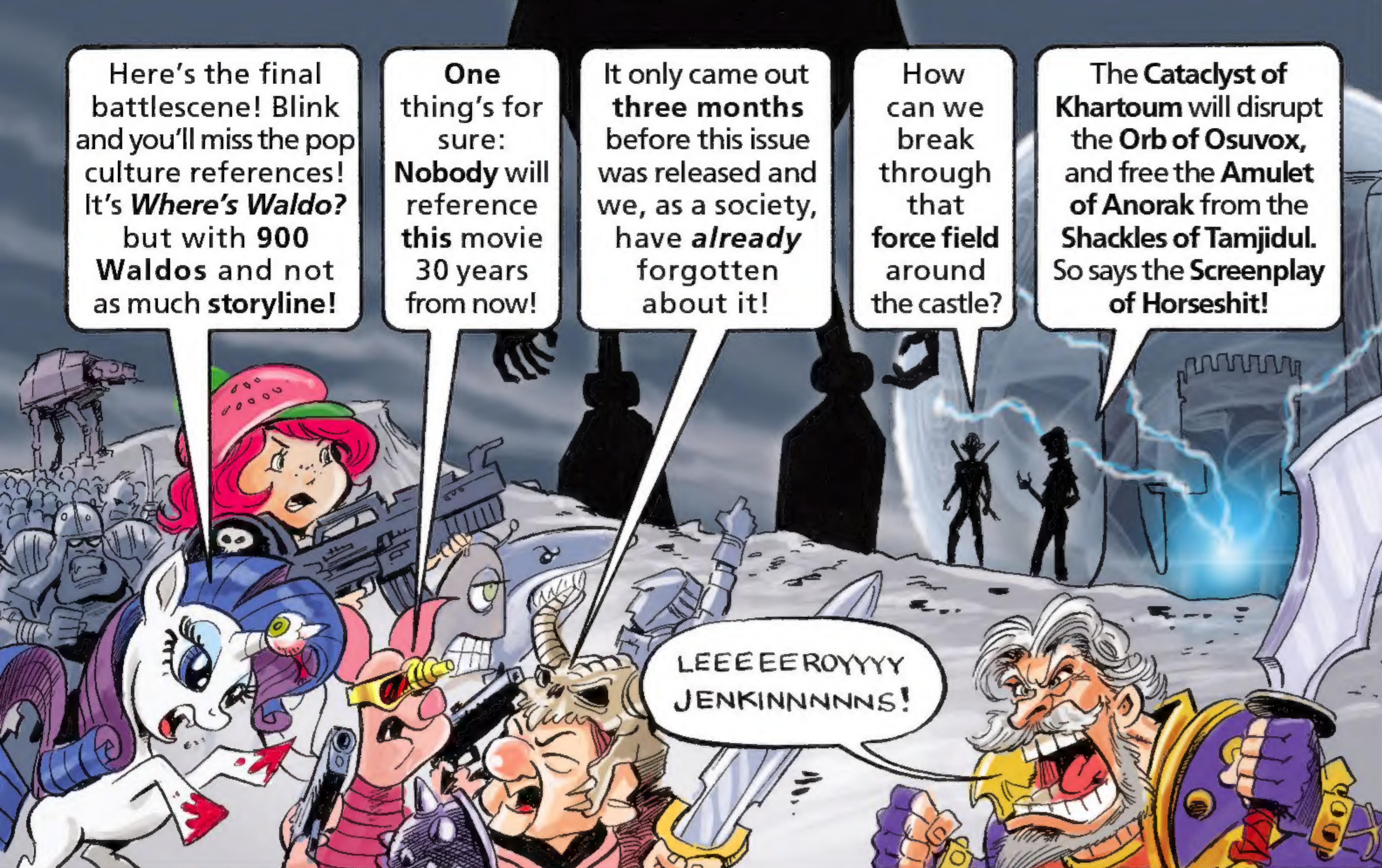
**HOORAY!! WE LOVE YOU, FARCICAL!!**

And after we win, we will do the hard work of **rebuilding** our communities with clean water and better housing, starting with Flint, Mich--!

Are you kidding? That's **BORRR-ing**!







Here's the final battlescene! Blink and you'll miss the pop culture references! It's *Where's Waldo?* but with 900 *Waldos* and not as much storyline!

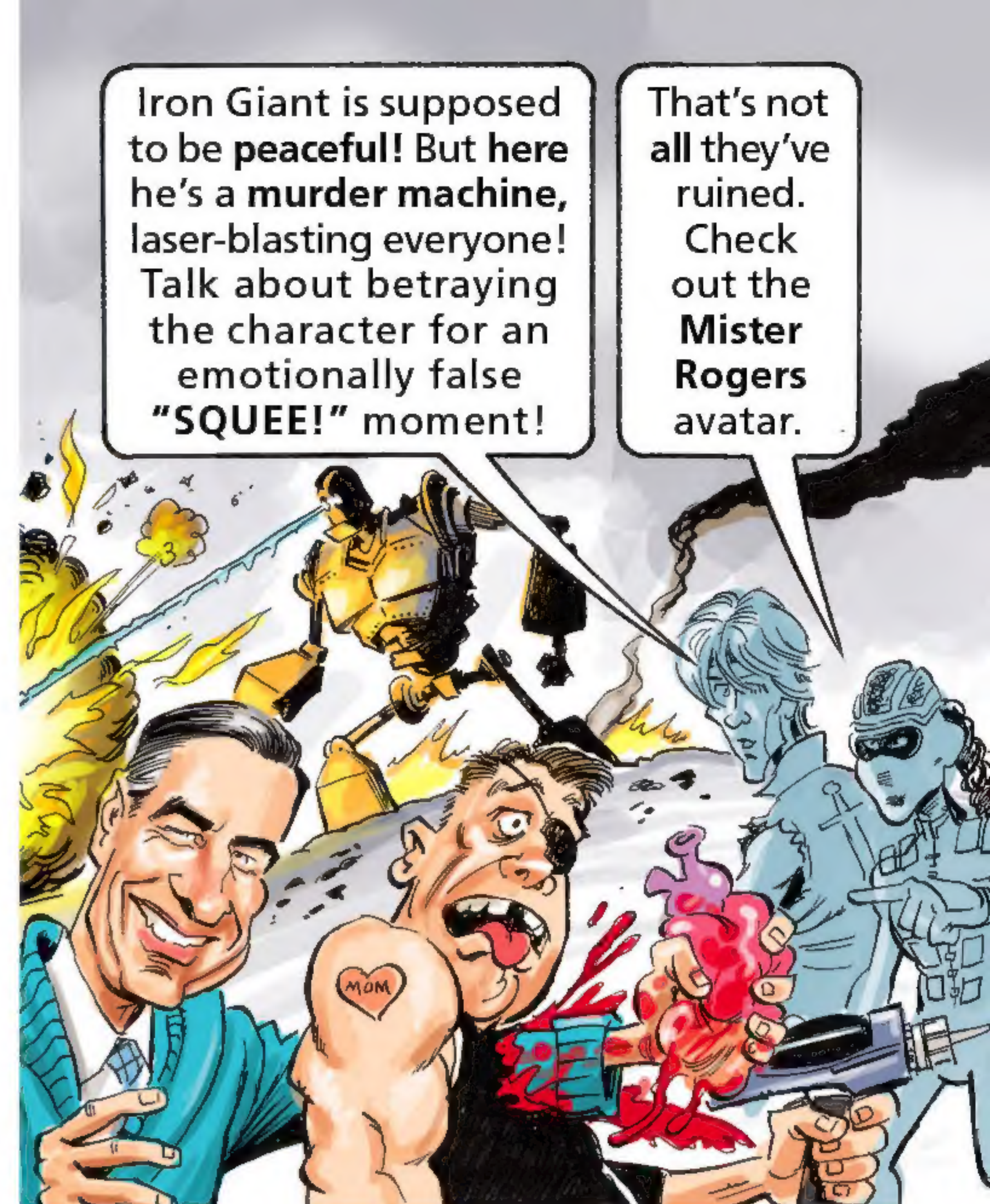
One thing's for sure: **Nobody** will reference this movie 30 years from now!

It only came out **three months** before this issue was released and we, as a society, have *already* forgotten about it!

How can we break through that force field around the castle?

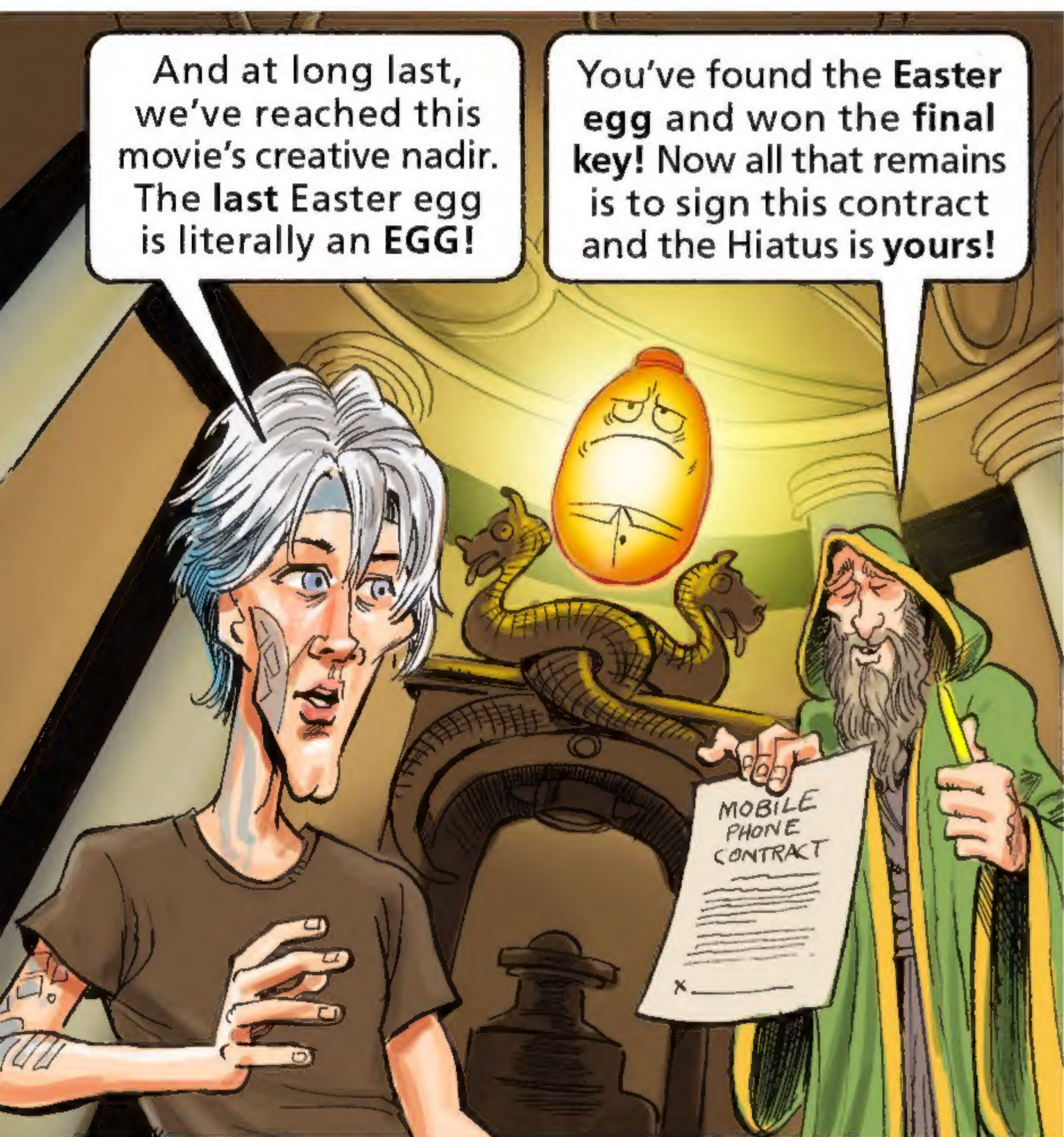
The **Cataclyst of Khartoum** will disrupt the **Orb of Osuvox**, and free the **Amulet of Anorak** from the **Shackles of Tamjidul**. So says the **Screenplay of Horseshit!**

LEEEEROYYYY JENKINNNNS!



Iron Giant is supposed to be **peaceful!** But here he's a **murder machine**, laser-blasting everyone! Talk about betraying the character for an emotionally false **"SQUEE!"** moment!

That's not all they've ruined. Check out the **Mister Rogers** avatar.



And at long last, we've reached this movie's creative nadir. The last Easter egg is literally an **EGG!**

You've found the **Easter egg** and won the **final key!** Now all that remains is to sign this contract and the **Hiatus** is **yours!**

MOBILE PHONE CONTRACT



I'm... I'm afraid I can't sign this.

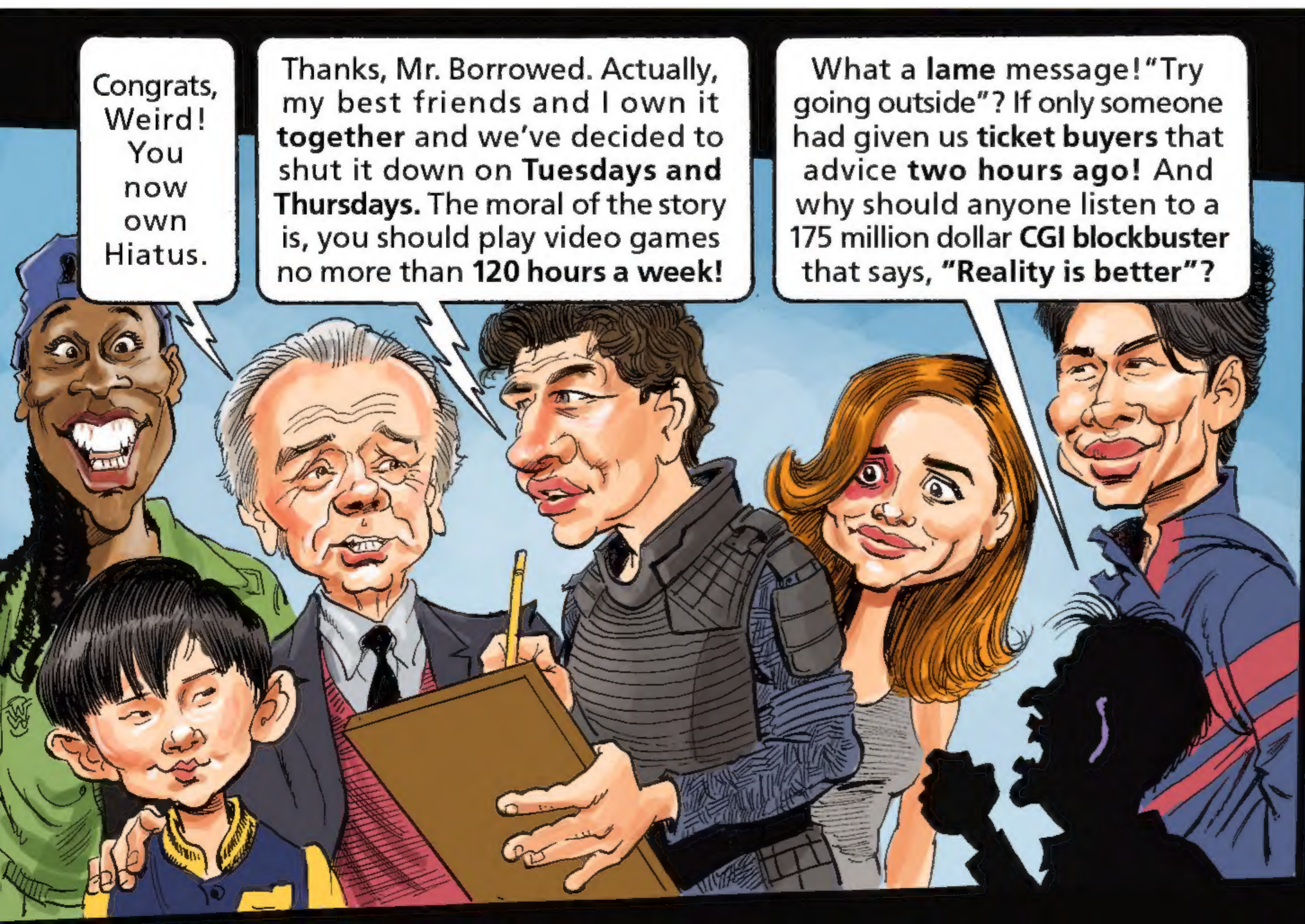
**Excellent!** You've realized that I regretted making my best friend, **Begdan Borrowed**, sign a contract that dissolved our partnership, and that by signing **this contract** you would forfeit the Contest.

Um, no, that's not it.

I don't understand!

Allow me. This film has exceeded its **CGI budget**. There's simply no money left for virtual ink to fill that virtual pen.

You monster!



Congrats, **Weird!** You now own **Hiatus**.

Thanks, Mr. Borrowed. Actually, my best friends and I own it **together** and we've decided to shut it down on **Tuesdays and Thursdays**. The moral of the story is, you should play video games no more than **120 hours** a week!

What a **lame message!** "Try going outside"? If only someone had given us **ticket buyers** that advice **two hours ago!** And why should anyone listen to a 175 million dollar **CGI blockbuster** that says, "**Reality is better?**"



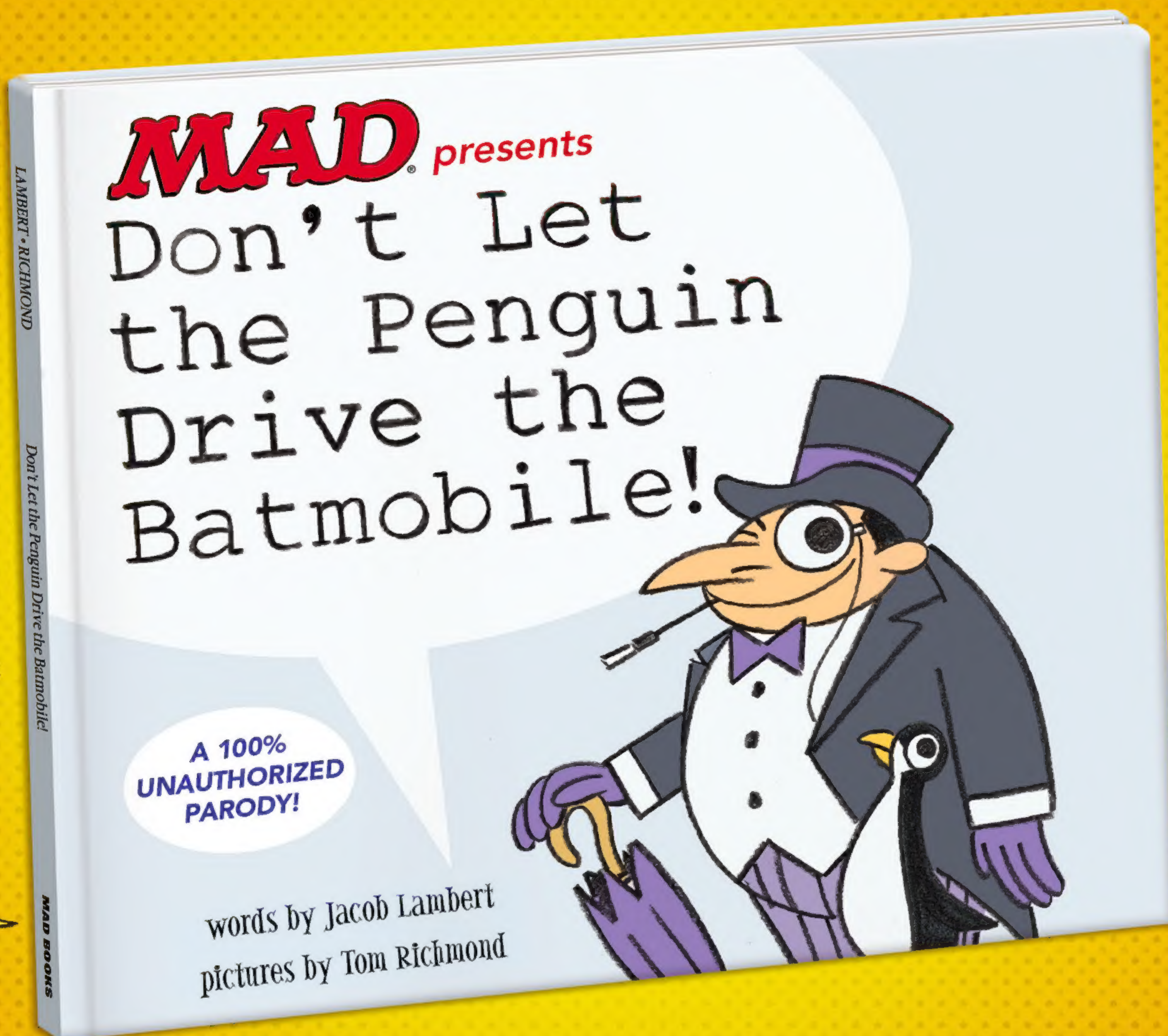
I have a feeling that **Tuesdays and Thursdays** might just become my **favorite days** of the week. Why don't you unlock some mysteries inside my **VR suit, Lover Boy?**

Gulp! This is it! I just hope she doesn't laugh at my **slow refresh rate!**



"WHENEVER I REFERENCE 'THE GOOD BOOK,'  
THIS IS THE #@%\$ I'M TALKING ABOUT."

—The Pope



Help protect the Batmobile from  
the Penguin in this 100% unauthorized

***Don't Let the Pigeon Drive the Bus!***

parody from the Usual Gang of Idiots  
at MAD Magazine!

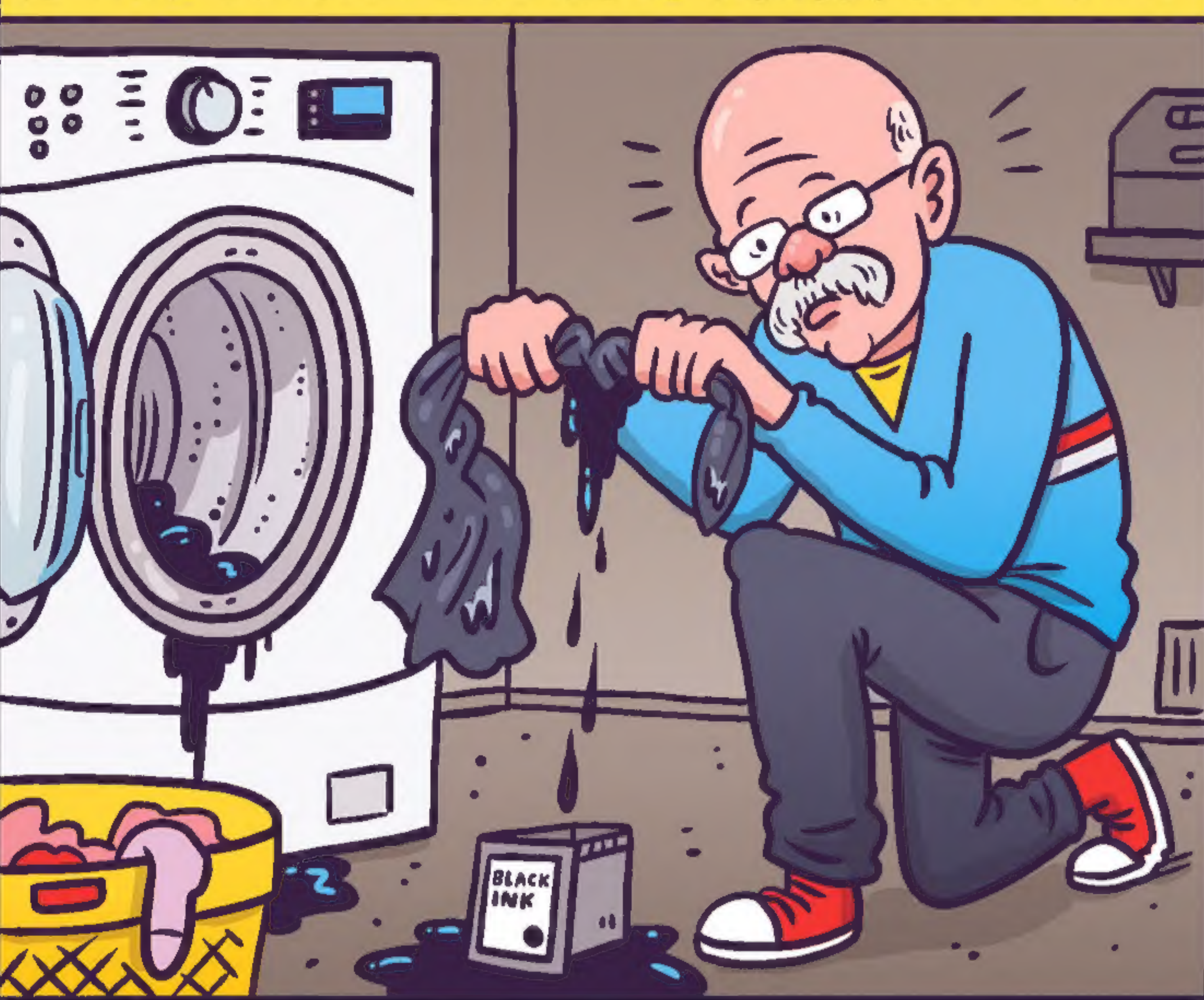
HARDCOVER  
**ON SALE**  
OCT. 10<sup>th</sup>!



DIE-HARD MAD FANS KNOW OUR MAGAZINE IS THE PLACE TO GO FOR GROOMING TIPS, CAR REPAIR INFO, RELIGIOUS DISCUSSIONS, AND OF COURSE, MOUTHWATERING RECIPES. BUT NOW WE ADD SOMETHING NEW: PROFESSIONAL TECH GUIDANCE! HERE'S OUR FIRST...

# MAD's SNEAKY TECH TIPS

## IS THAT PRINTER CARTRIDGE REALLY OUT OF INK?



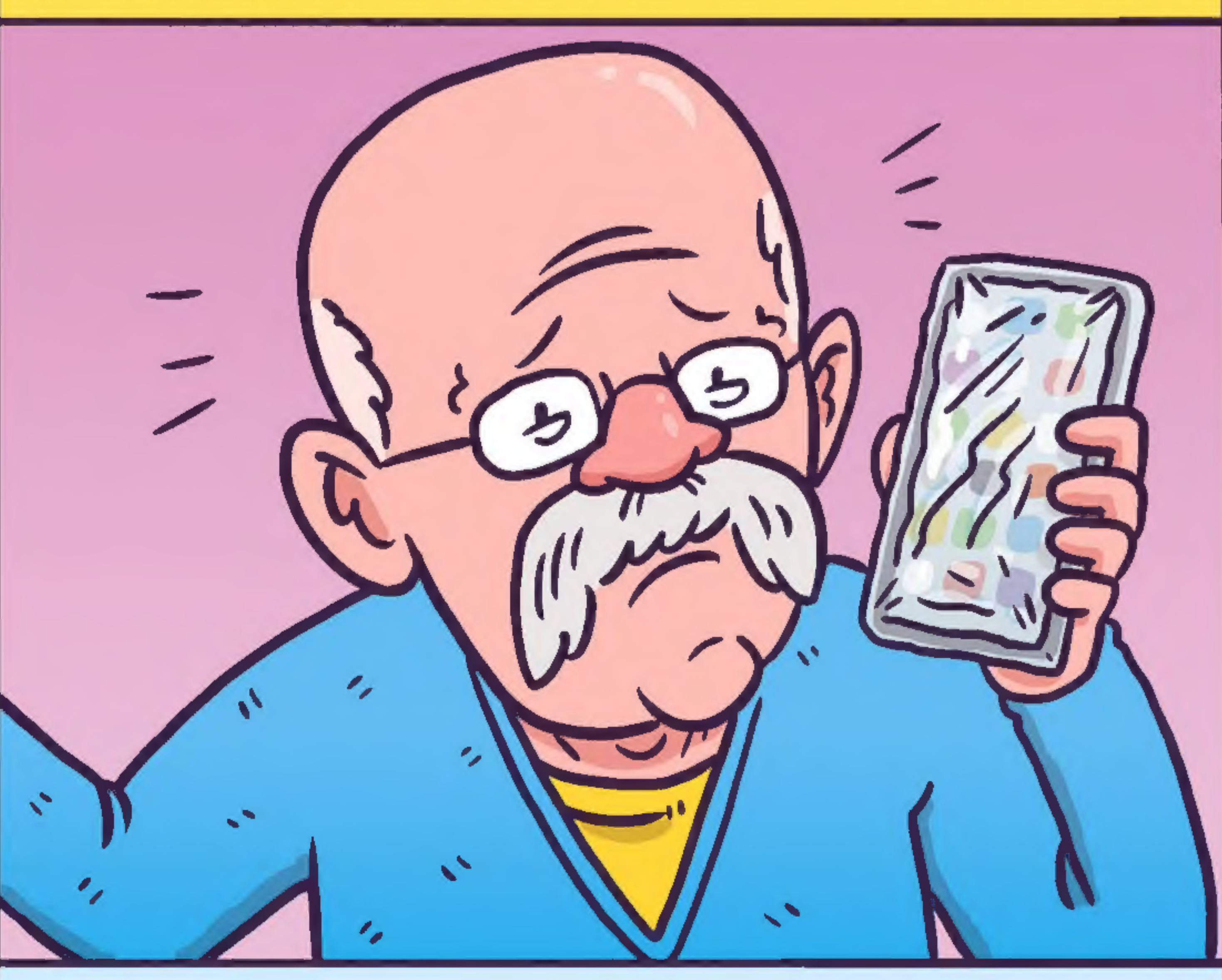
Why spend **ridiculous** money on a **new** ink cartridge unless you know your **old** one is **really** empty? To find out, throw it in the washer with your whites! (Bonus: You'll have a spanking-clean empty cartridge!)

## USE FACEBOOK...WITHOUT FEAR!



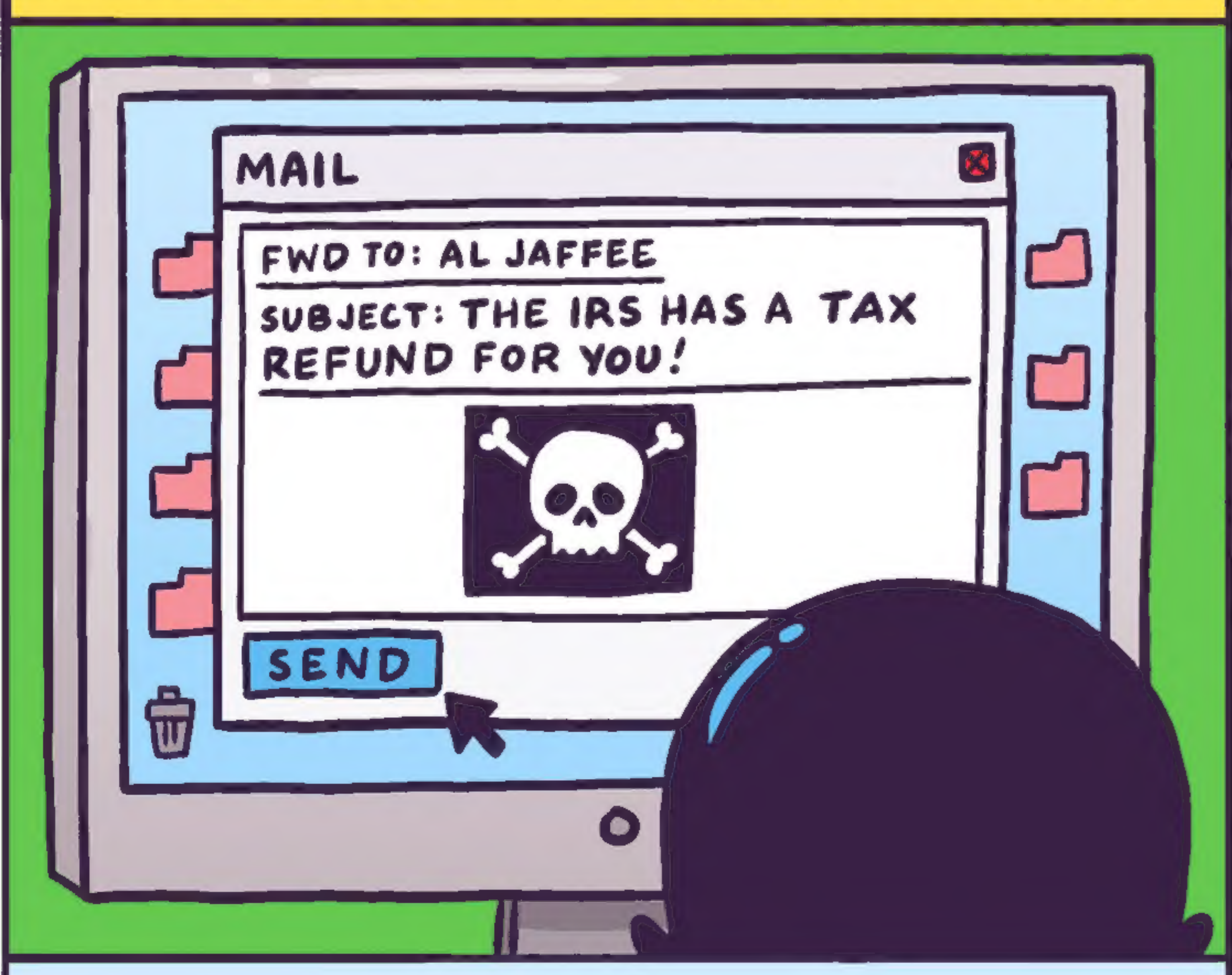
Facebook stores everything about you, but **who** cares? Put on simple wigs, mustaches, and other disguises when you go online. They won't know **who** that personal info belongs to!

## SMARTPHONES ARE FREE WHEN YOU LIE TO STRANGERS!



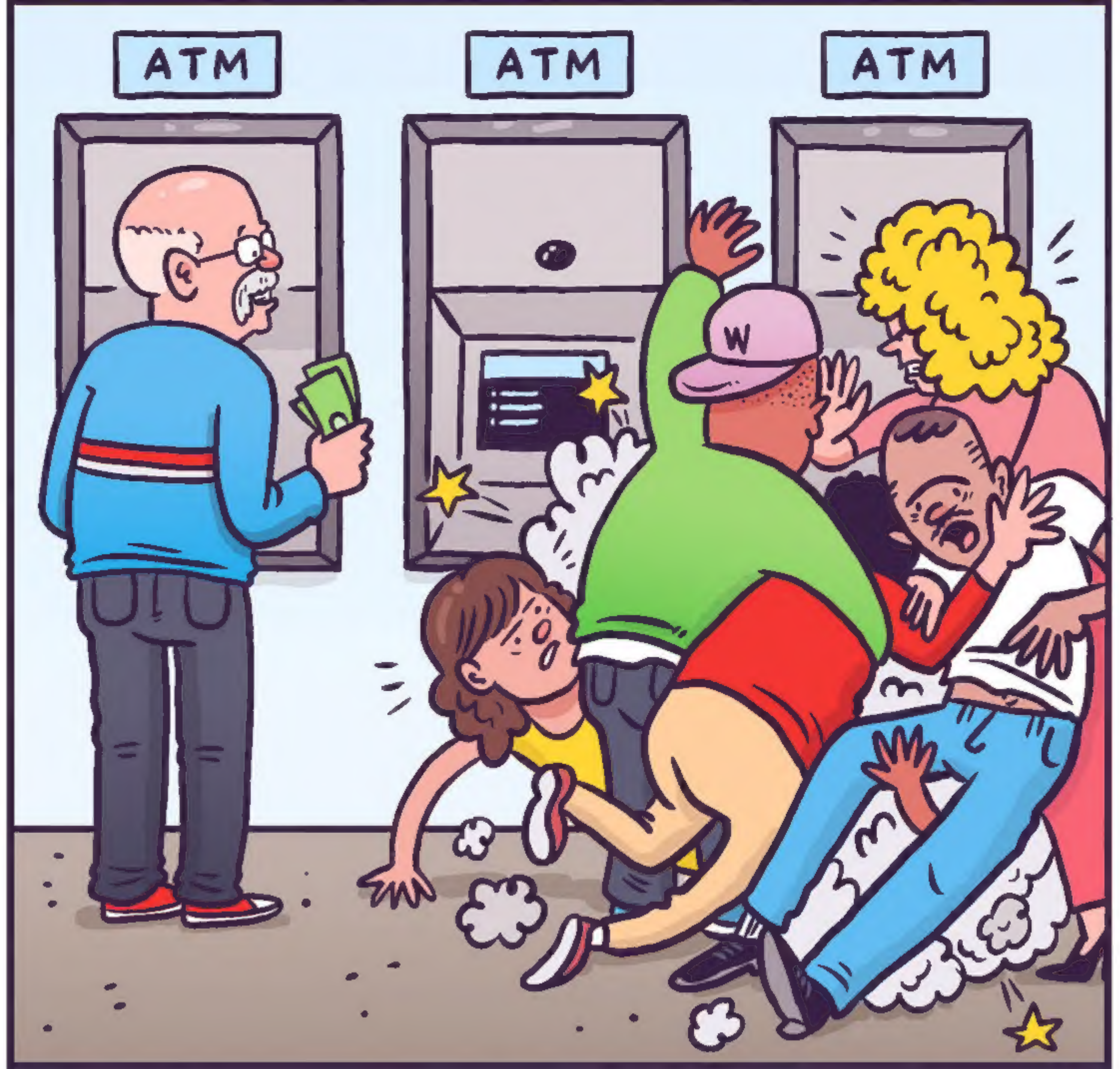
Take an old **cell phone** and stick a piece of **plastic wrap** on the screen. Stop someone and say, "Look, my phone heated up and melted my screen! Can I use **yours** to make a **quick call**?"

## IS THIS "SPAM"? IT DOESN'T MATTER!



**Never** open suspicious emails. Instead, forward them to a **friend** with a note: "What do you think of **this**?" If you don't hear back, it was **spam** and **their** computer is locked!

## TAKE OUT LOTS OF \$\$\$ WITHOUT THE RISK OF GETTING MUGGED!



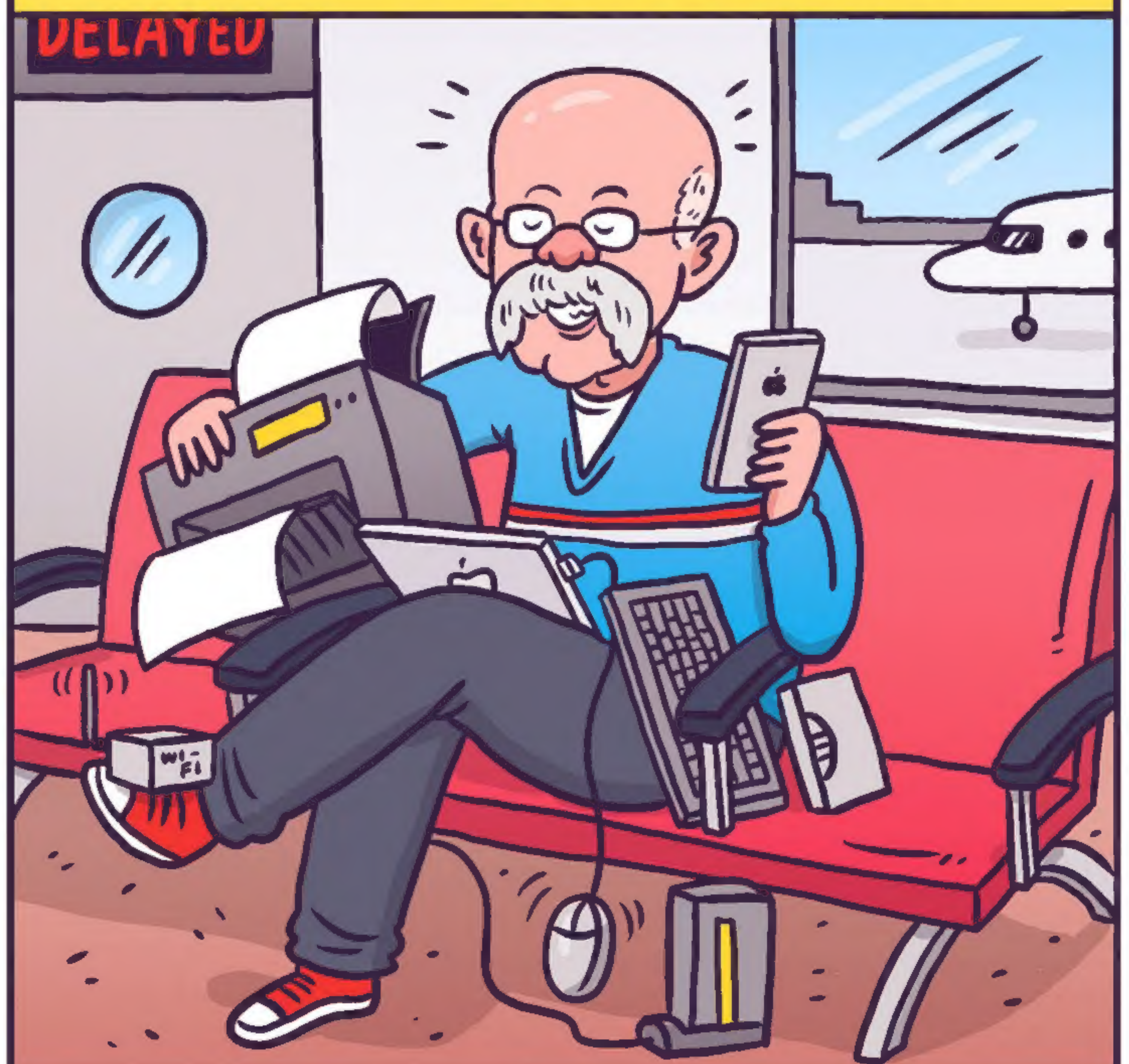
Ensure there are plenty of people around when you get cash by tweeting "Whoa! The ATM all the way on the right at (address) is giving extra cash!" You'll have plenty of folks around as you use the ATM on the left.

## CHOOSE AN UNHACKABLE PASSWORD!



Make your password **long** and so **unique** no one will **ever** guess it. Did you write that down? Yes, your new password is: **longandsouniquenoonewilleverguessit**. If numbers and symbols are required, add those, too!

## DON'T BE LAME BY CARRYING A BULKY LAPTOP ON BUSINESS TRIPS!



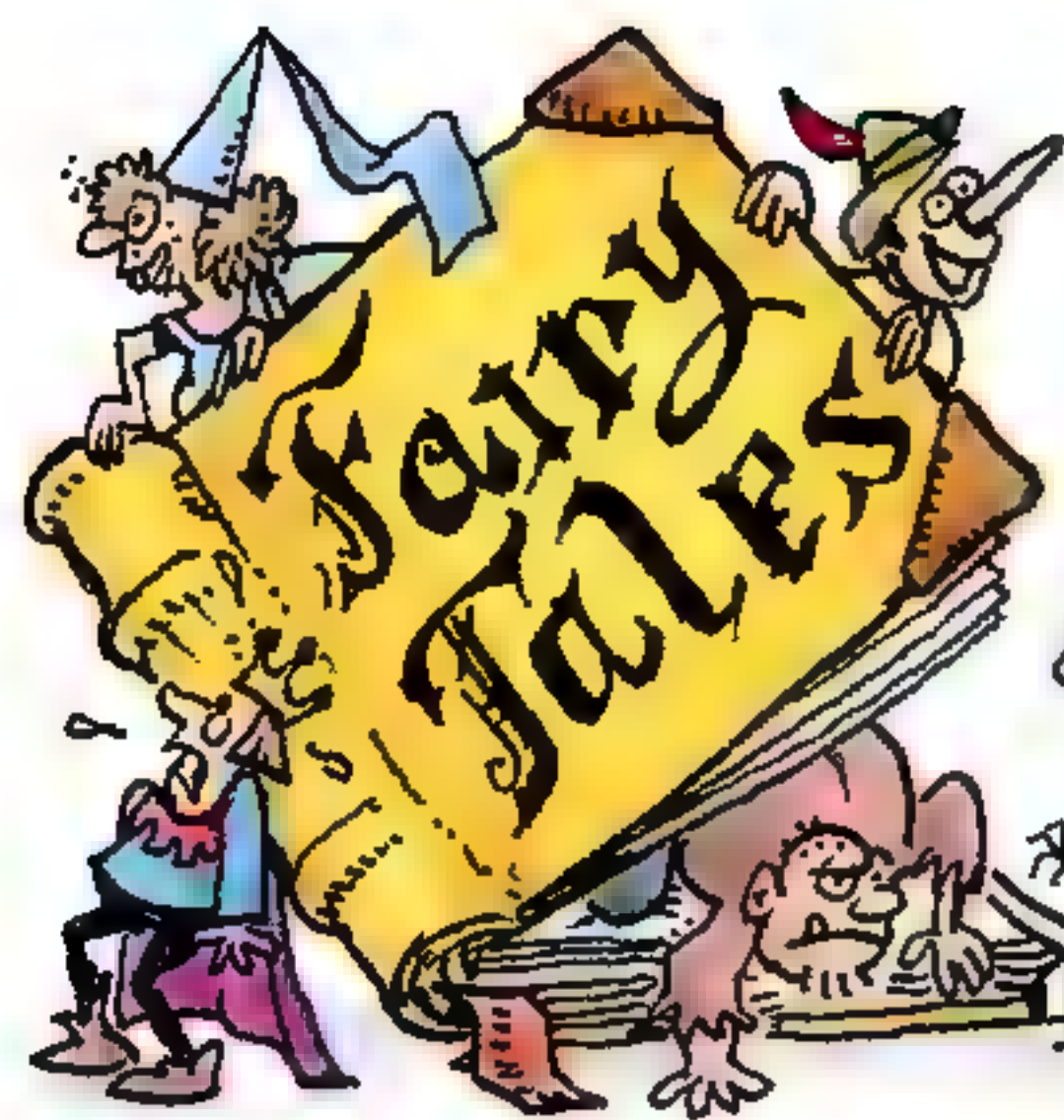
Your **phone** can easily become your **computer**! Just add a wireless mouse, wireless keyboard, wireless cordless printer, Wi-Fi extender, and a few external chargers to keep it going. You'll look **soooo** tech-savvy!

## LOOK LIKE A VALUED CUSTOMER WHEN YOU SET UP YOUR OFFICE ALL DAY AT A CAFE!

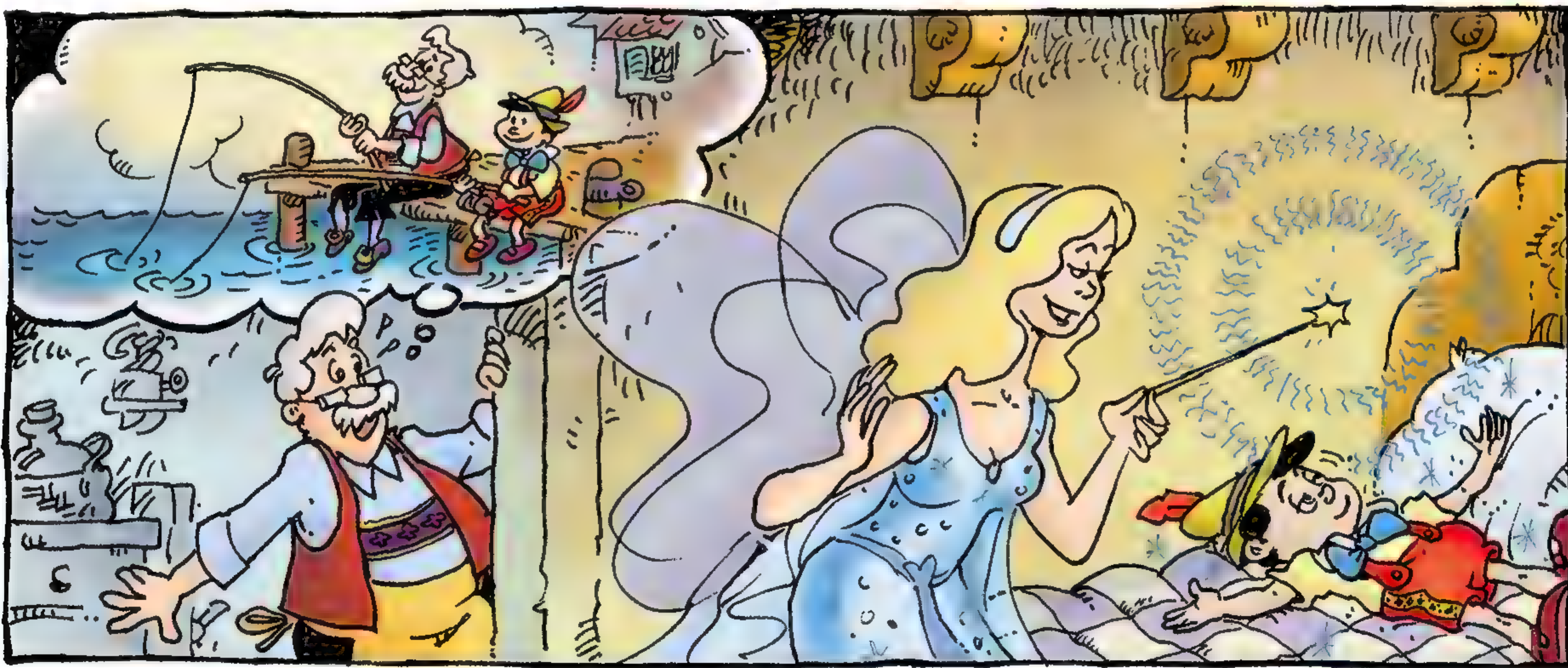


First, buy a small coffee. On the way to your table, pick up **everyone else's** empty trays, cups, paper plates, and other trash and put them on **your** table. Now you won't look like a cheap **parasite**!





# SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE







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**TIKI!**  
LEAKY?

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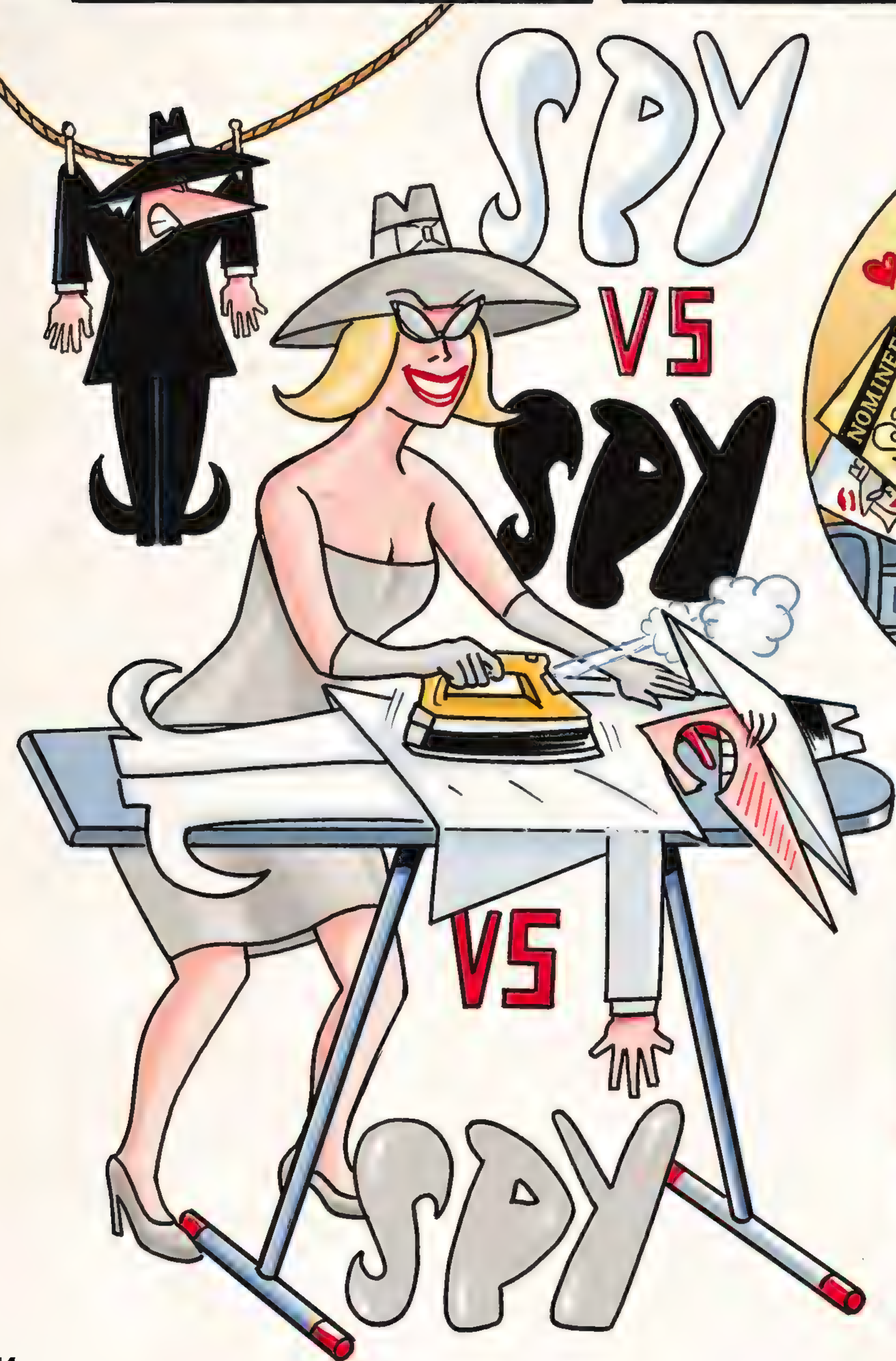
COLLECT THE  
ENTIRE ONE  
OF THEM!



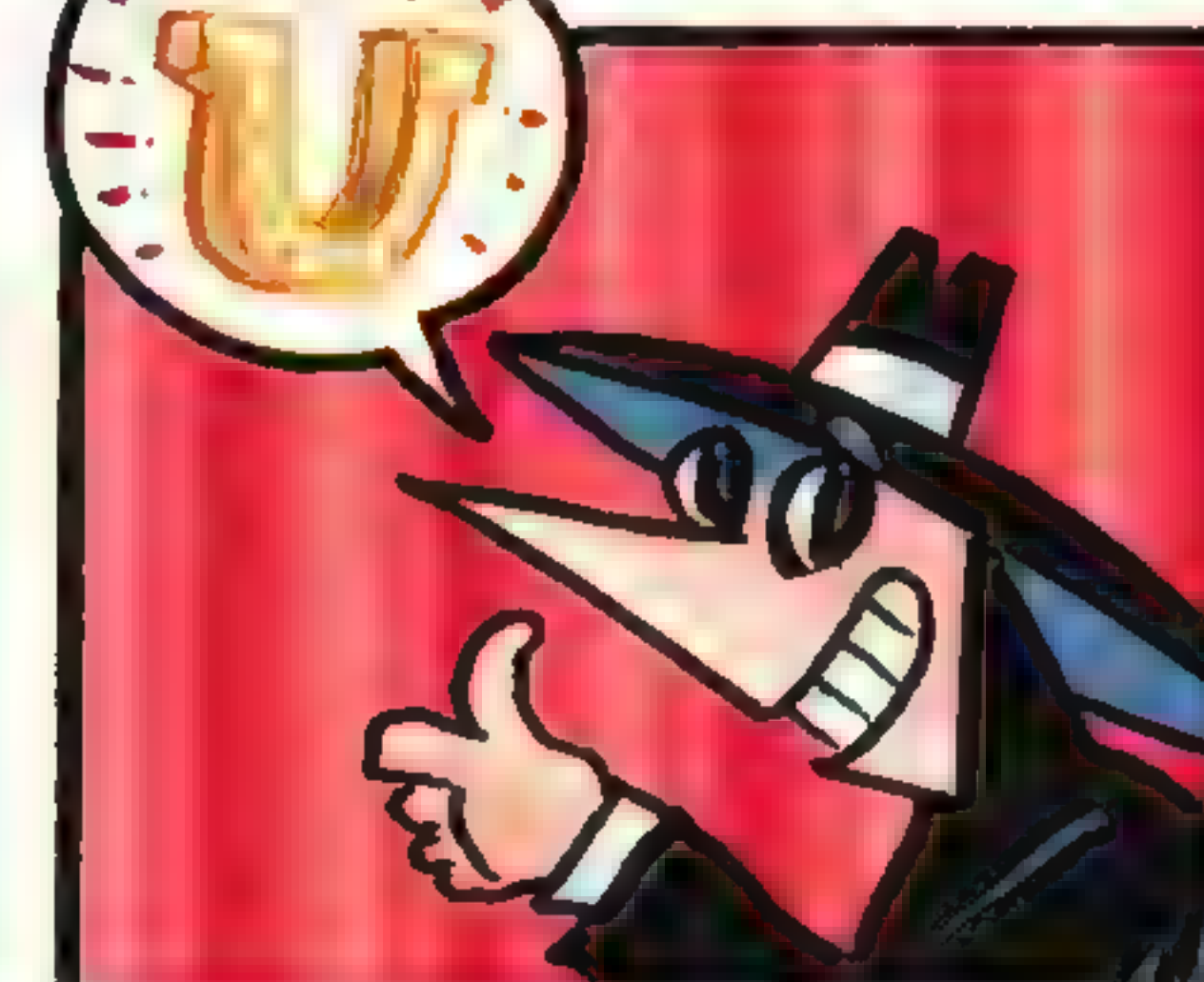
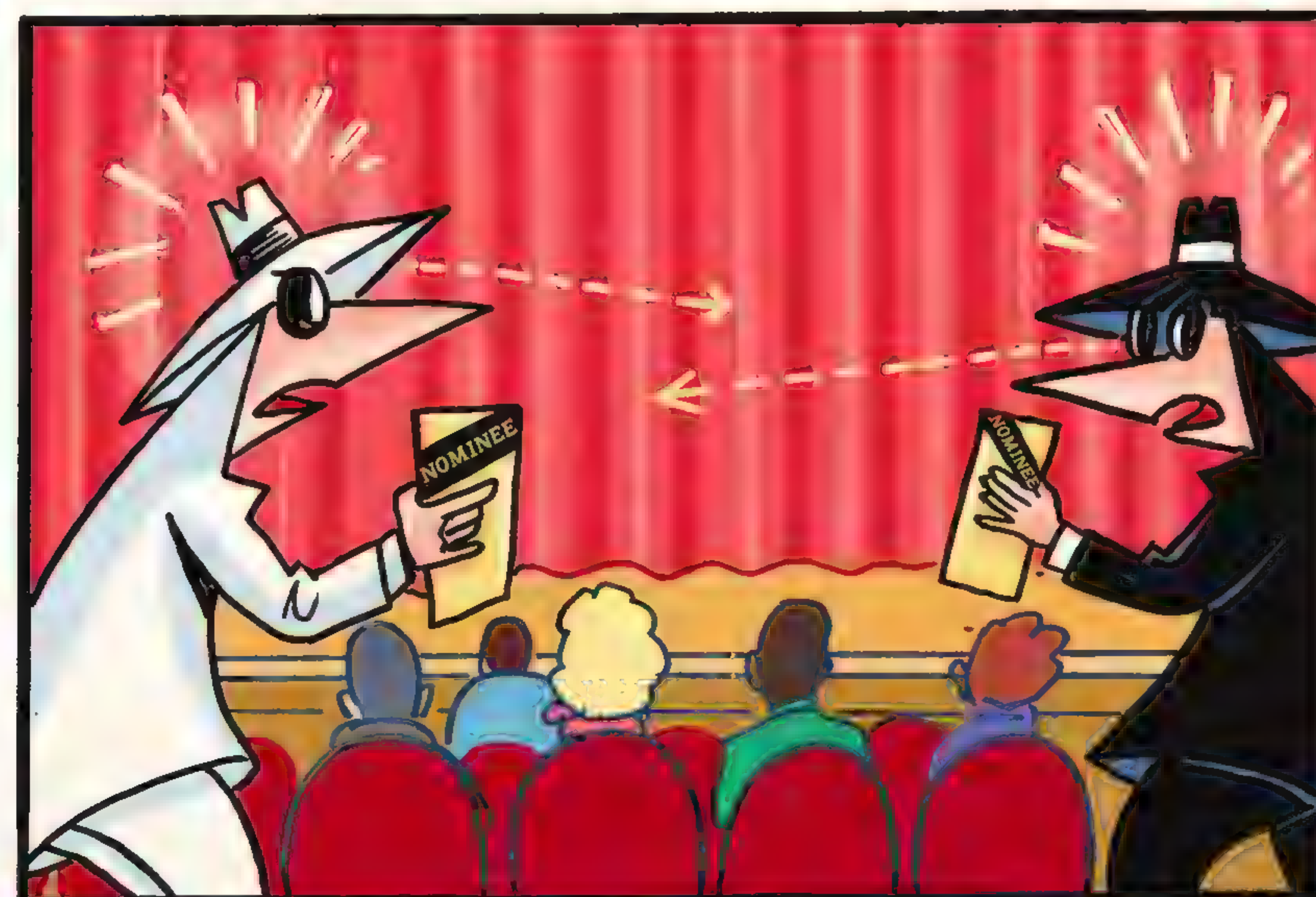
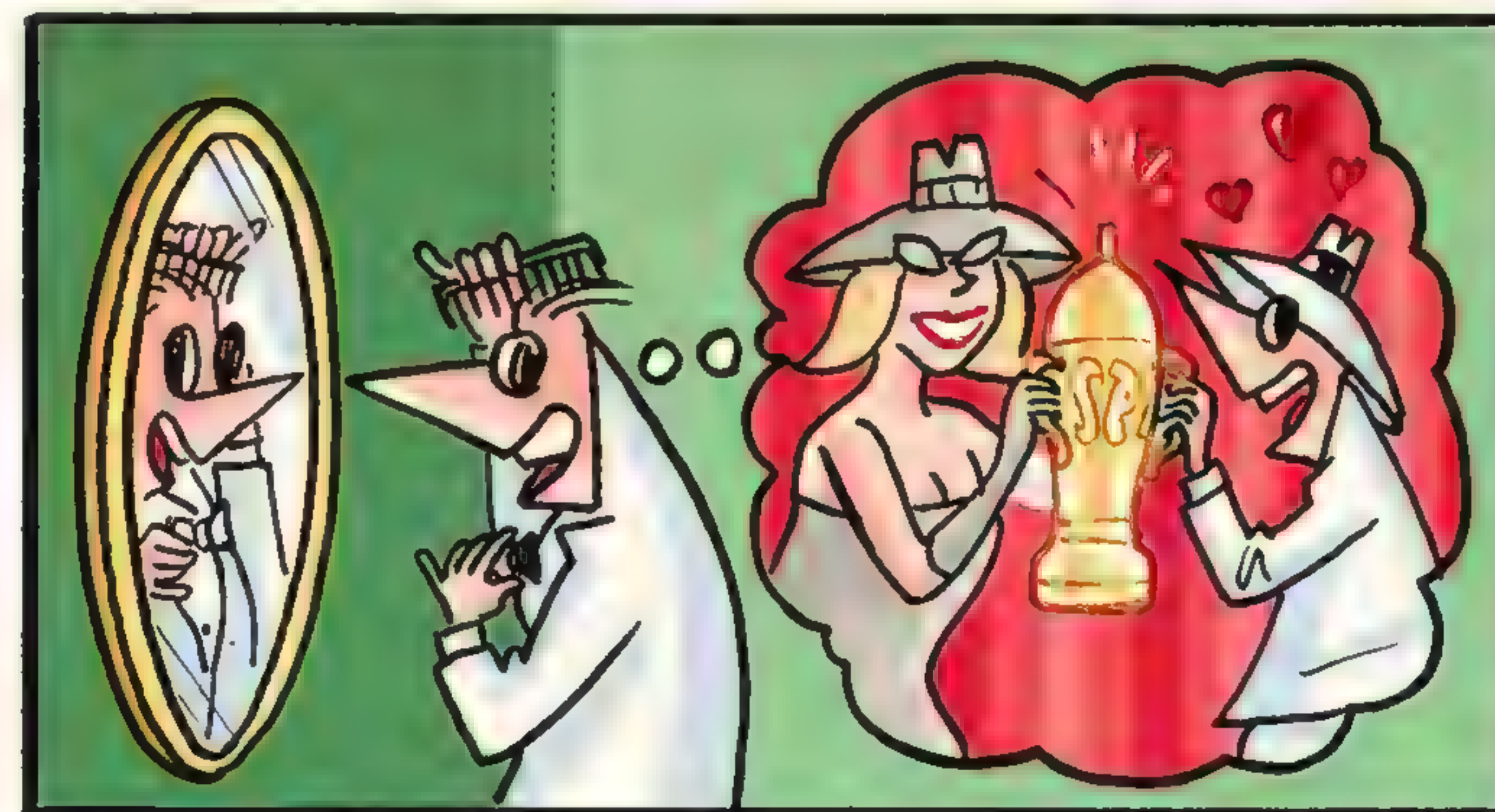
**GeekyTIKIS**

Mug offer good for U.S. customers only. Supply is limited. Allow 12-16 weeks for delivery. Straw and cocktail umbrella not included. Mug not shown to scale. Illustration not drawn to art director's specific instructions, dammit. Any resemblance to an actual Polynesian god is purely coincidental. Void where prohibited by in-laws. If itching persists, see your doctor.





WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER



MORE









LAUGH SO WE DON'T CRY DEPT.

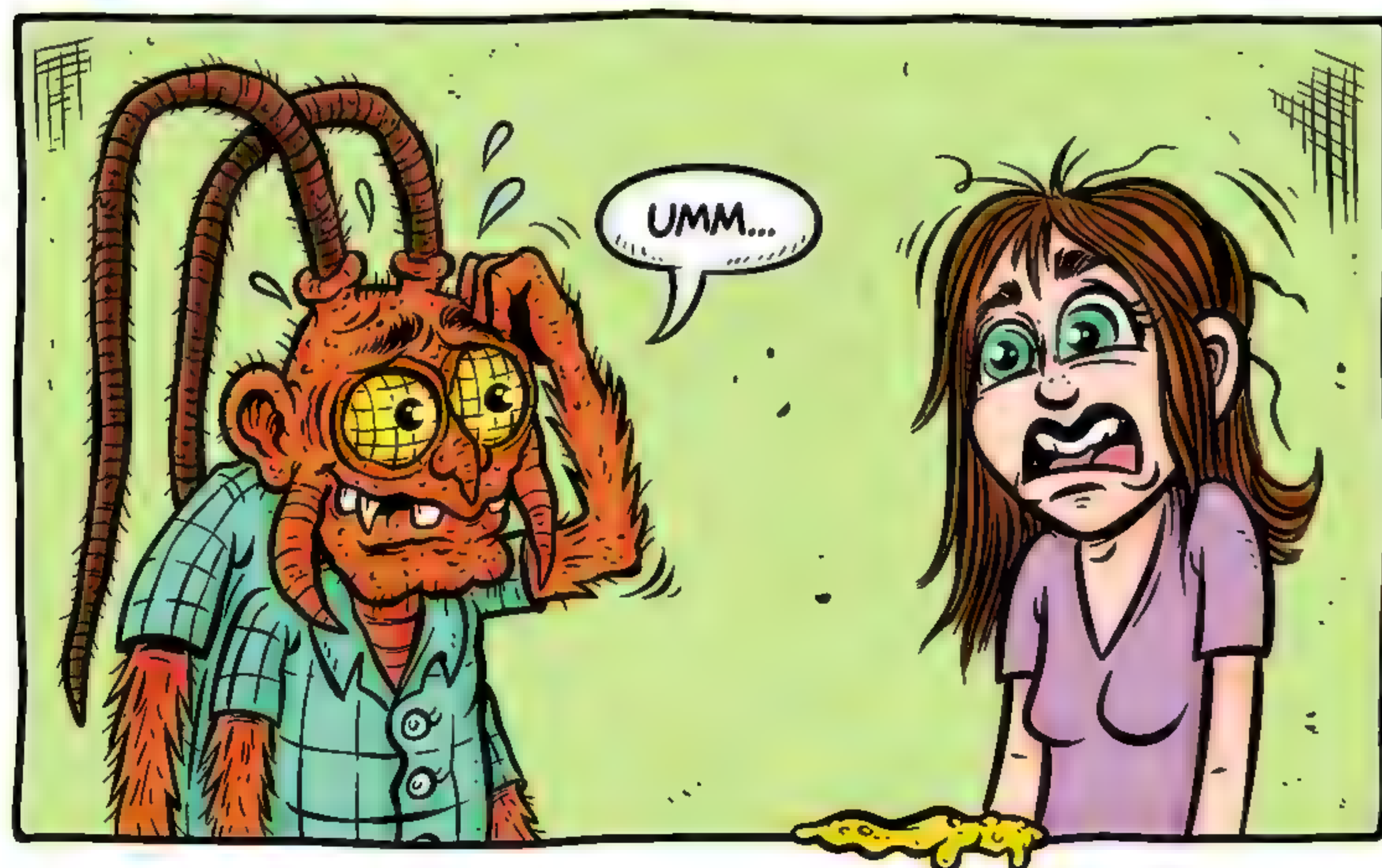
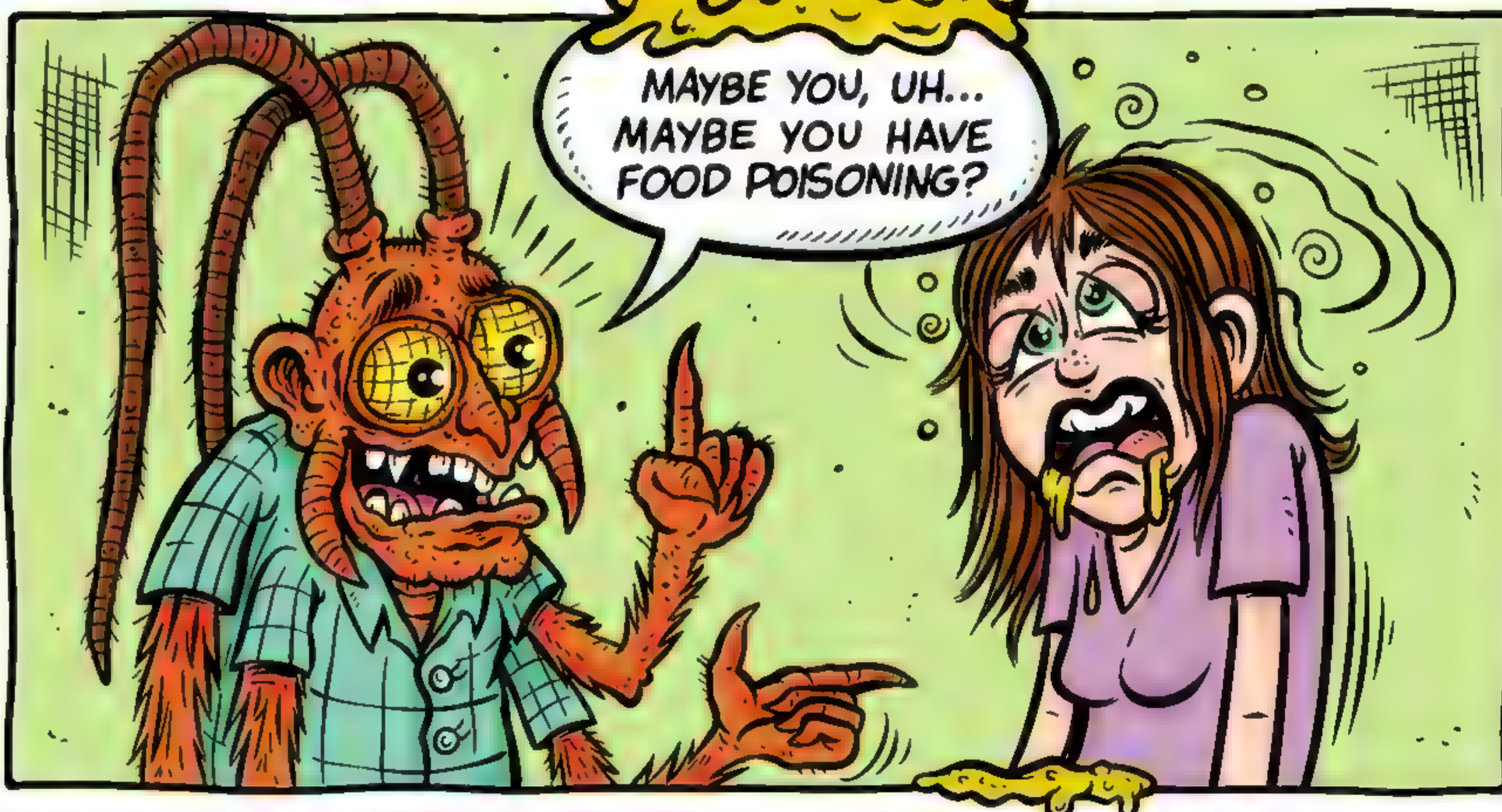
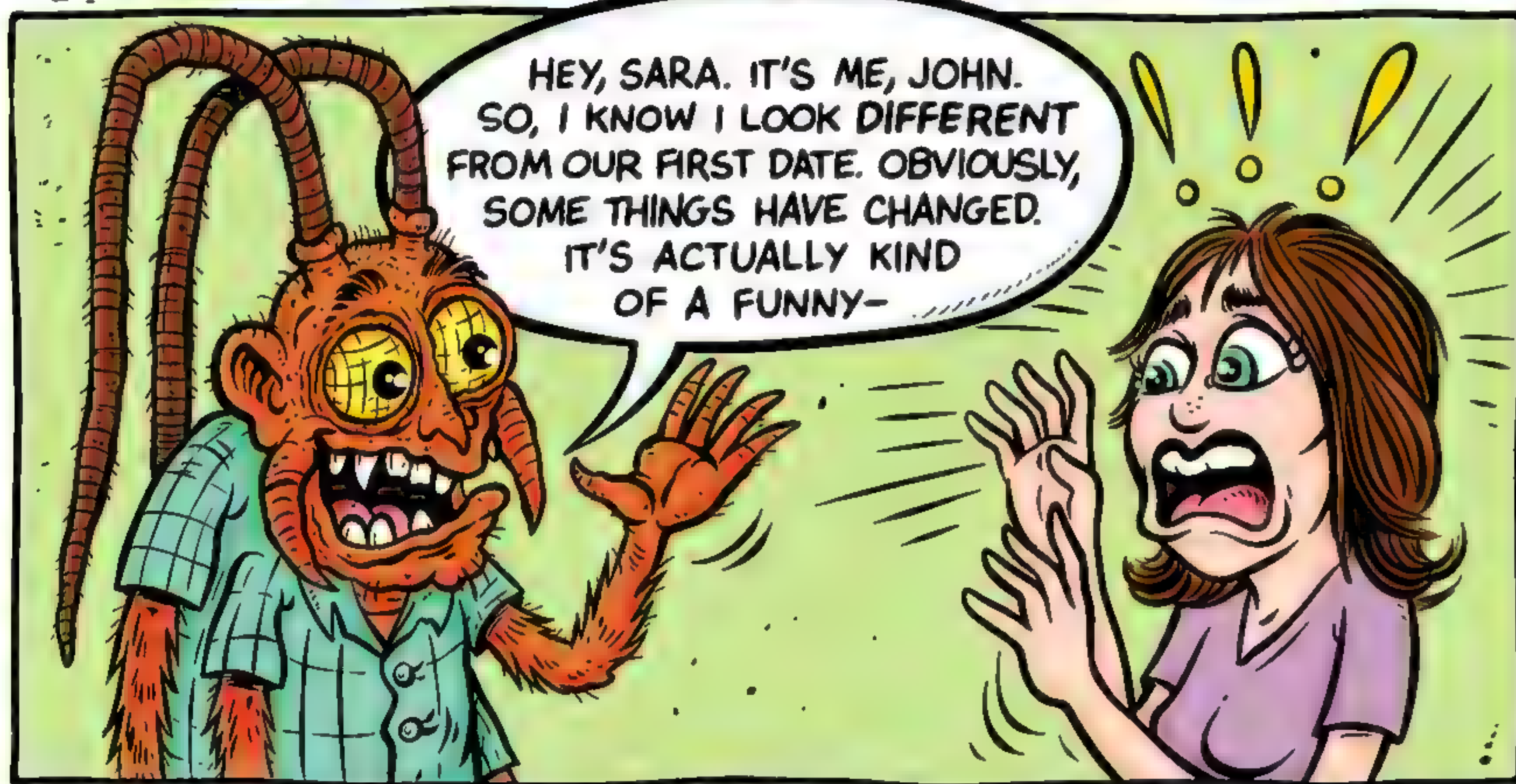
# POSTCARD FROM A STATE OF DESPERATION



WRITER & ARTIST MARY TRAINOR



THE YEAR WAS 2018, AND DR. JOHN BURTON BECAME INCREASINGLY WORRIED ABOUT NORTH KOREA'S ALLEGED ABILITY TO REACH THE UNITED STATES WITH NUCLEAR MISSILES. IN AN ATTEMPT TO DEVELOP A RESISTANCE TO RADIATION, HE INJECTED HIMSELF WITH TRACE AMOUNTS OF COCKROACH DNA. HOWEVER, THE GENETIC MATERIAL HAD AN UNEXPECTED EFFECT, CAUSING A DRAMATIC TRANSFORMATION! HE DIDN'T GET ANY SUPERPOWERS OF ANY KIND, BUT HE HAS BECOME...





52¢

ABHORRED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# POTRZEBIE

COMICS

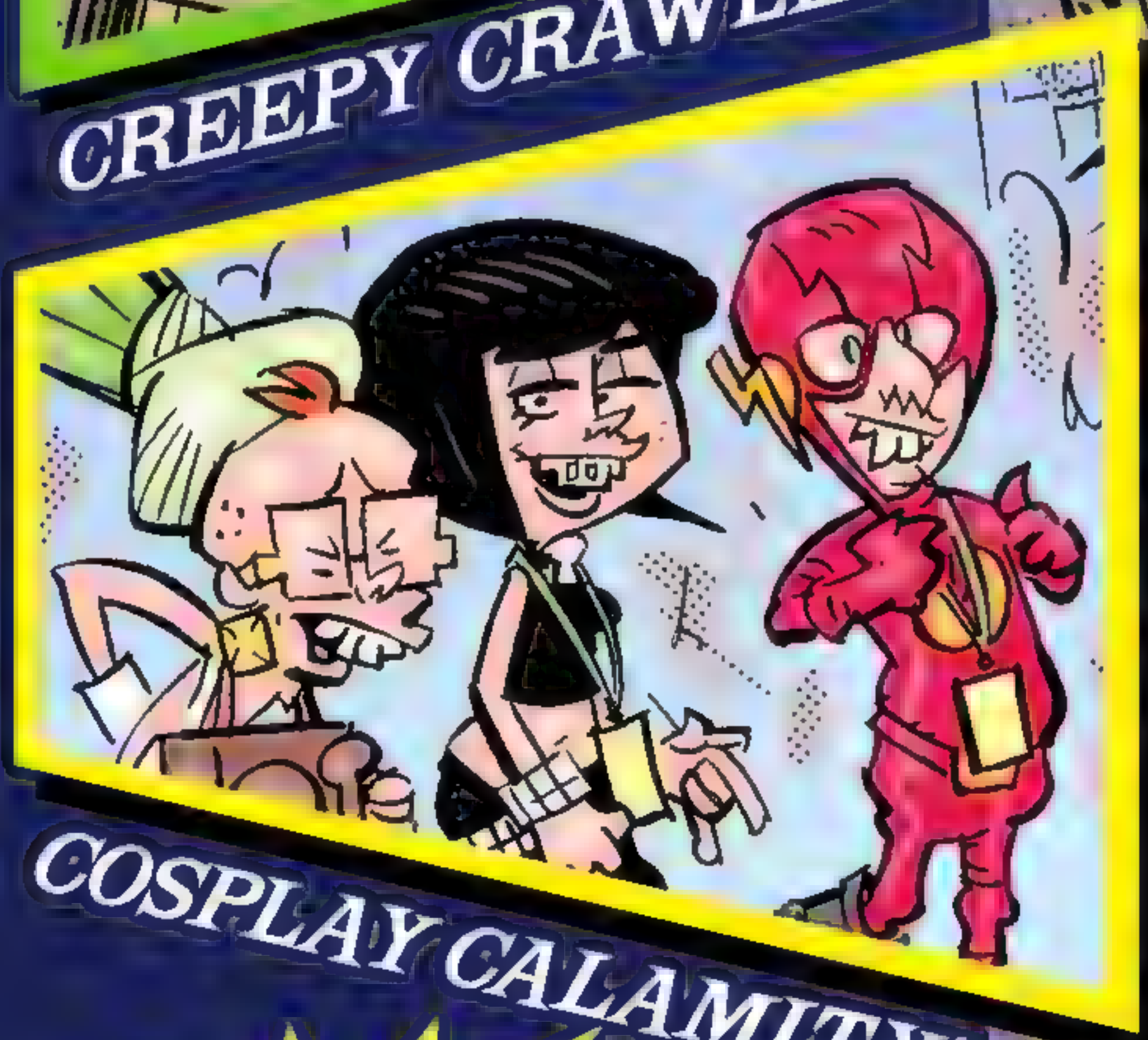
Featuring



CORRUPT CUTIE!



CREEPY CRAWLER!



COSPLAY CALAMITY!

plus

INTRODUCING

SPIDERY-MAN

HERE WE ARE, SIR.  
HAVE A PLEASANT EVENING.

UBER SERVICE...  
1 STAR!



ARTIST KERRY CALLEN

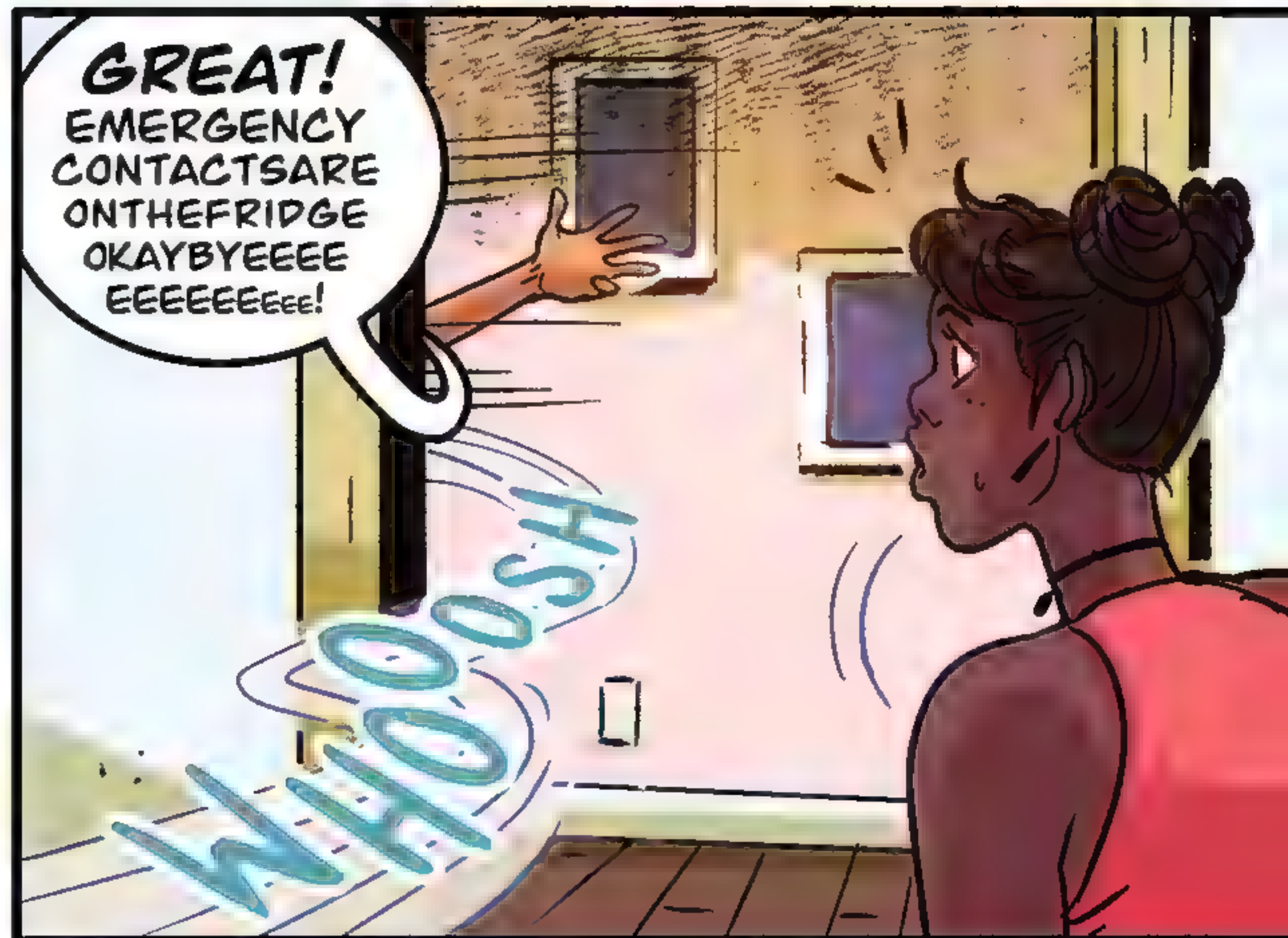
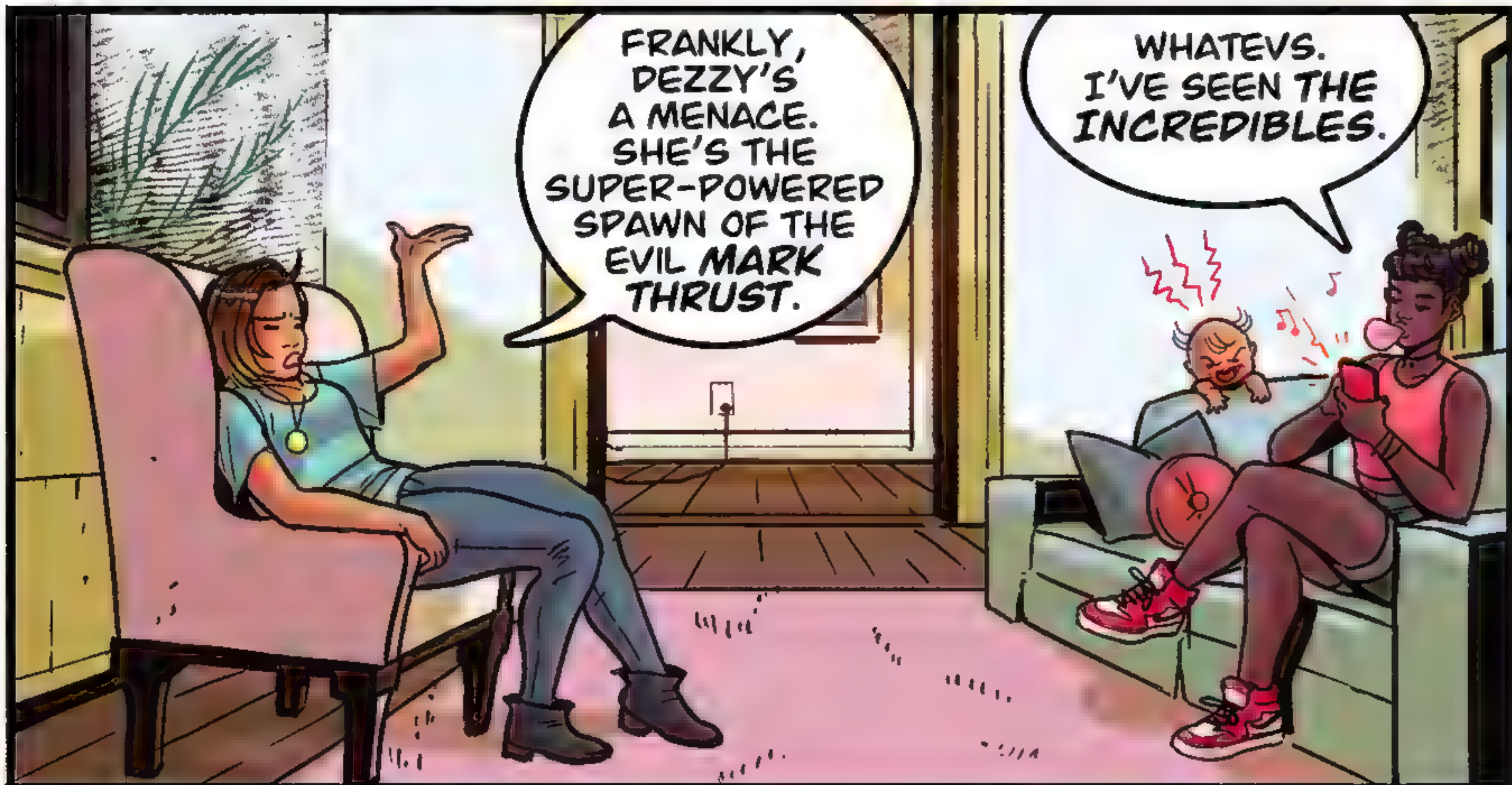
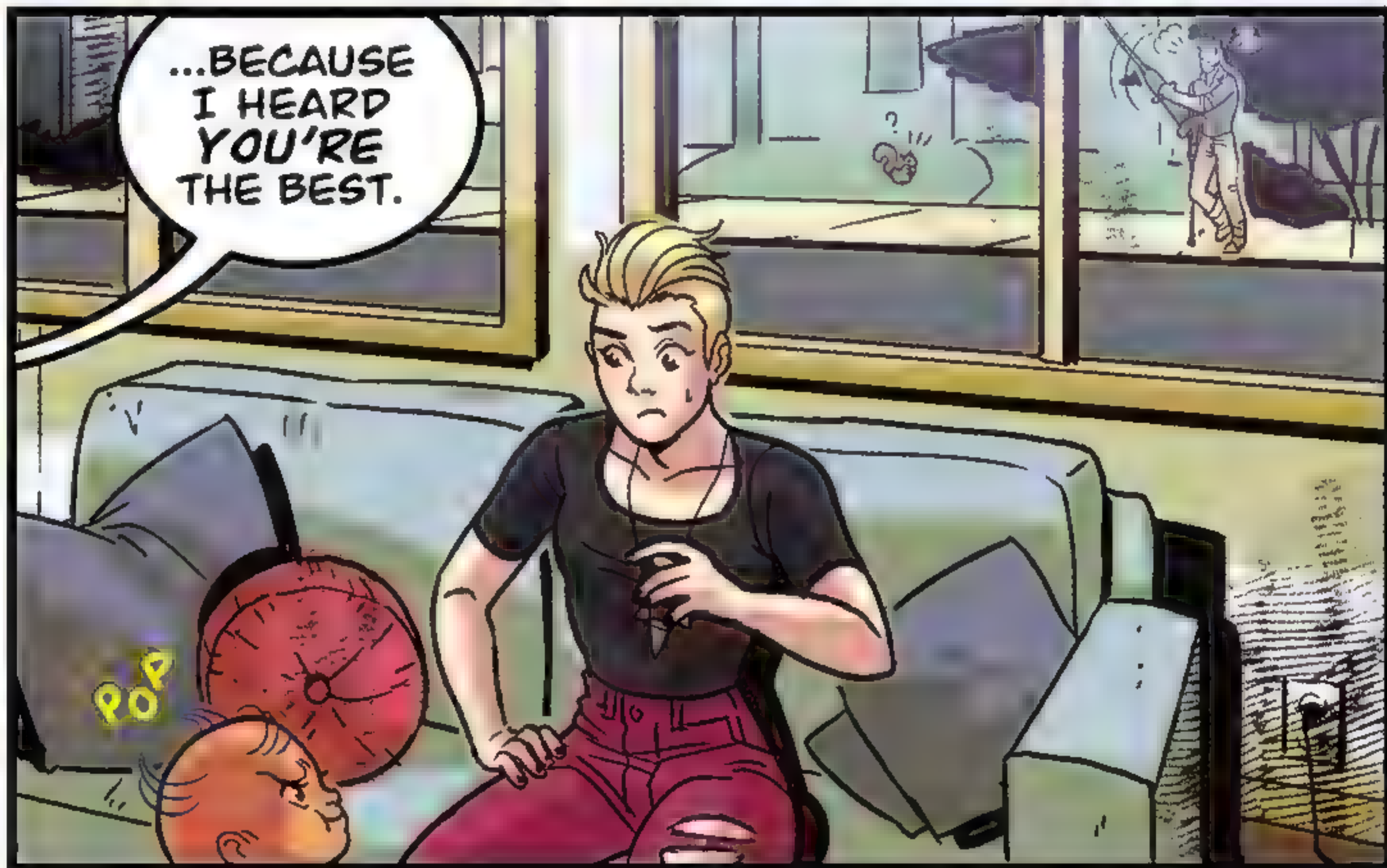
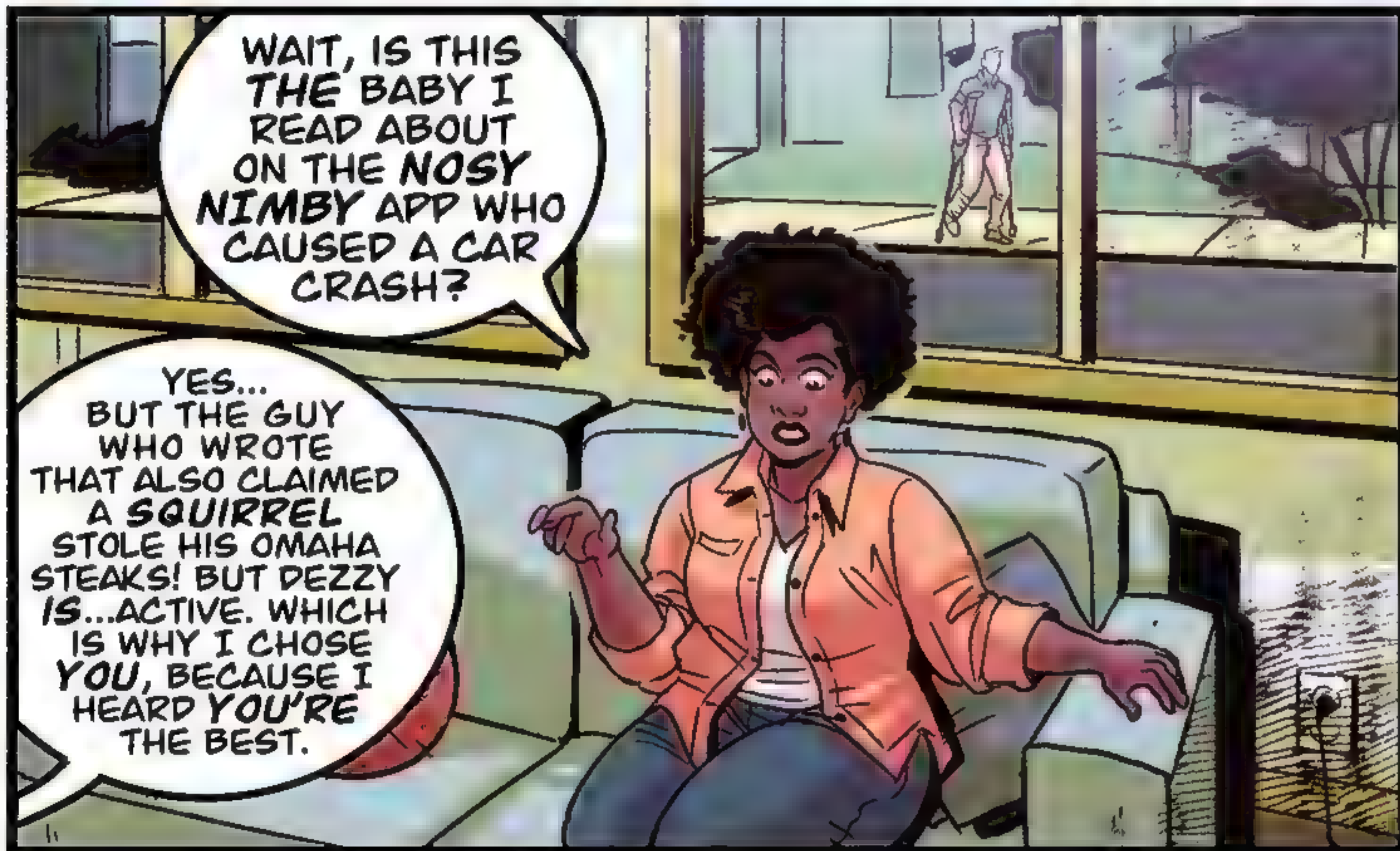
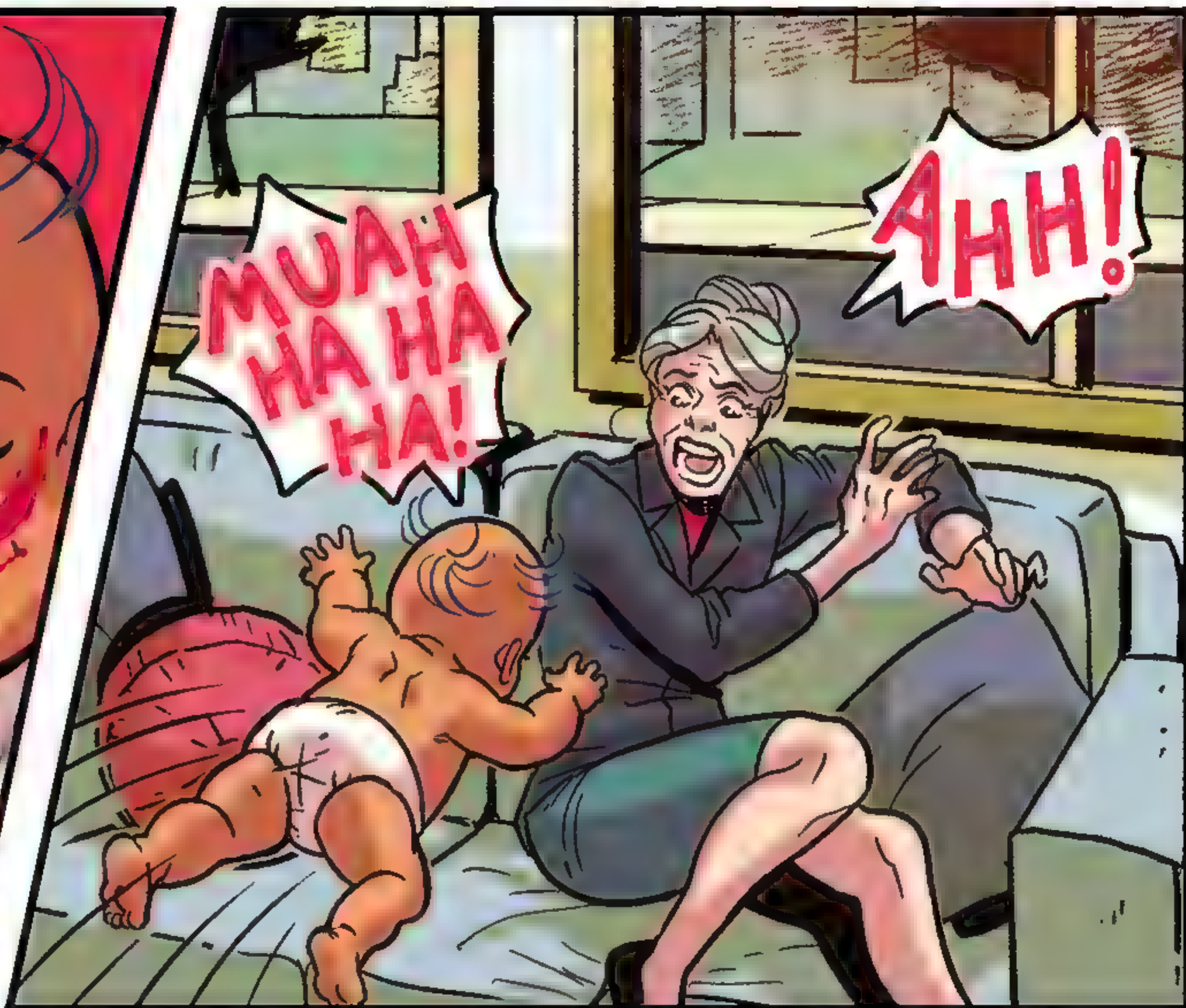
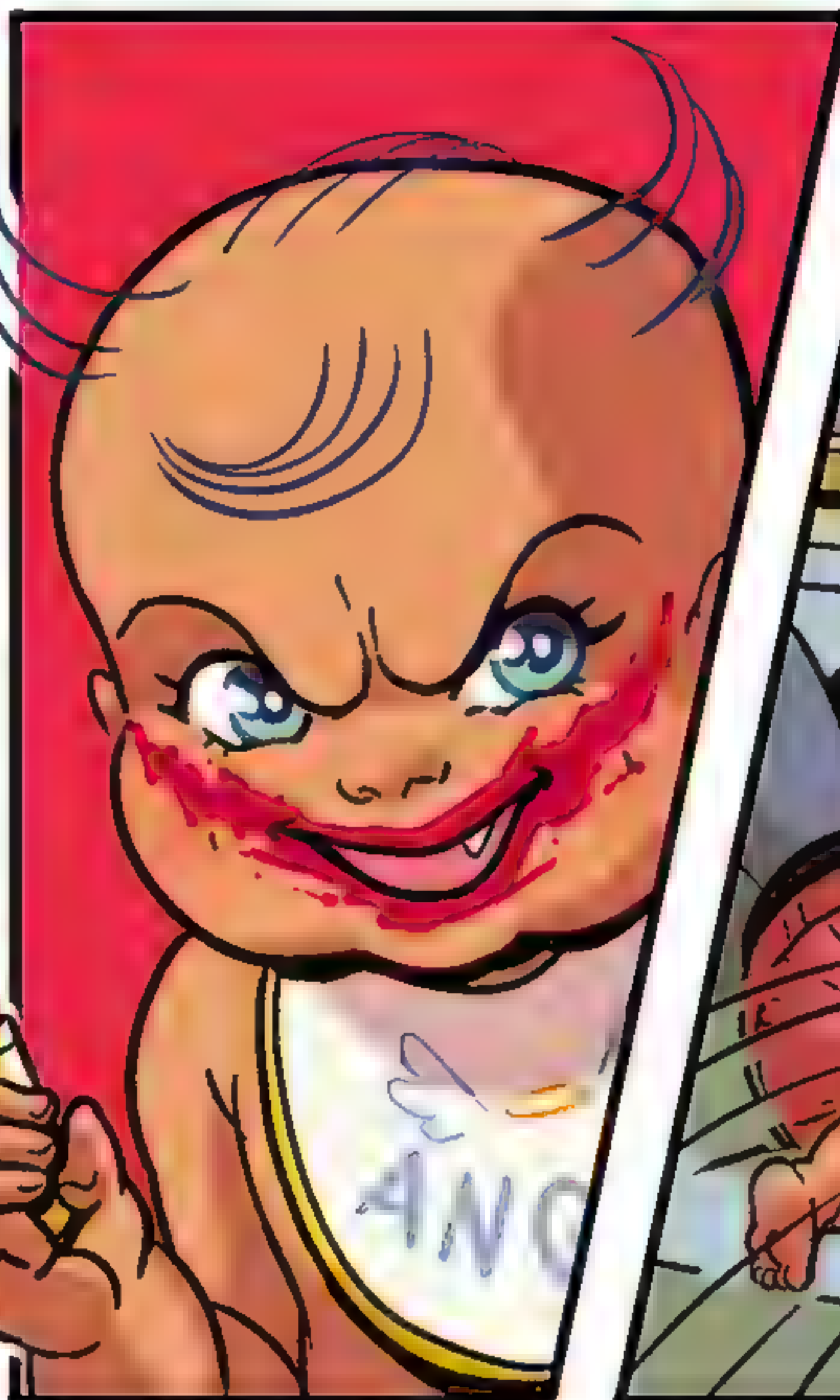
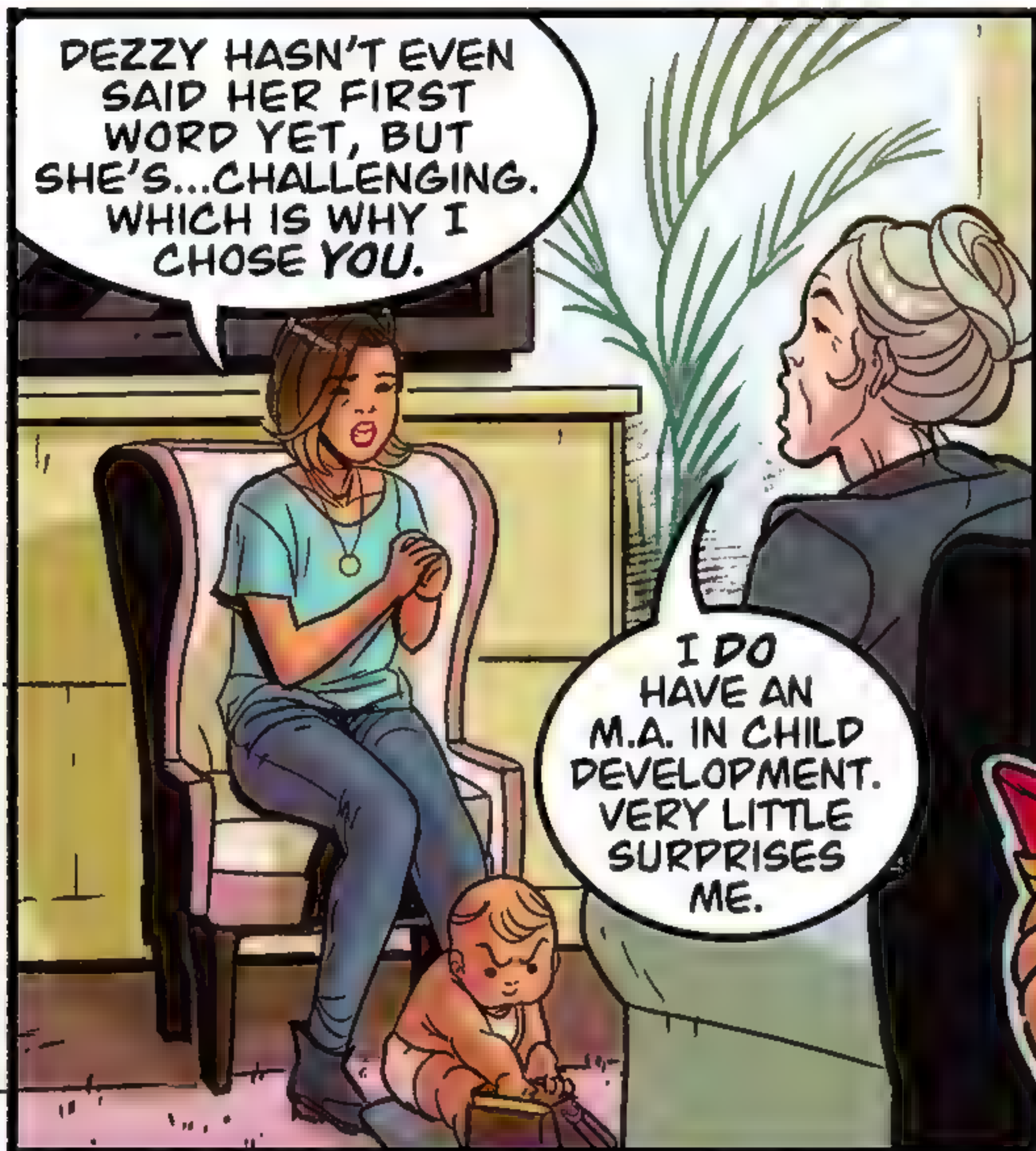
Chapter 1 of **DIAL "B" for BADONKADONK!**

(Not included in select regional editions of Potrzebie Comics)

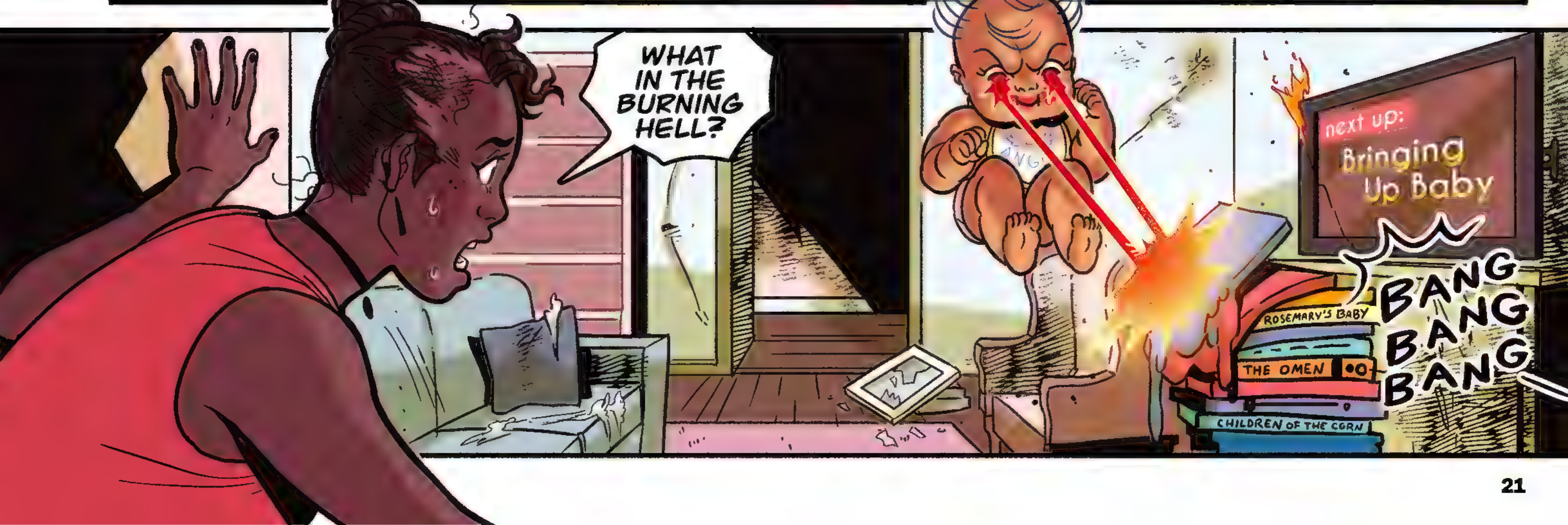
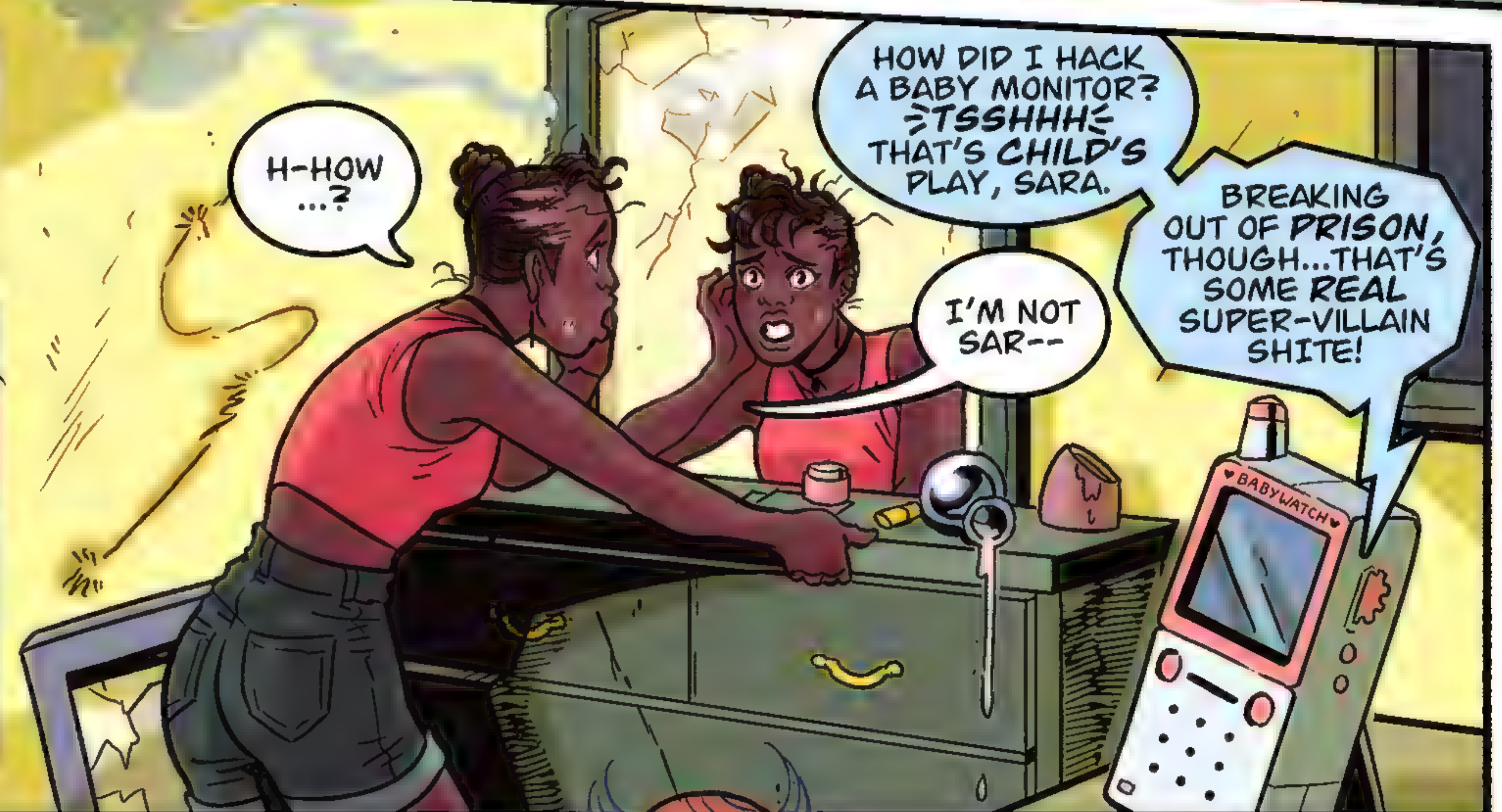
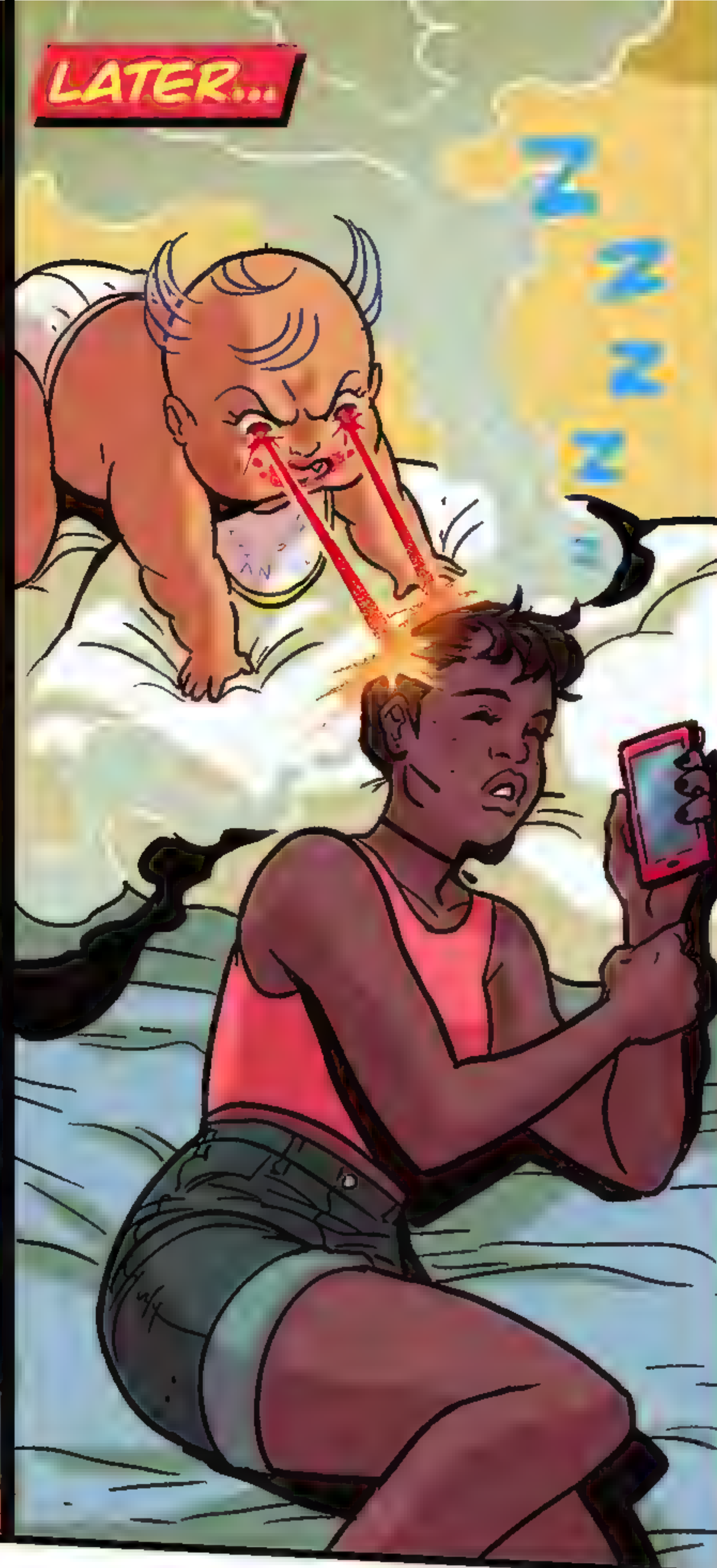
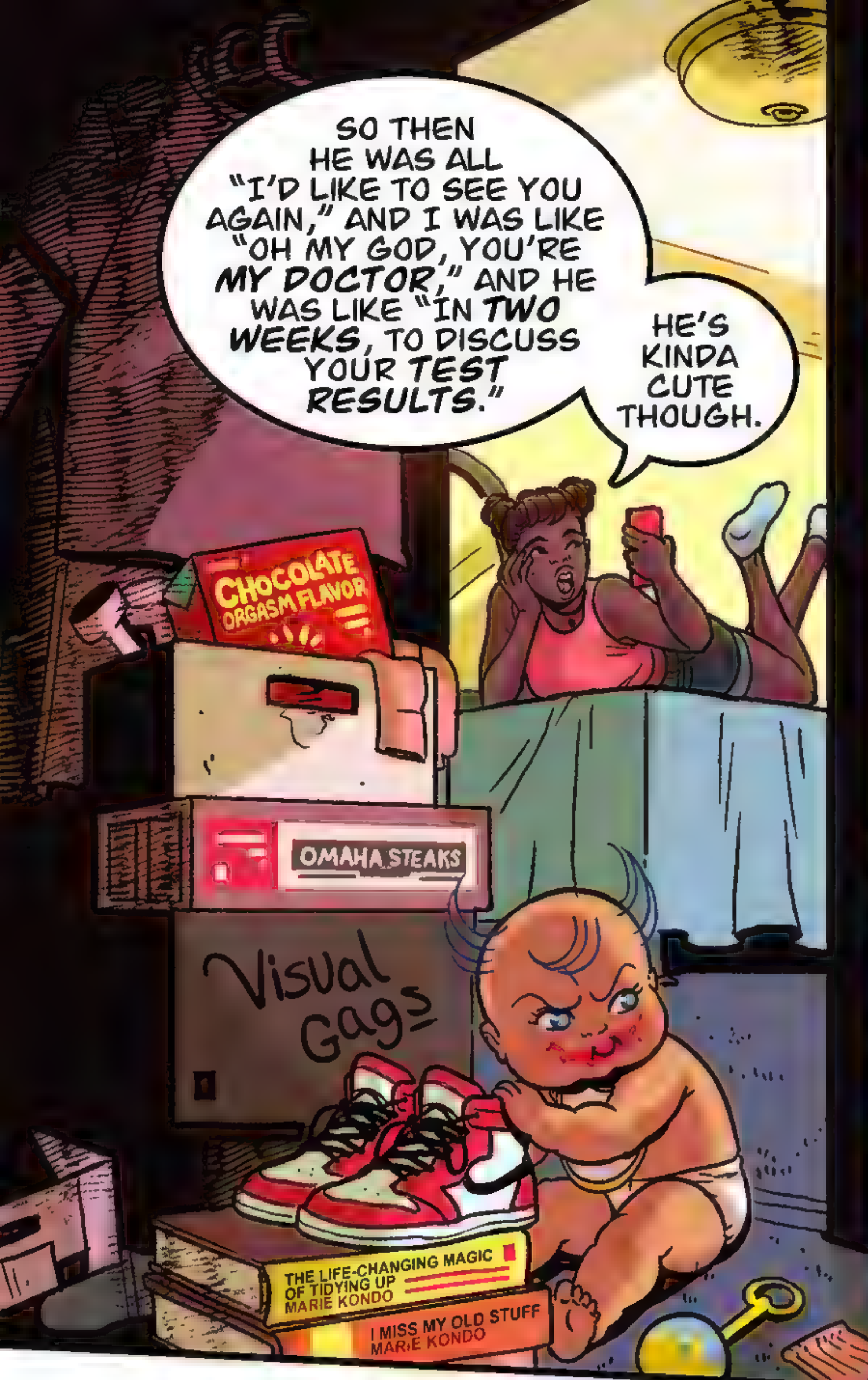


# THE NEW TERRIBLE

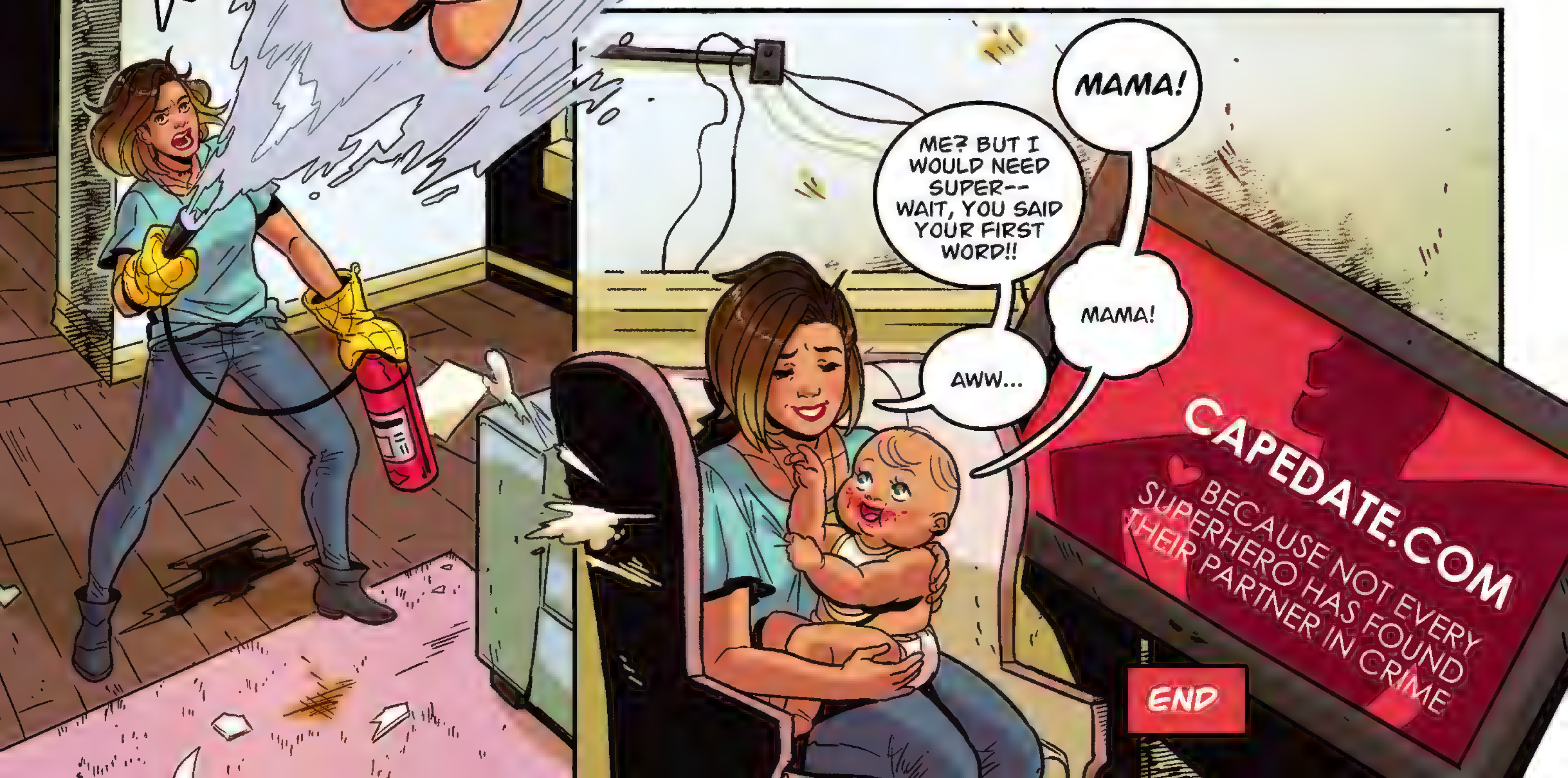
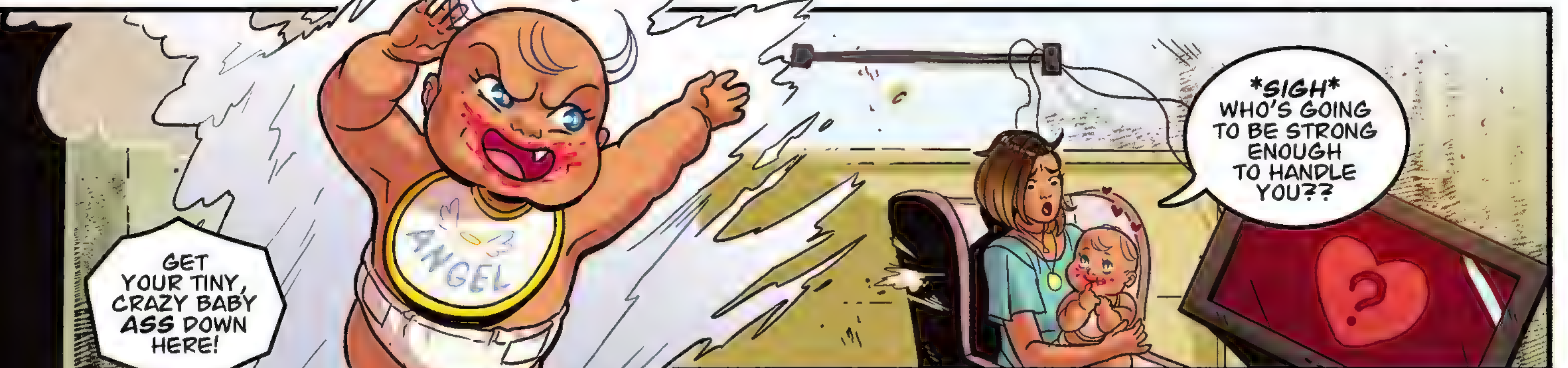
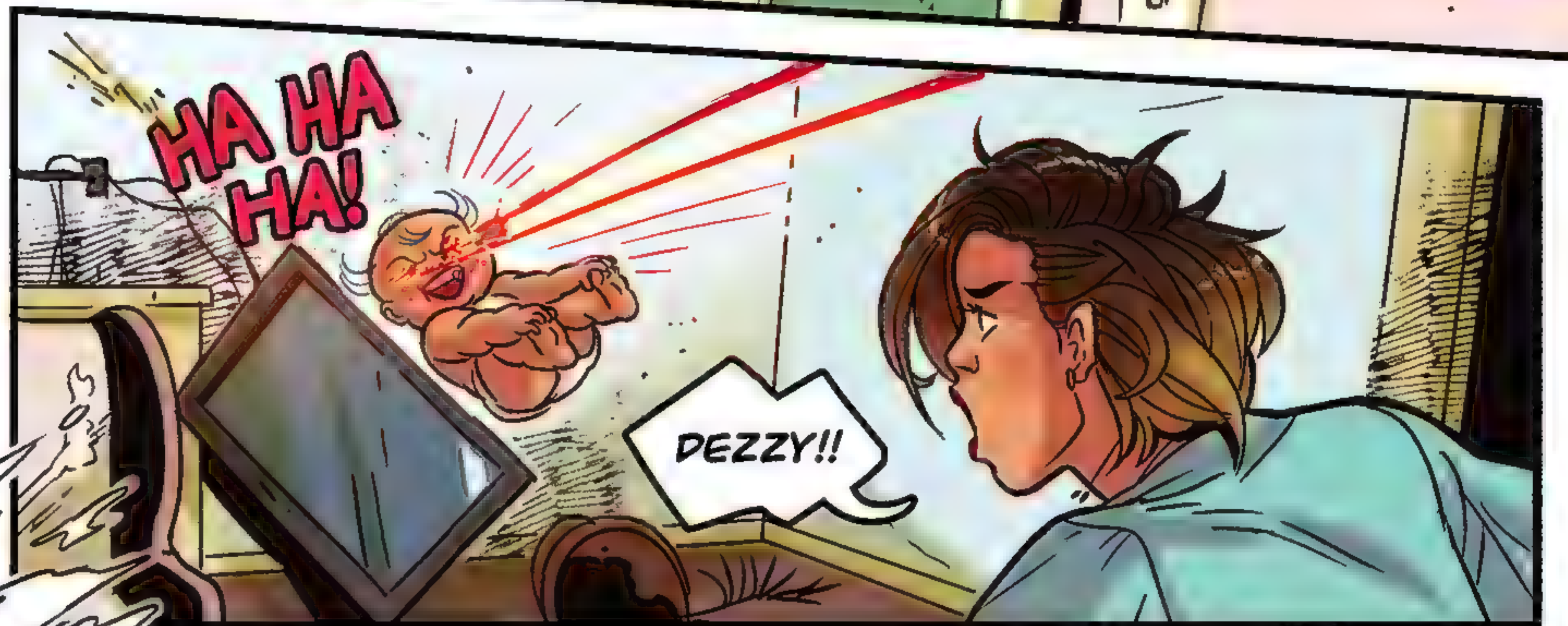
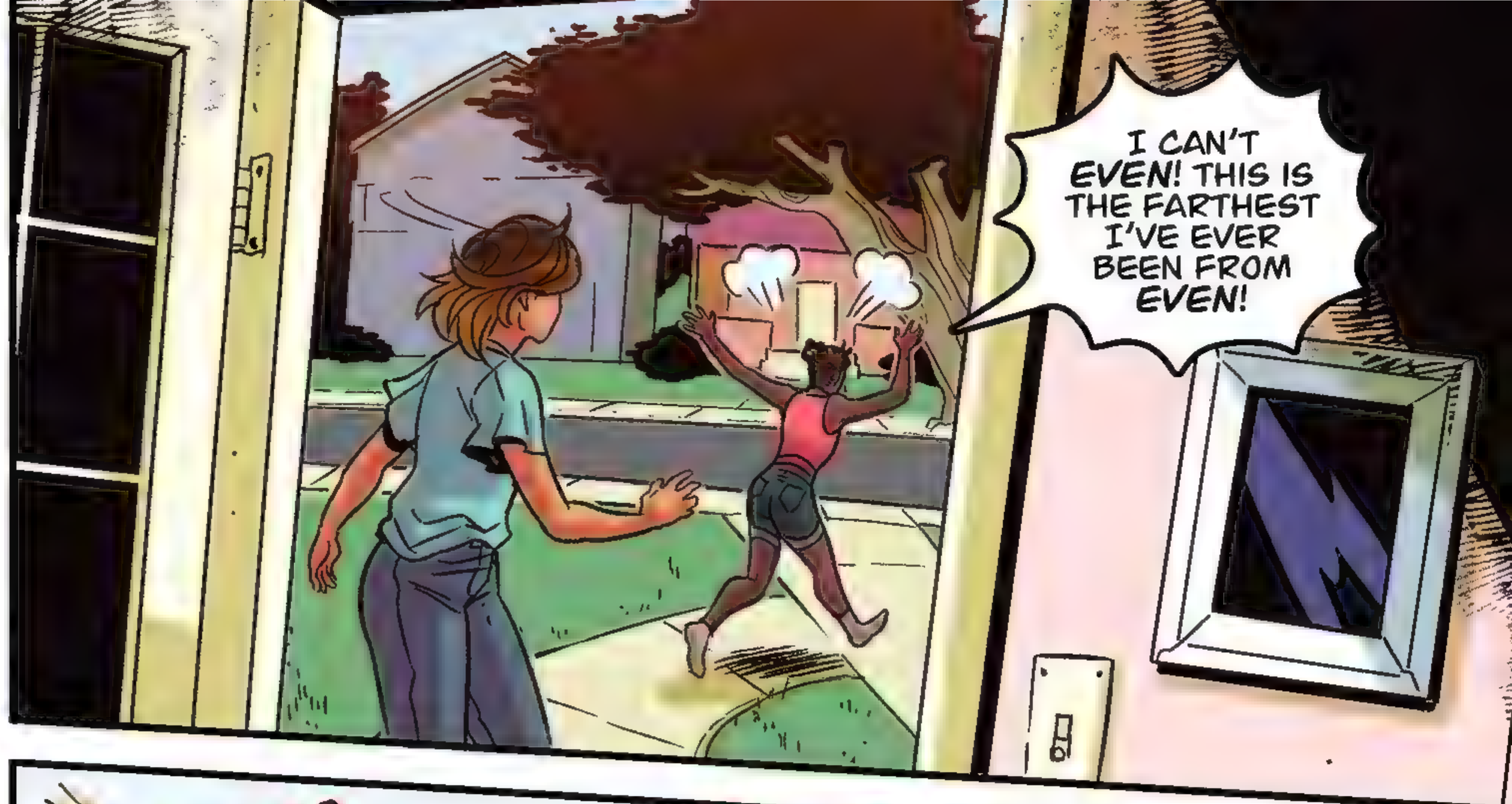
WRITERS PAULA SEVENBERGEN & ALLIE GOERTZ  
ARTIST PAULINA GANUCHEAU



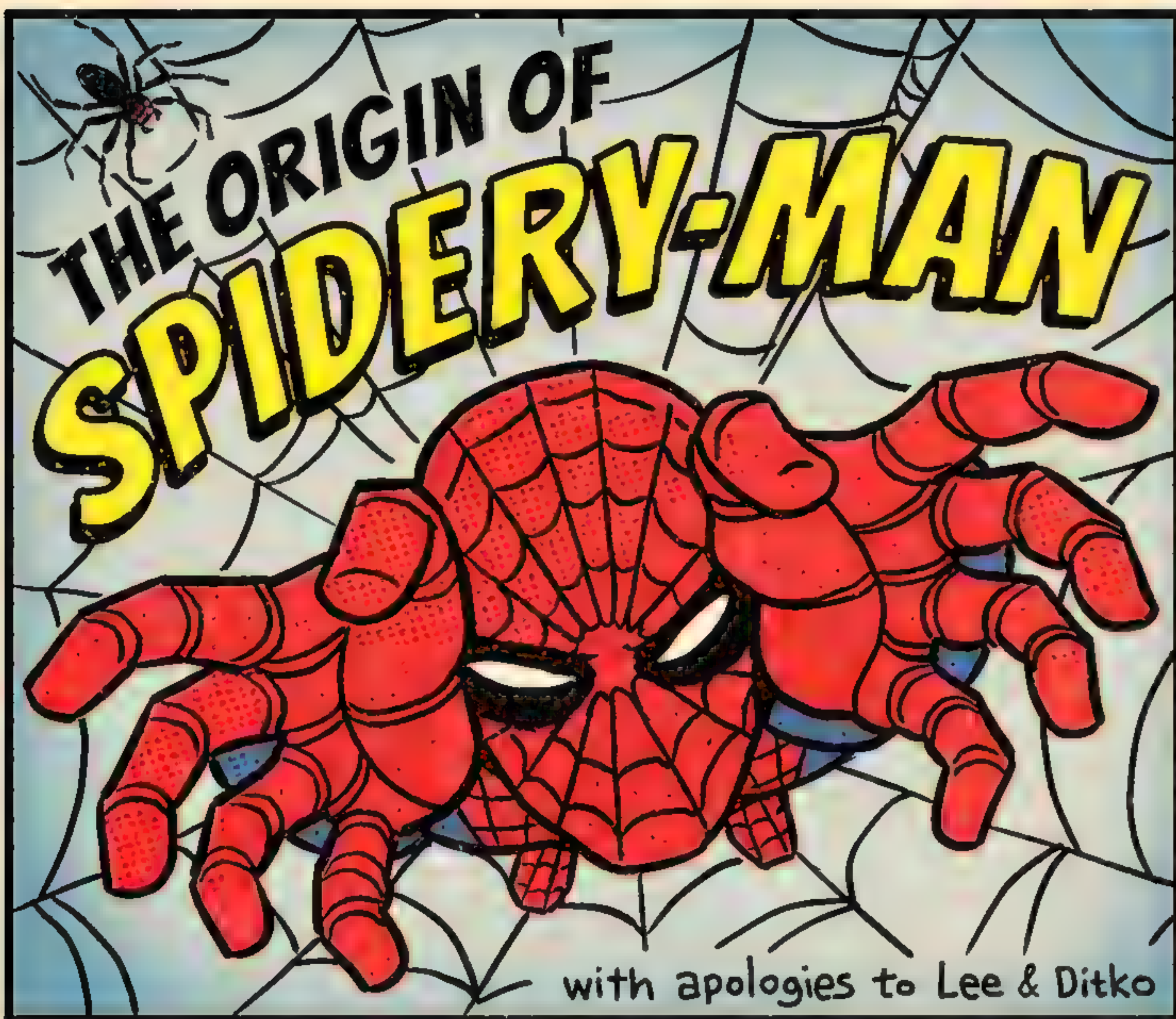




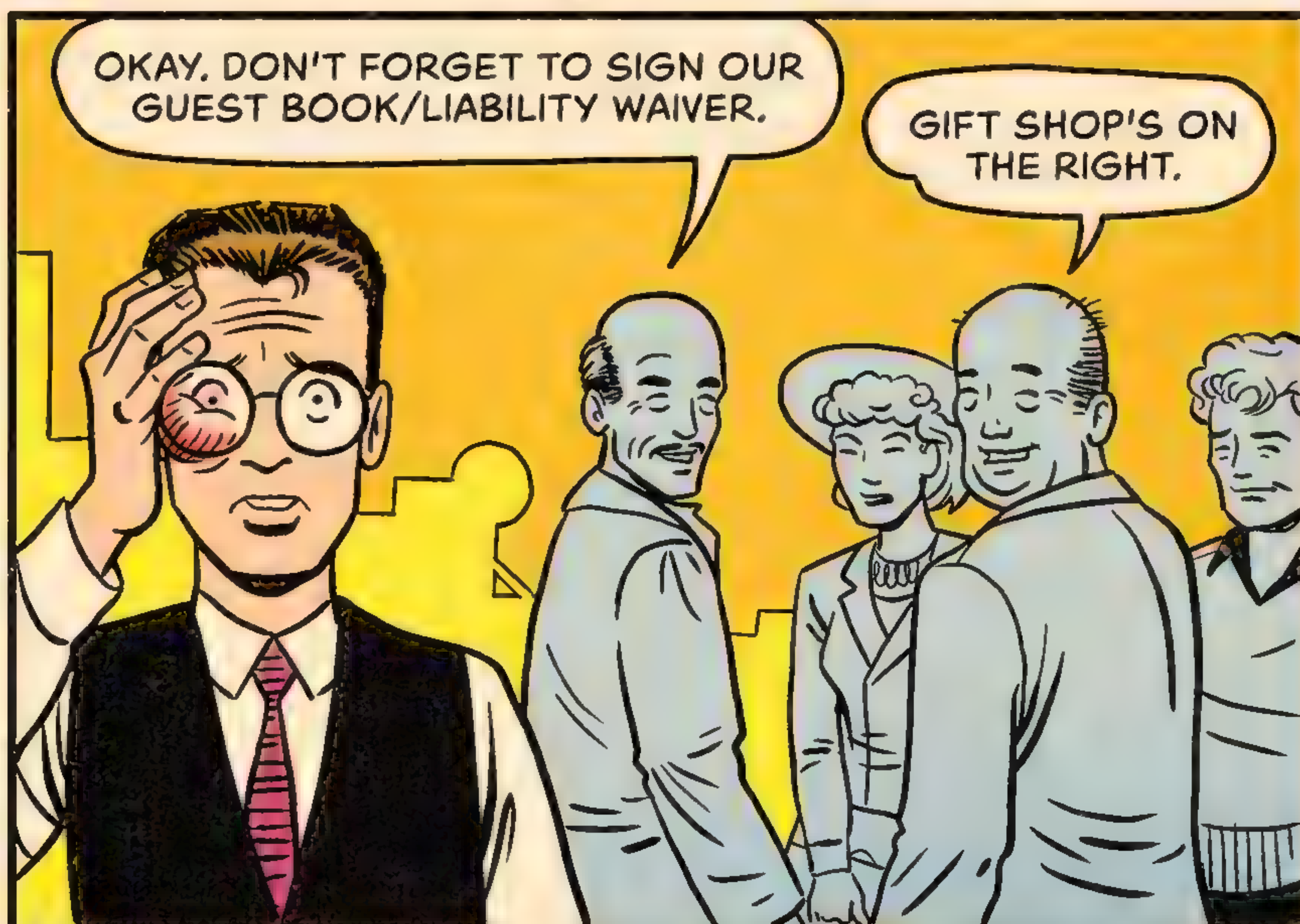
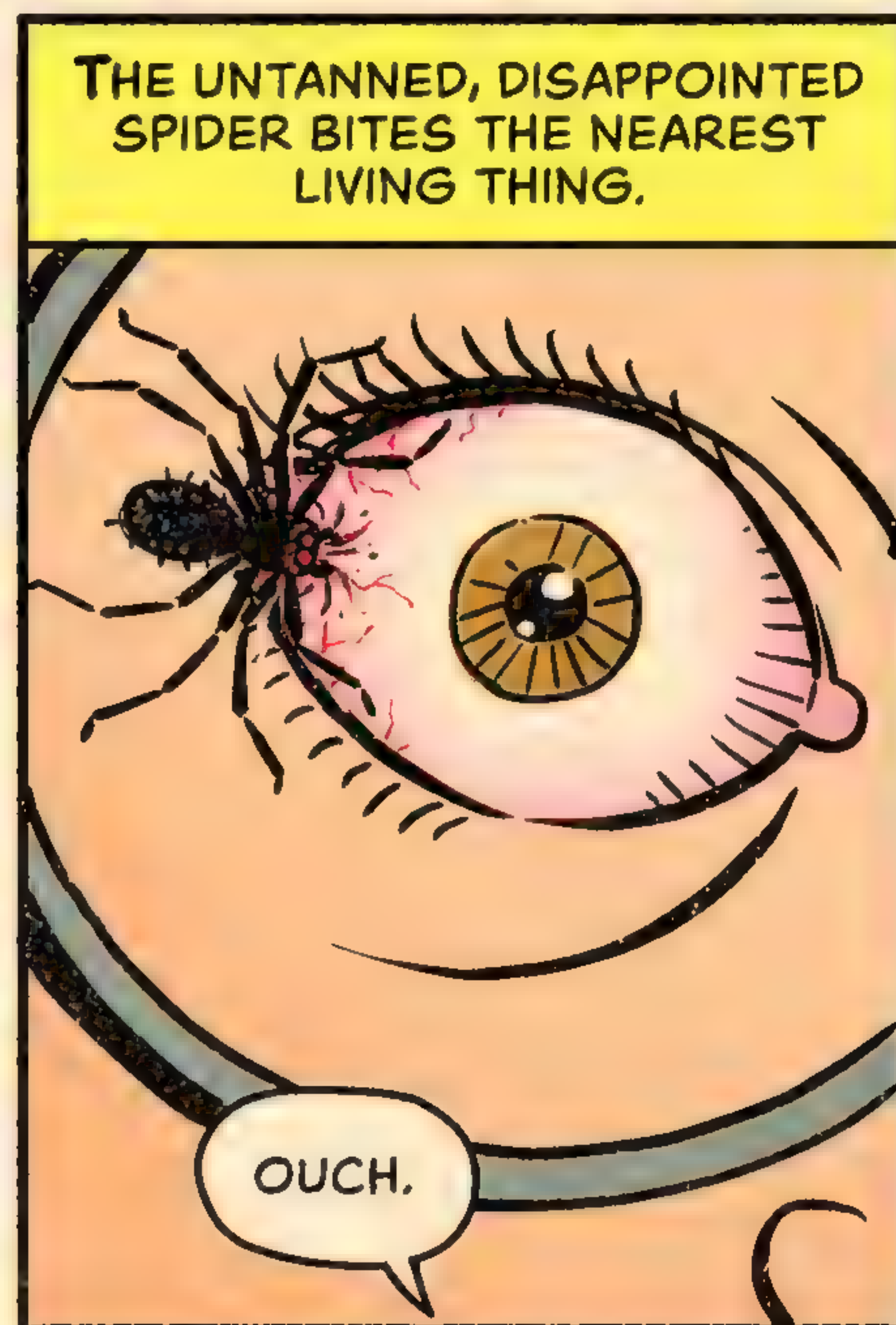




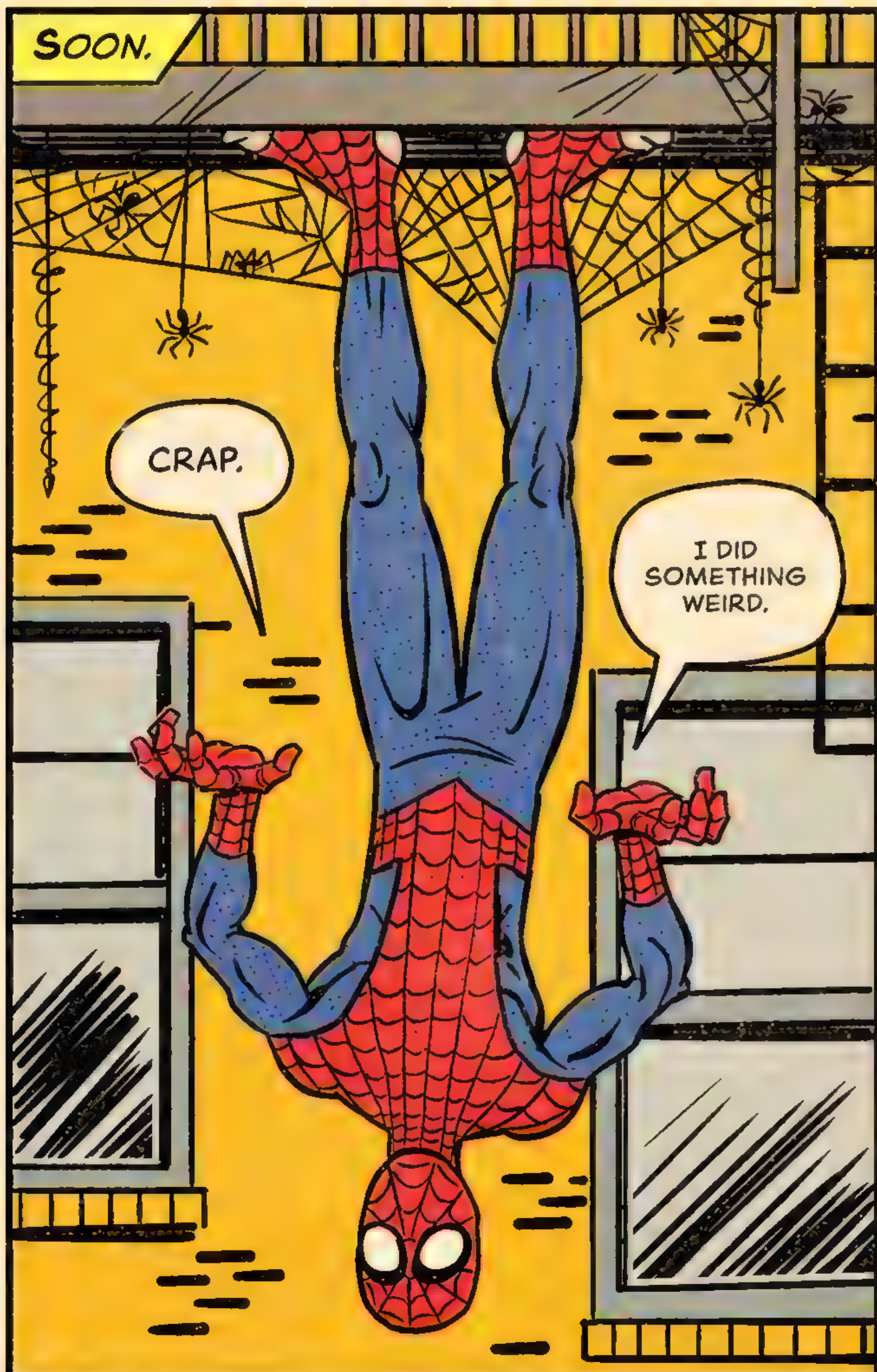
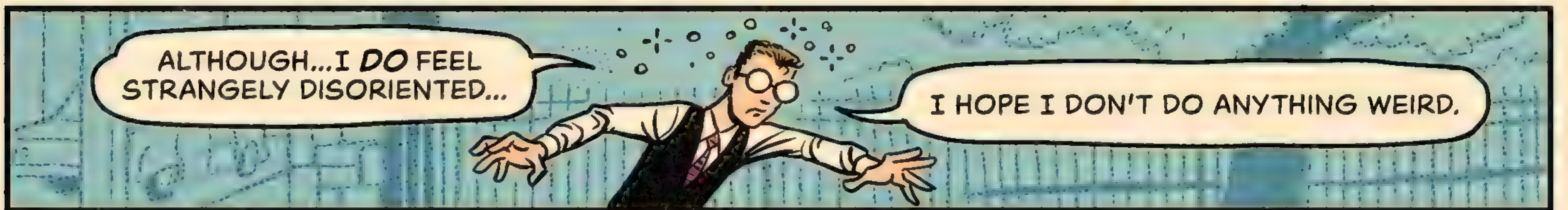
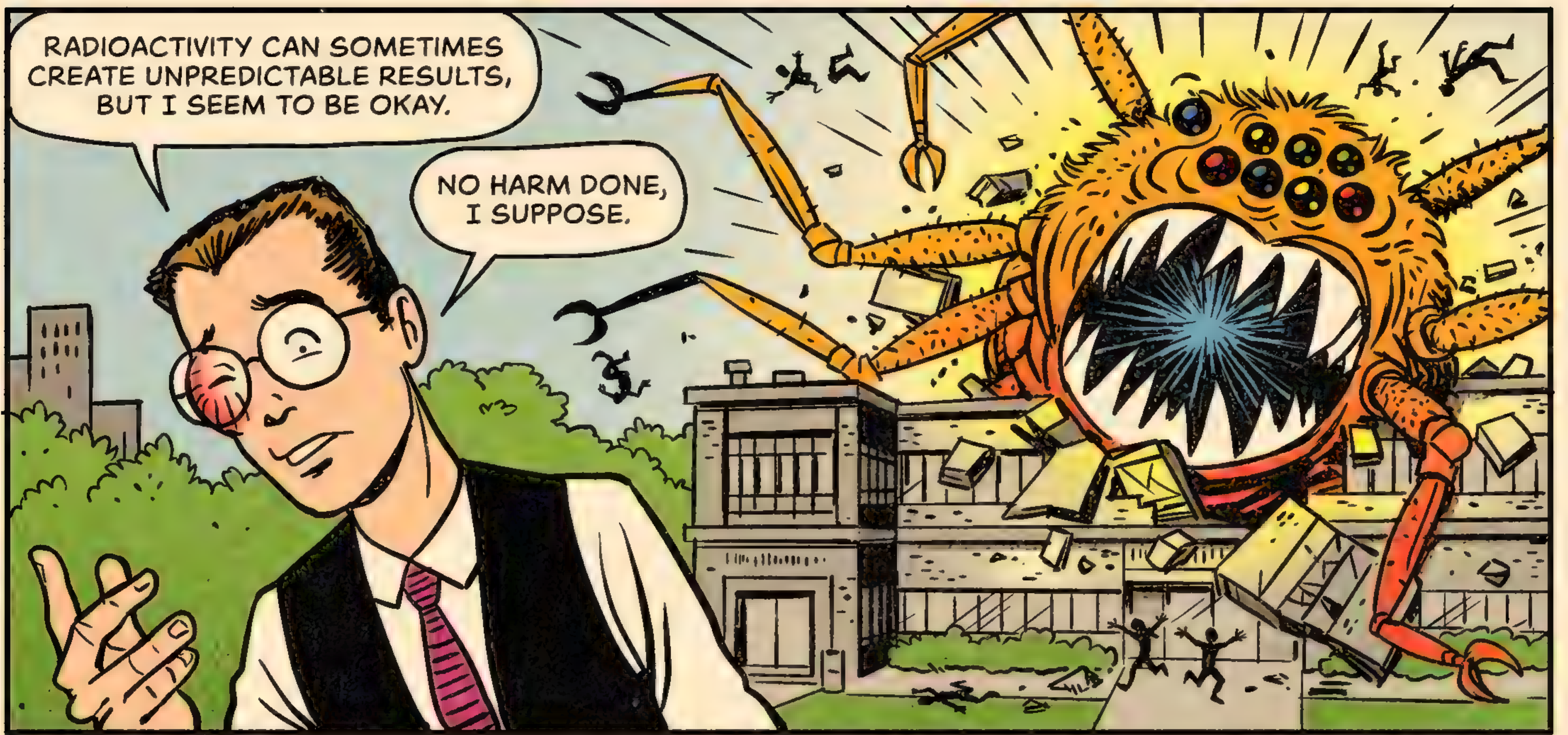




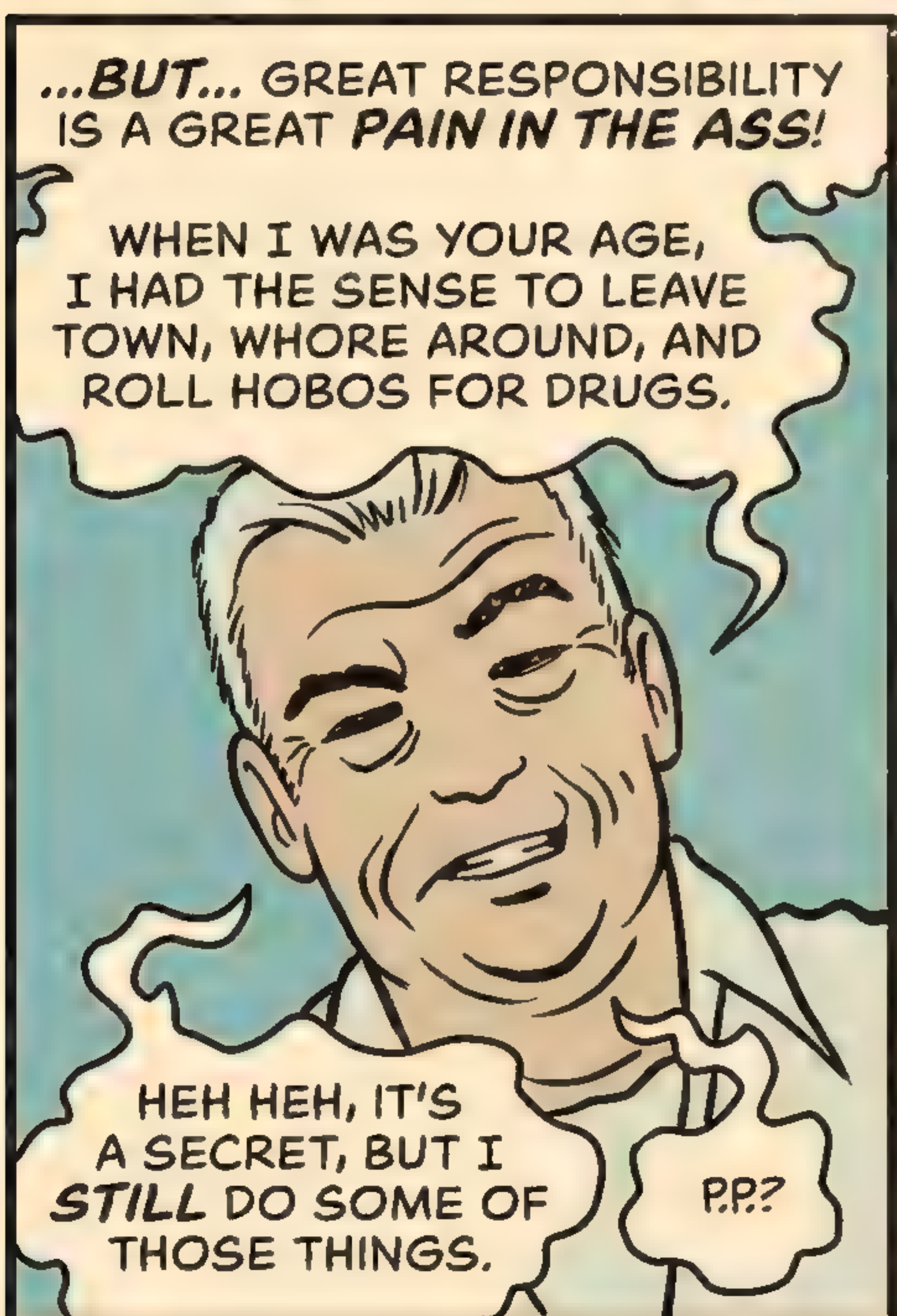
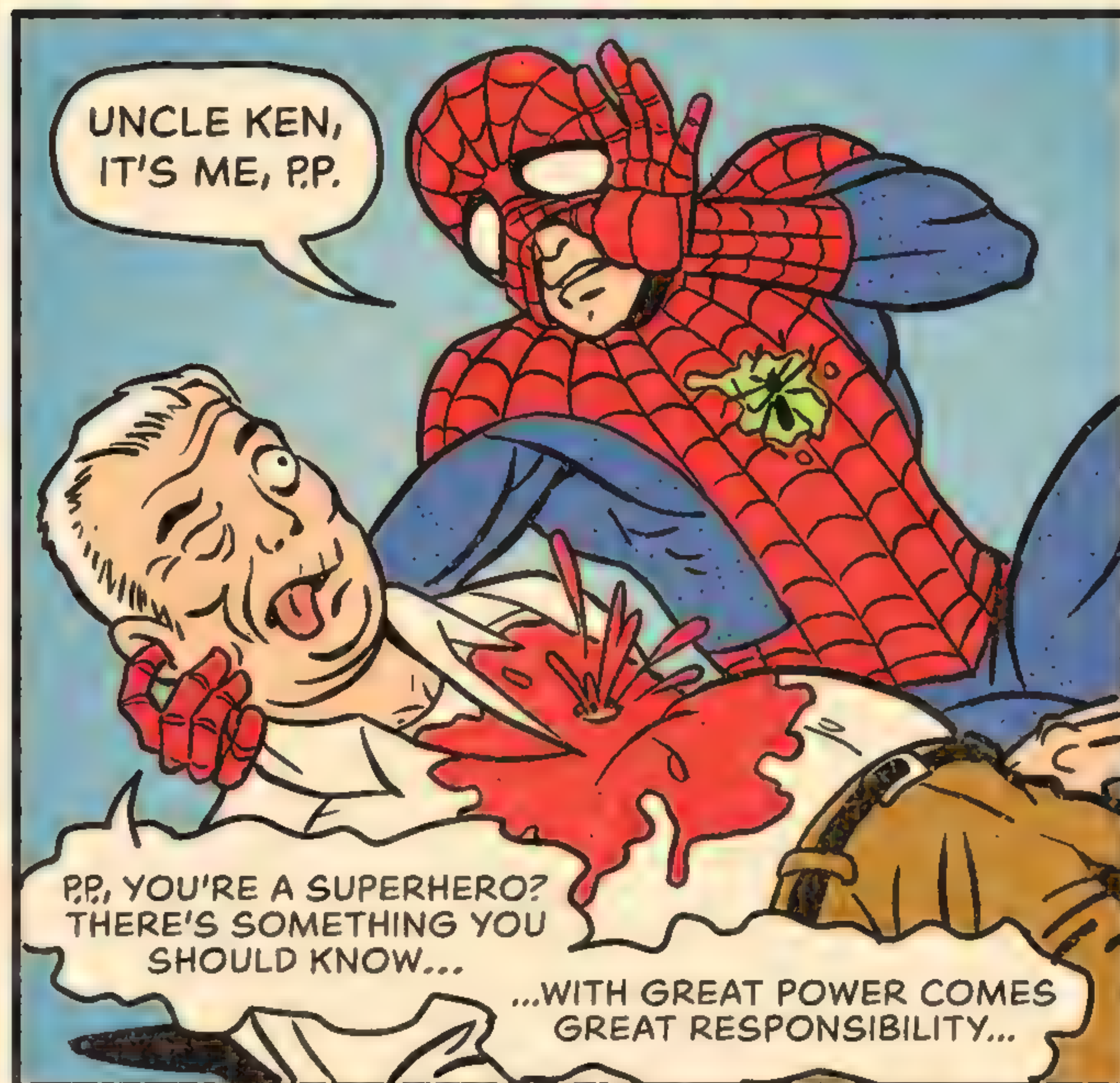
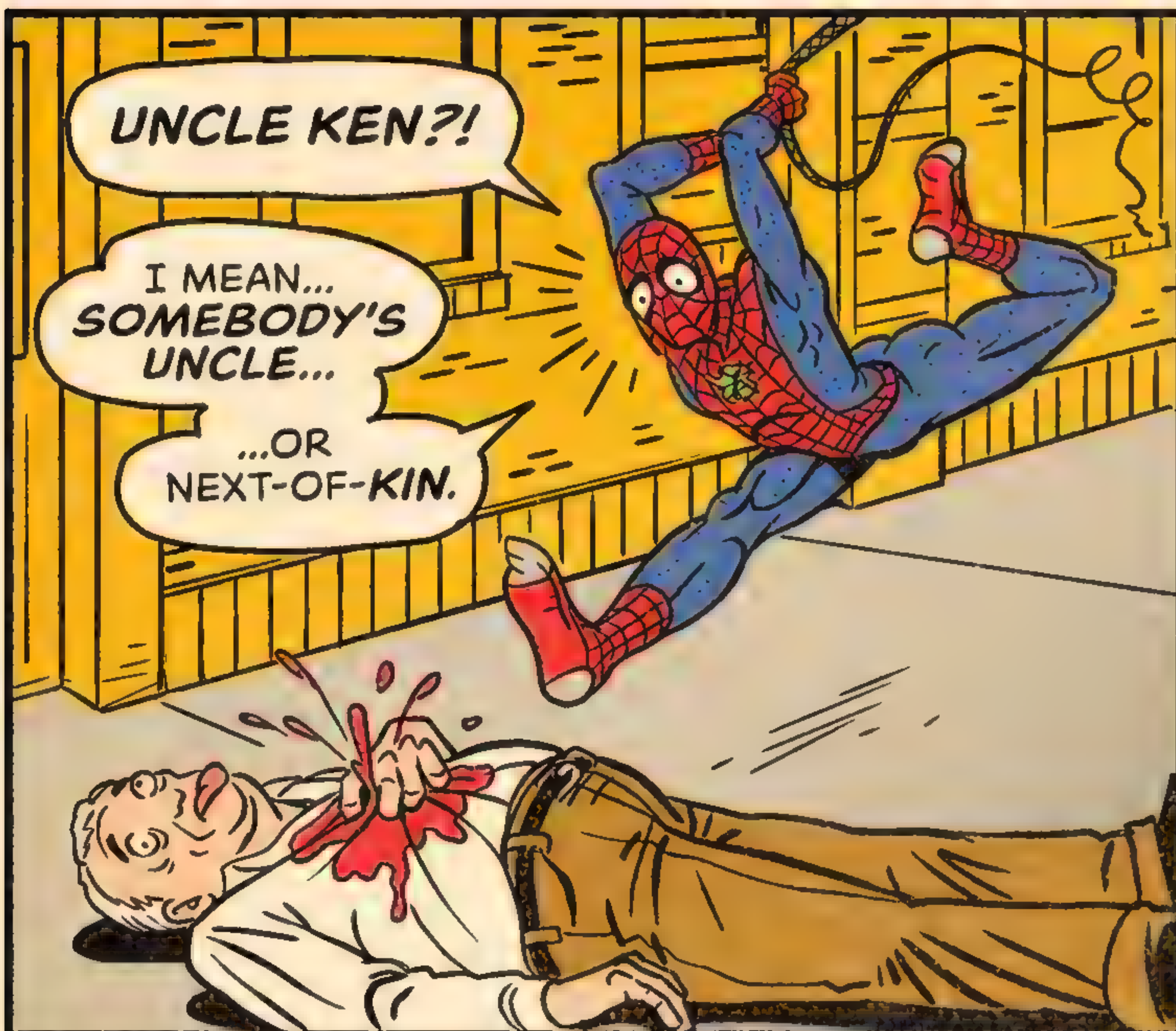
OUR STORY BEGINS AS HIGH-SCHOOLER P.P. POKER ATTENDS A FIELD TRIP AT A NEARBY ATOMIC LAB. THE FACILITY SPORTS THE LATEST IN SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT, AS WELL AS AN APPALLINGLY LAX OPEN-DOOR POLICY.







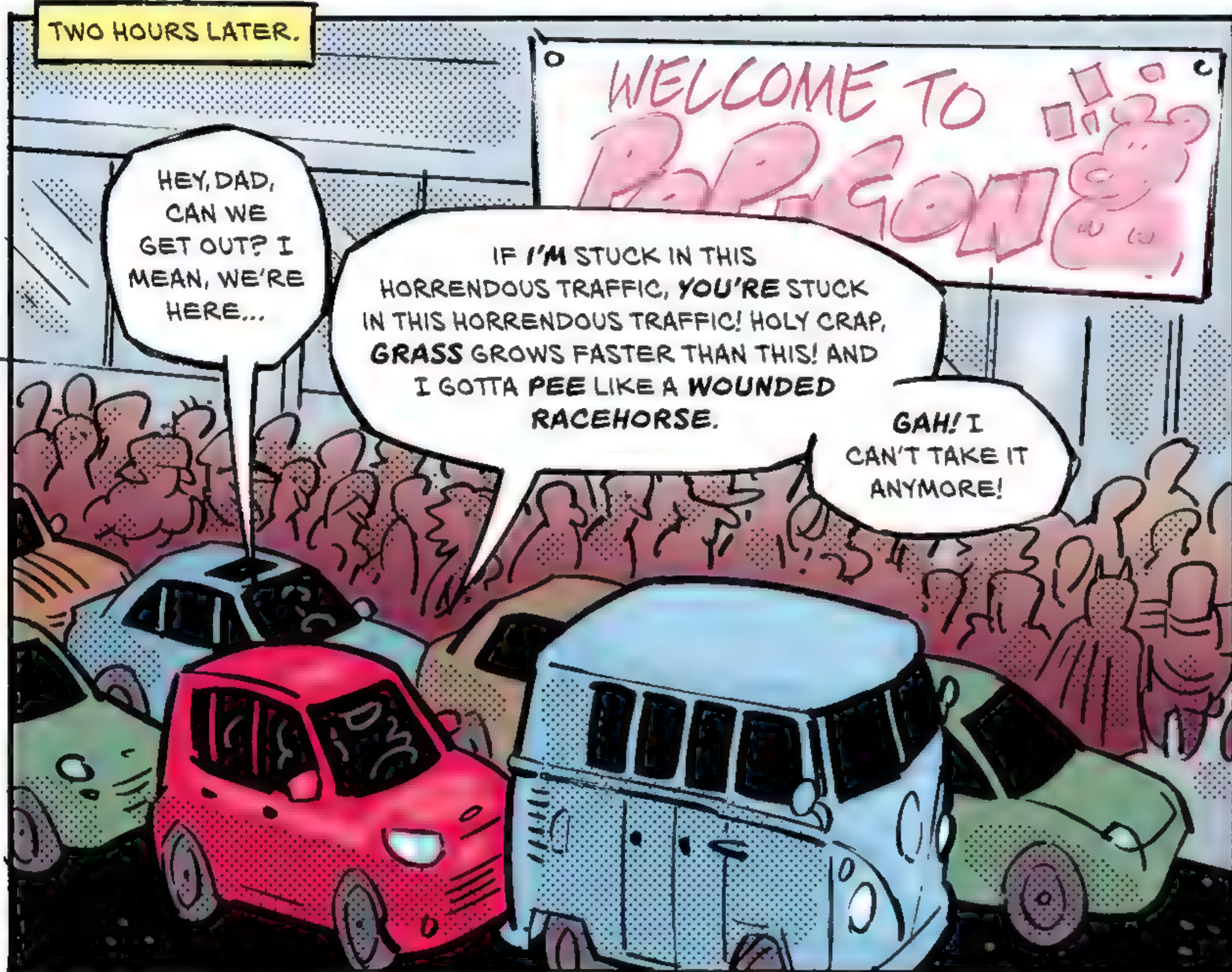
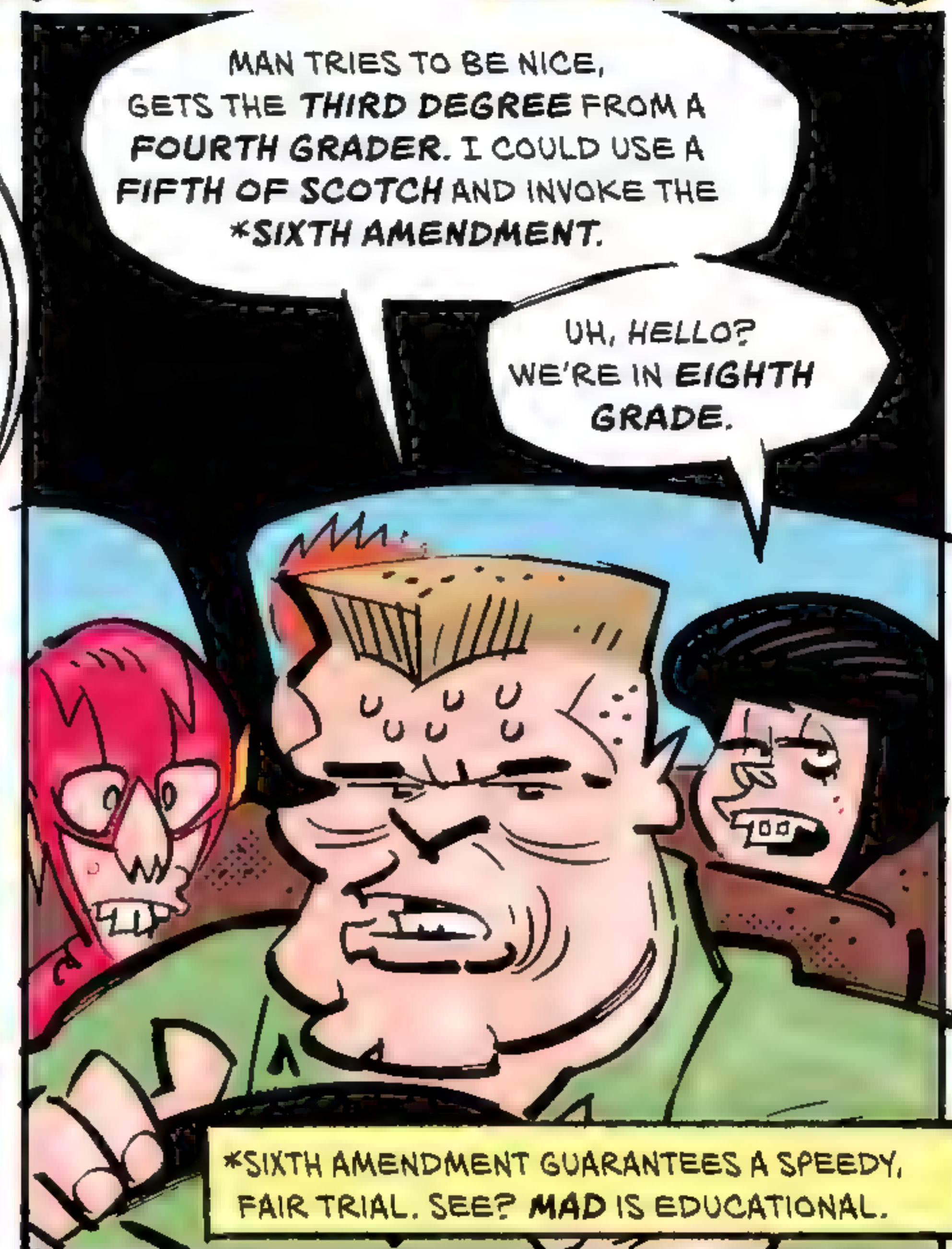




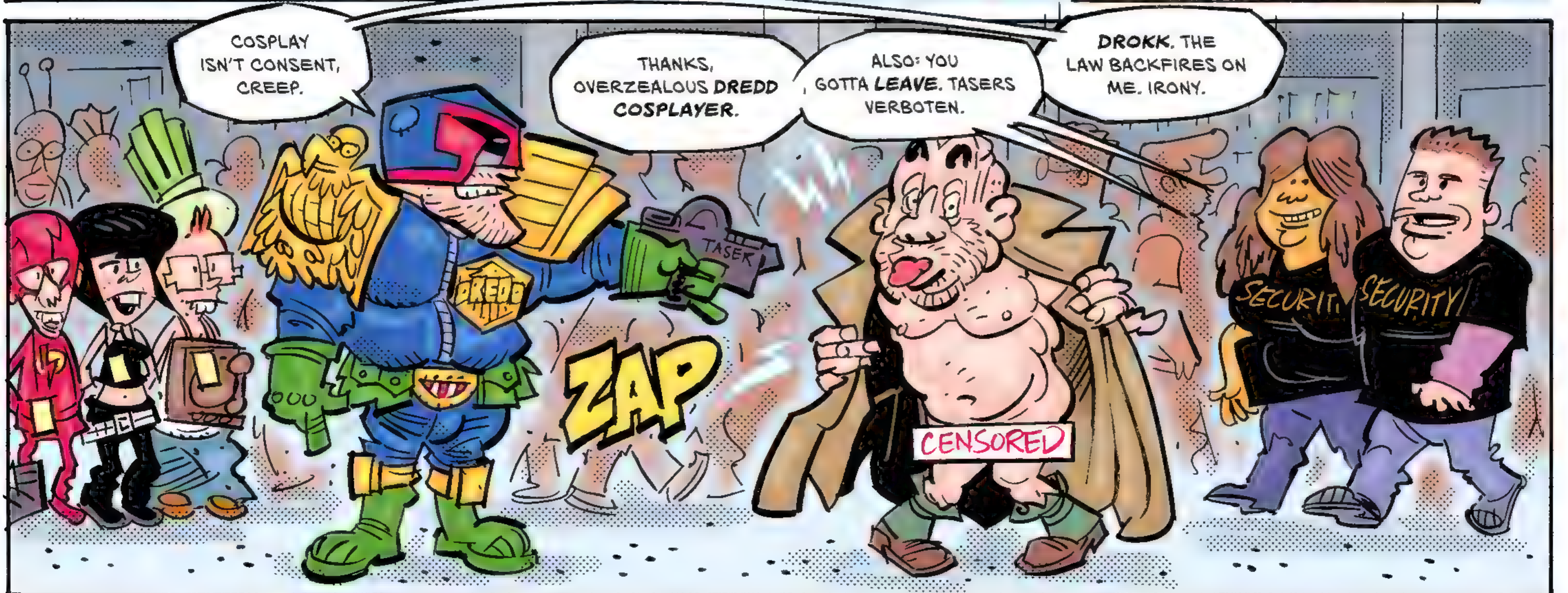
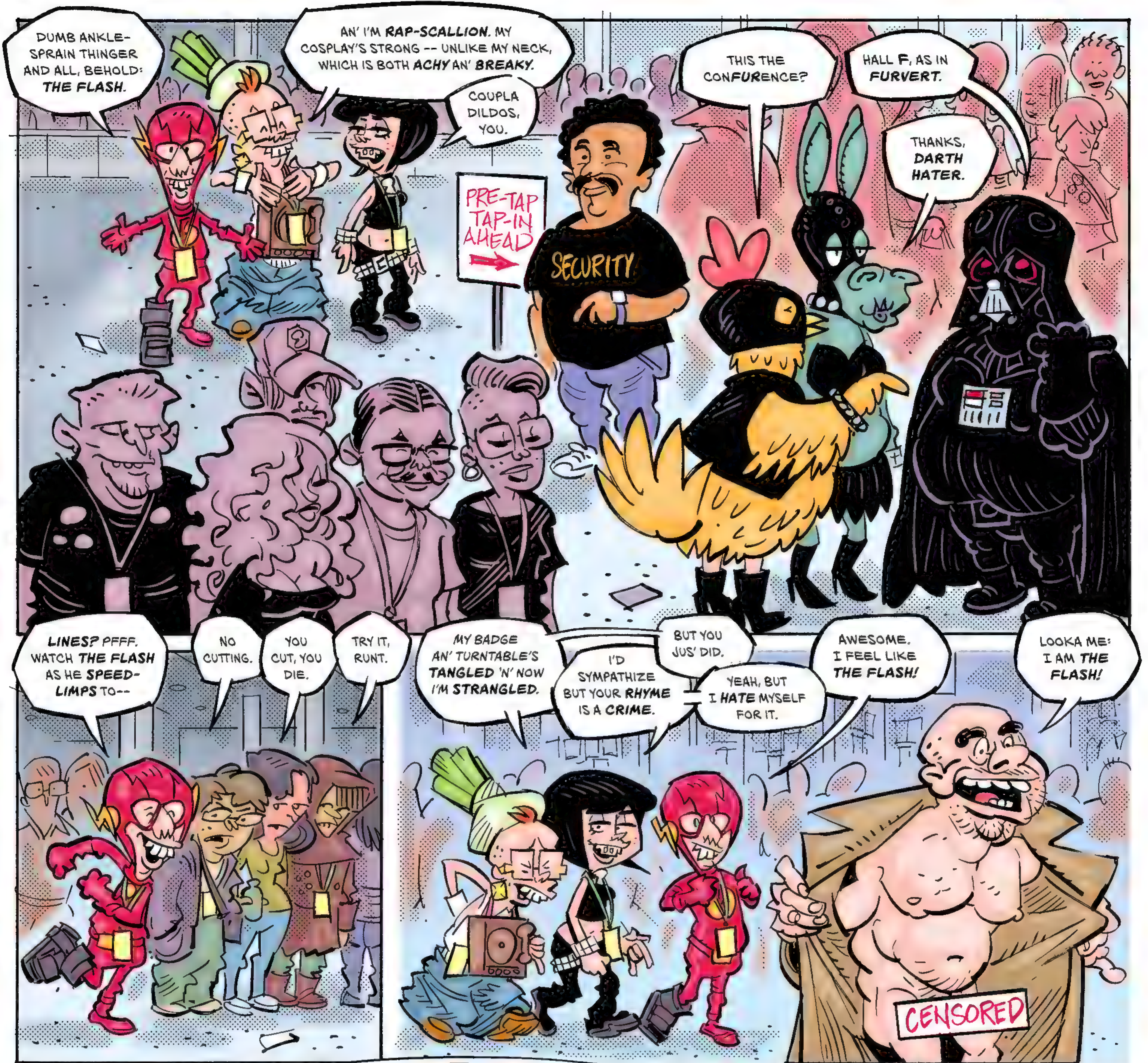


LET THE FUR FLY DEPARTMENT: IN WHICH BUZZ'S DYSPEPTIC PAPPY, ALDRIN, APPEARS TO BE AN ACTUAL GOOD DAD. WAIT, WHAT?

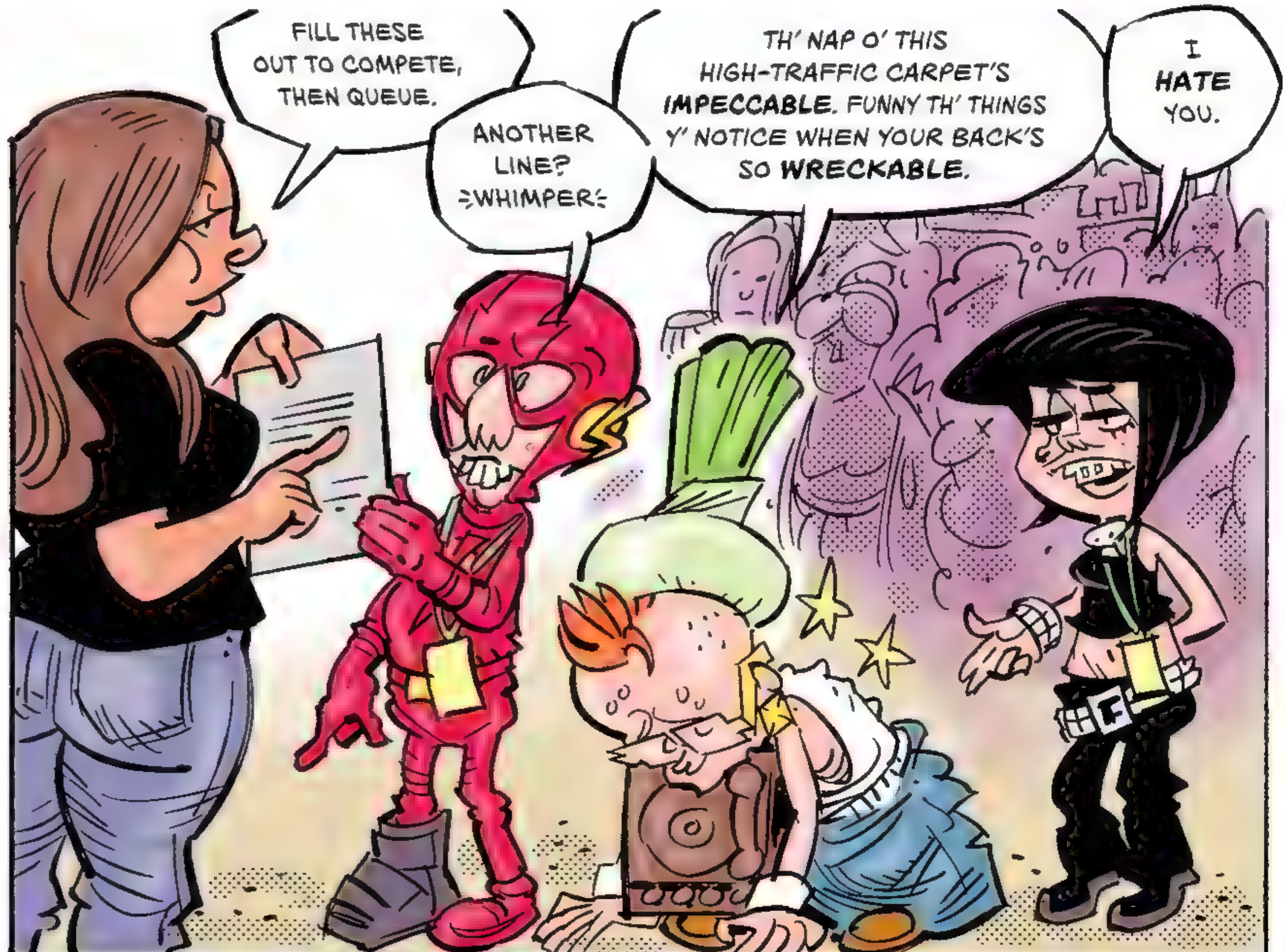
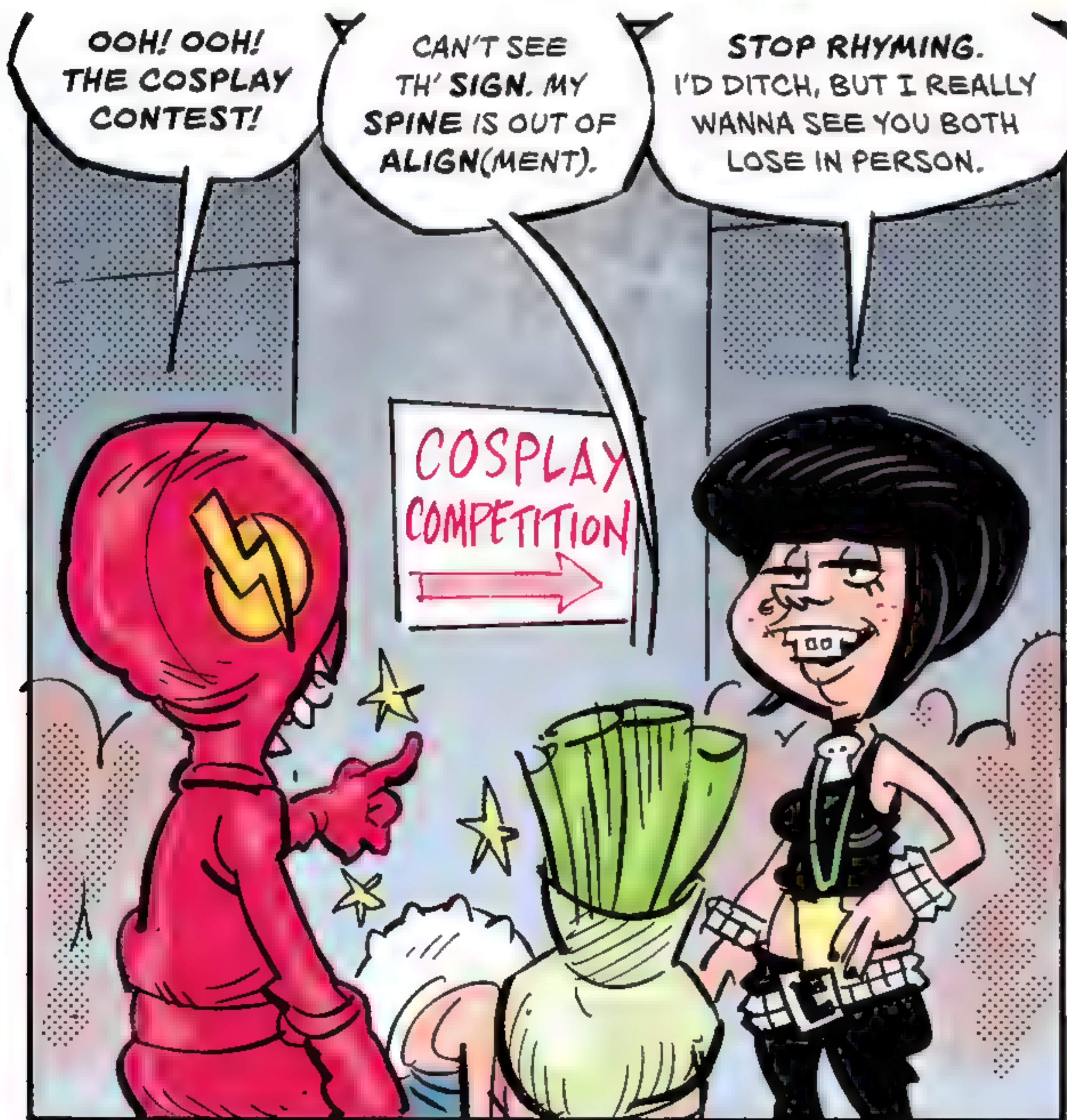
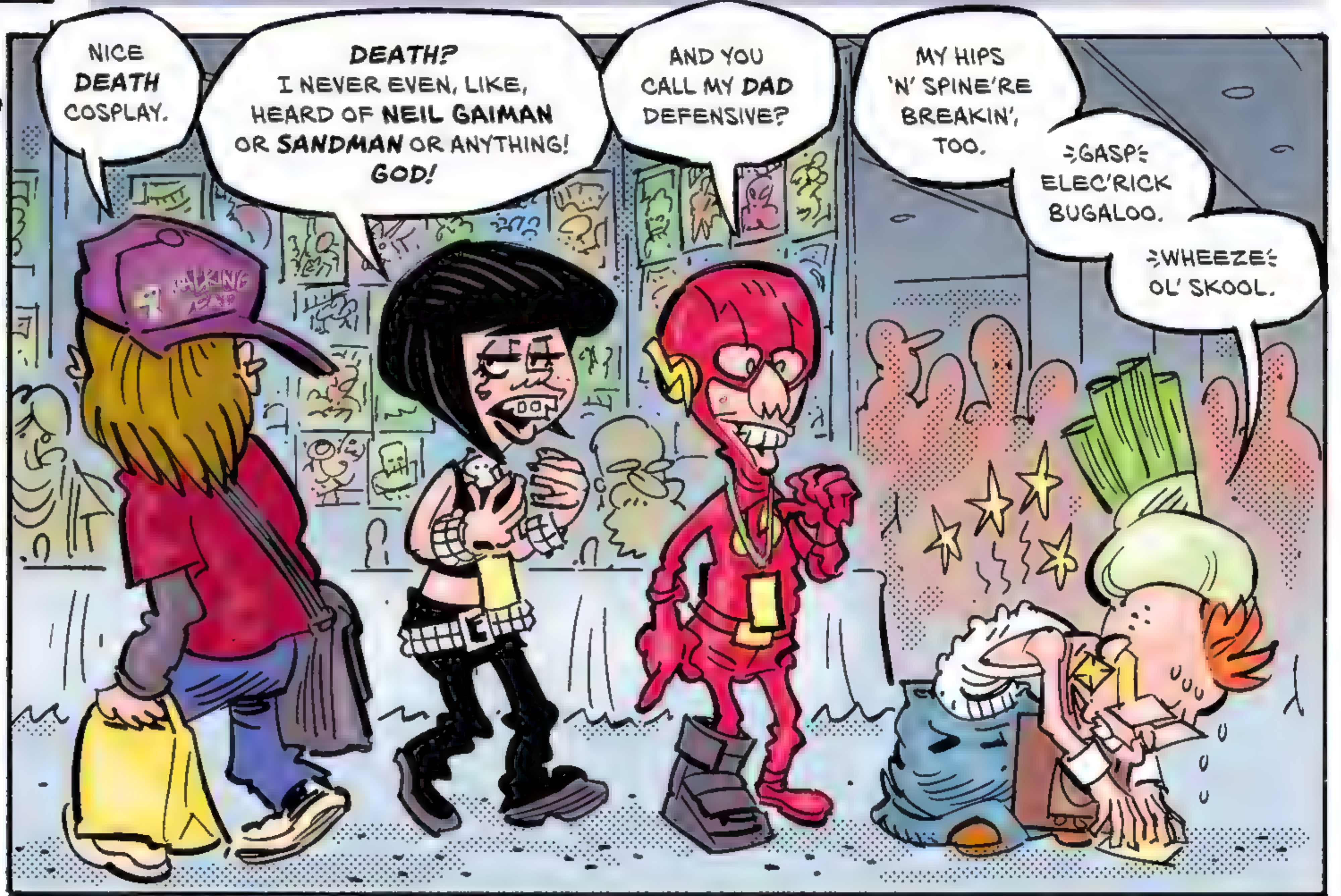
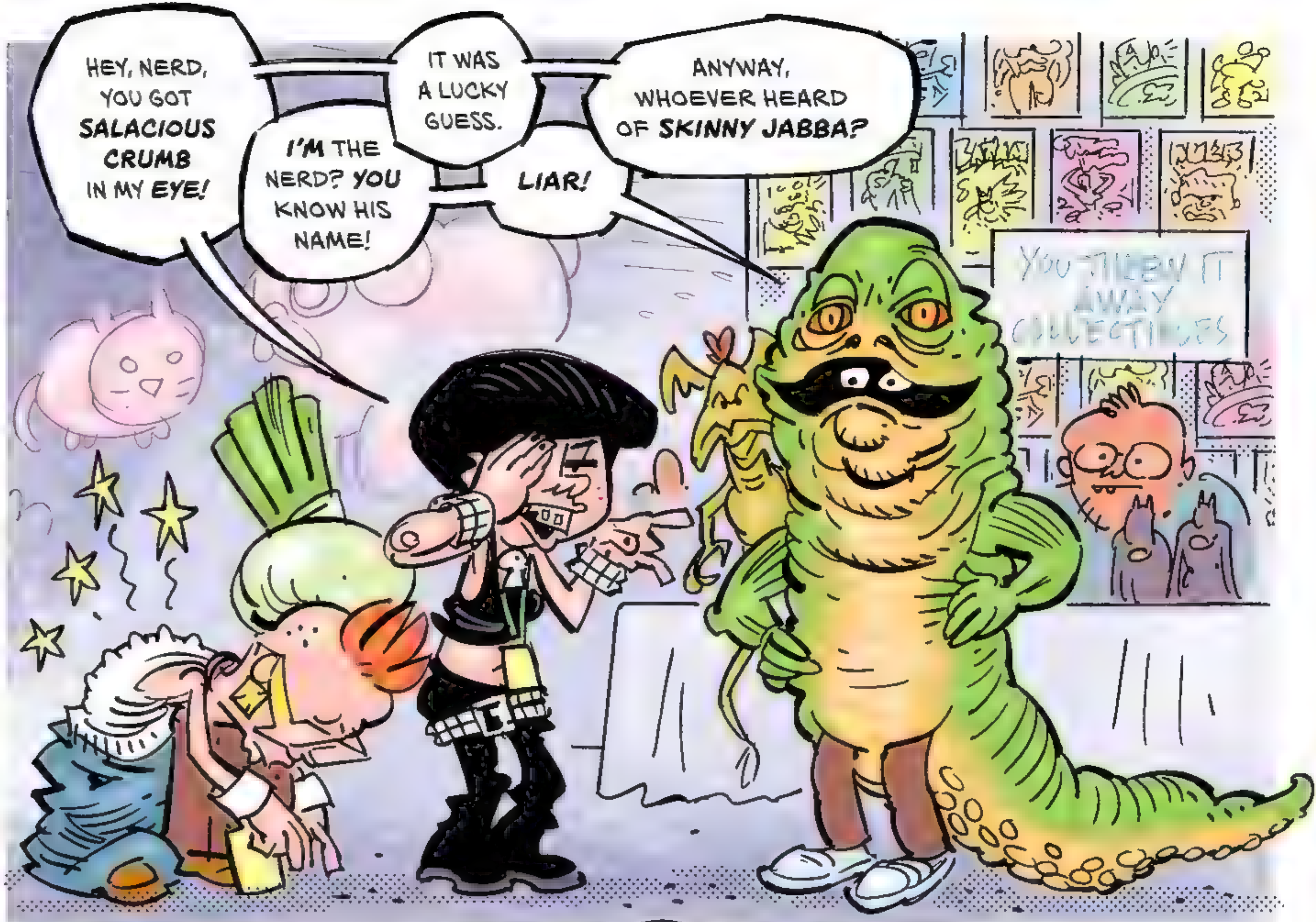
# BOONIES BURBS AND BURG



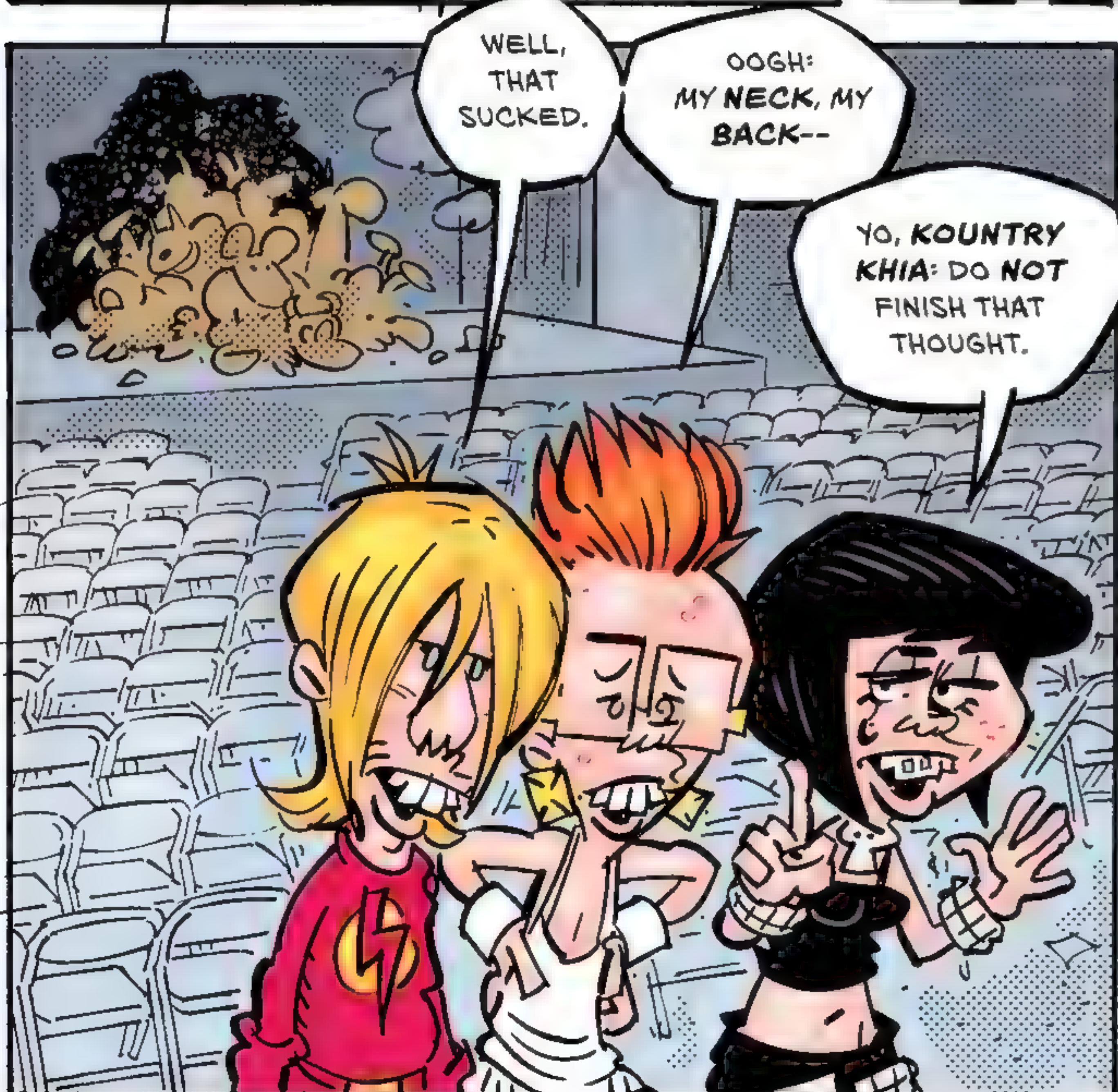
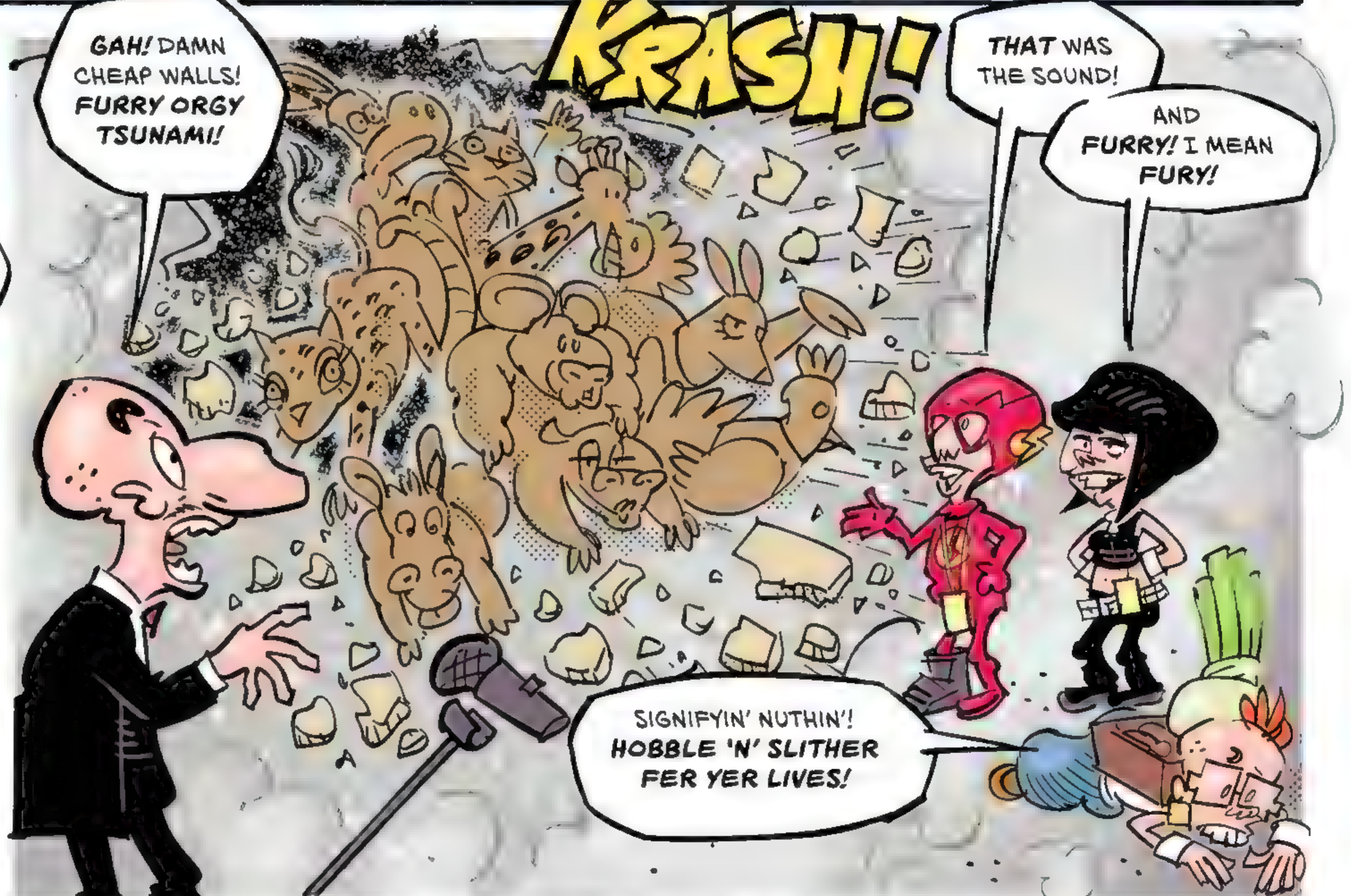














There's my big boy. Poor baby has the whoopsies. Just wipe that chunk out of your nose, sweetie...

**FaceTime your mom whenever you throw up so she can virtually hold your head.**

GUT CHOWDER GREEN  
SWAMP BOTTOM BROWN  
LIQUID DEATH YELLOW

**Come up with new colors for Crayola based on your bodily fluids.**

And the Burning Rectums take the Lead!

**Count each time you puke and squirt and make a game of seeing which end wins.**

The paper clip completely disintegrated!

**Conduct an experiment to find out the power of your own bile.**

My God, it's like a baby pterodactyl was screaming to get out of my esophagus!! Cool!

**Be in the moment and listen to the sounds you make as you push your intestines through your mouth. You'll be impressed with yourself.**

**SPILL YOUR GUTS DEPT.**

Some things in life just suck—but they suck even more if you grump about them. We've all heard about “silver linings” and “make lemonade” and “turn that frown blah blah blah,” but often we need help making the best of things. Here, MAD shares ingenious ideas for coping with common miseries. This installment deals with a malady that strikes us all. If you think there's nothing amusing about spewing, that just means it's time to play...

# LET'S HAVE FUN WITH THE STOMACH BUG

WRITER & ARTIST: TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

Oh wow, van Gogh's Starry Night!

**Find interesting shapes made by the stains in your underpants.**

I cannot believe I look this hot.

**No matter how weak you are, put on your skinny pants—it will be the only time they fit.**

Yeah, I started barfing, like, right after I got out of your car.

**Enjoy the terrified-of-contamination reactions of friends you were with yesterday when you tell them you're sick.**

Yeah, I haven't eaten in a whole day. Oh that'd be great if you could bring over a bland broth. And, um, could you pick up a PlayStation 4? I really think it would help bind me up.

**Use the pity card to get something you've been wanting but can't afford.**

YESSS!

**Take some selfies to use as Halloween decorations.**



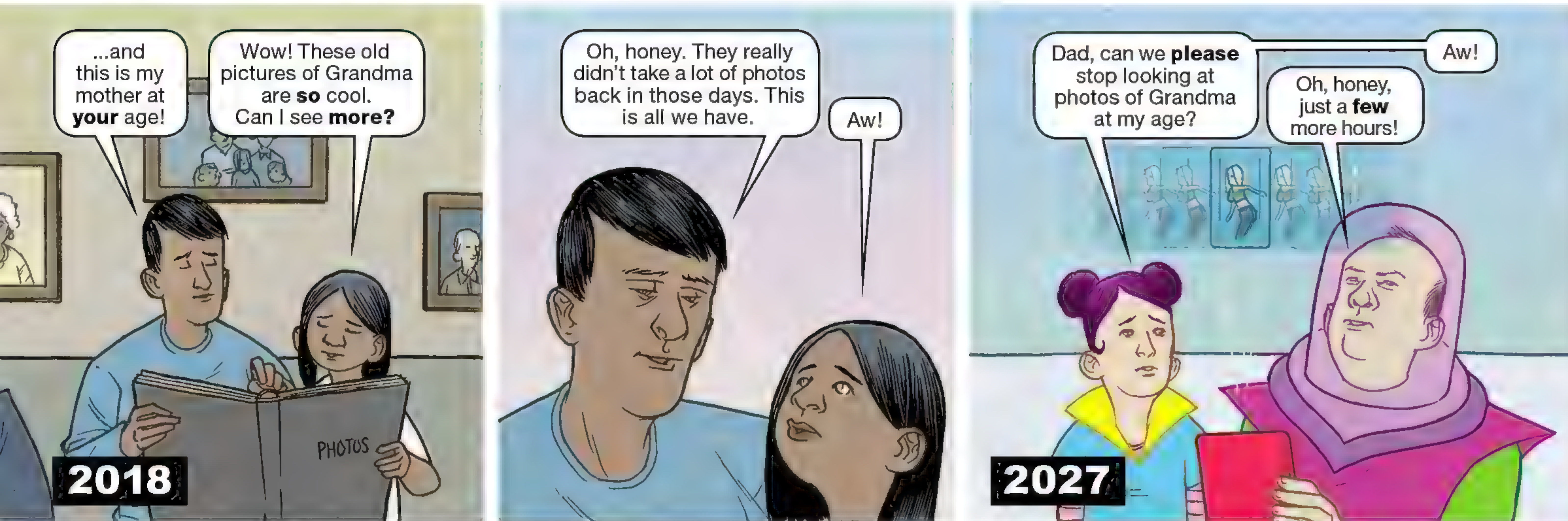
At the nexus of comedy and anthropology, MAD's long-running "The Lighter Side Of..." has wittily examined themes from American life. Created by the late Dave Berg, the feature has poked fun at how we live—including mocking the ways we take ourselves seriously. Now, in this age of debating political correctness and social media soapboxing, it seems more vital than ever to take a walk on...

## THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

# SELF-INVOLVEMENT

WRITER TAMMY GOLDEN ARTIST JON ADAMS

### FAMILY HISTORY



### UNBURDENING



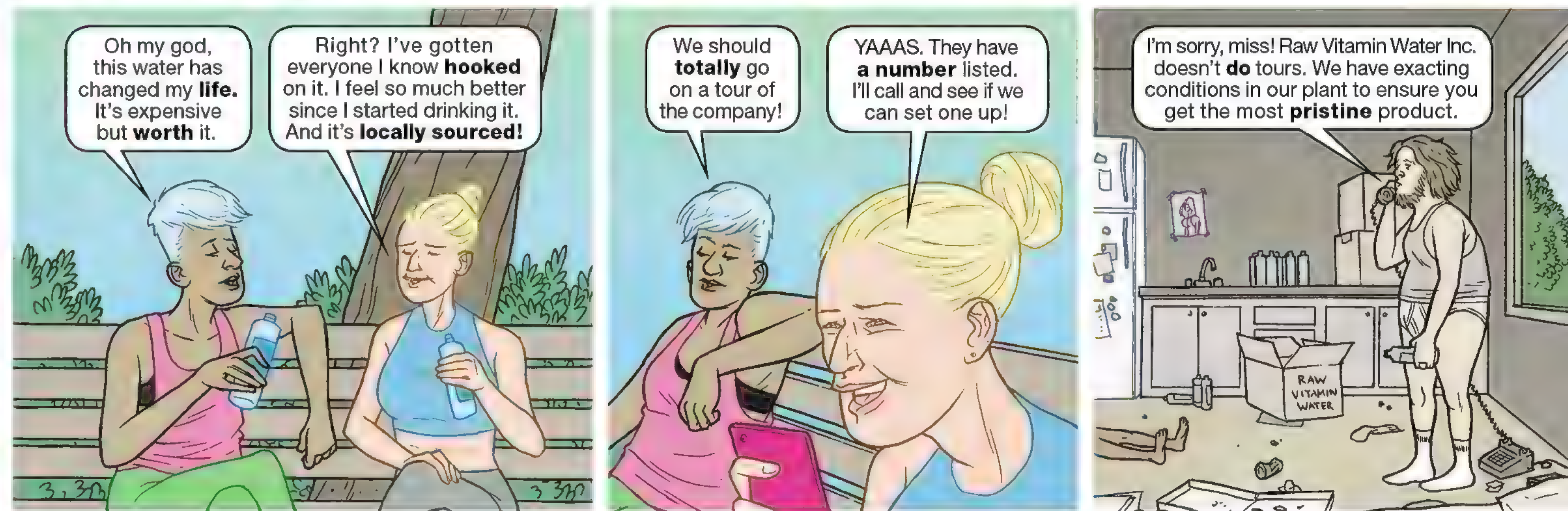
### TATTOOS



### FAN PRIDE



### WATER WORSHIP

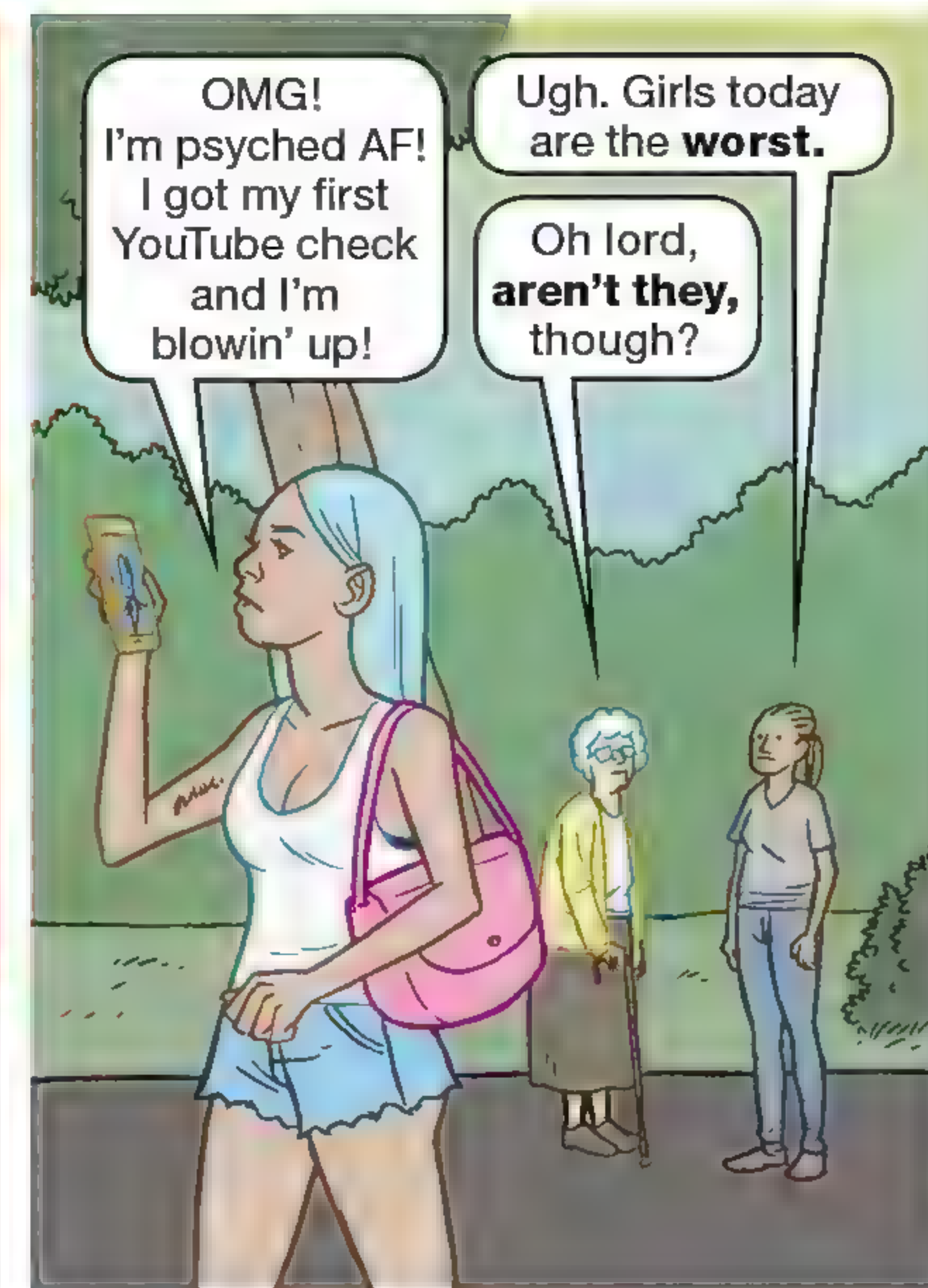
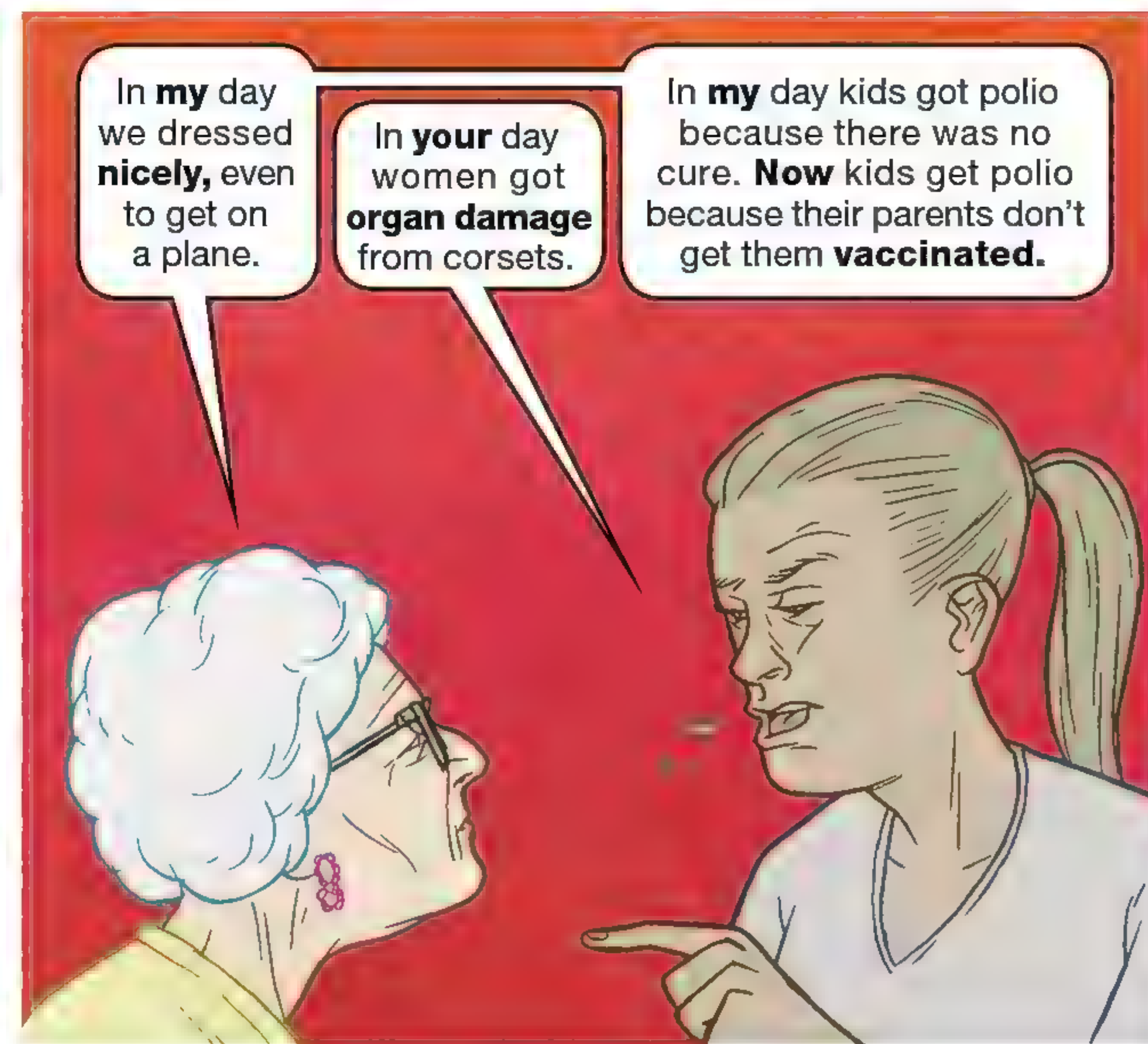


### CELEBRITY

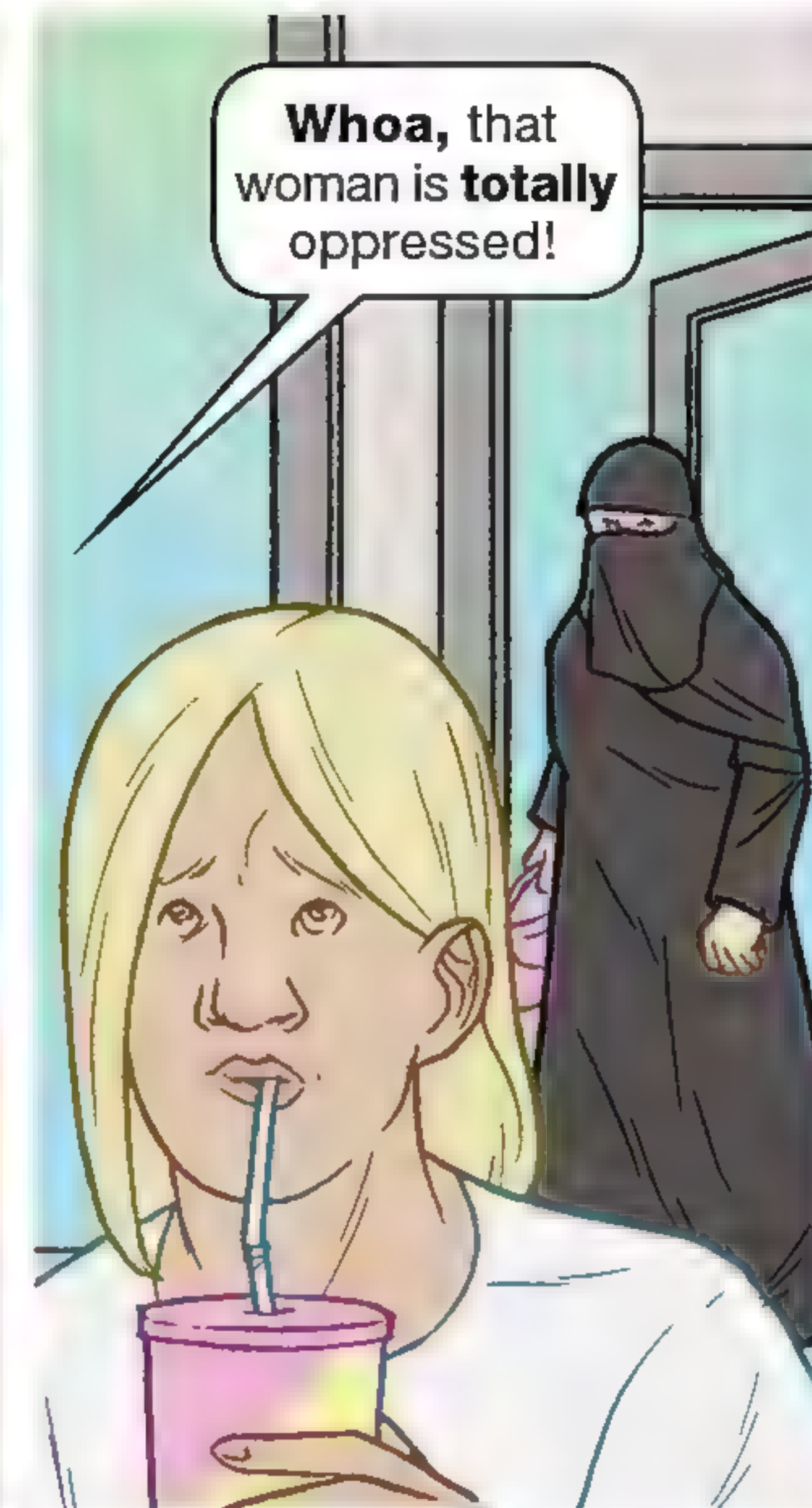




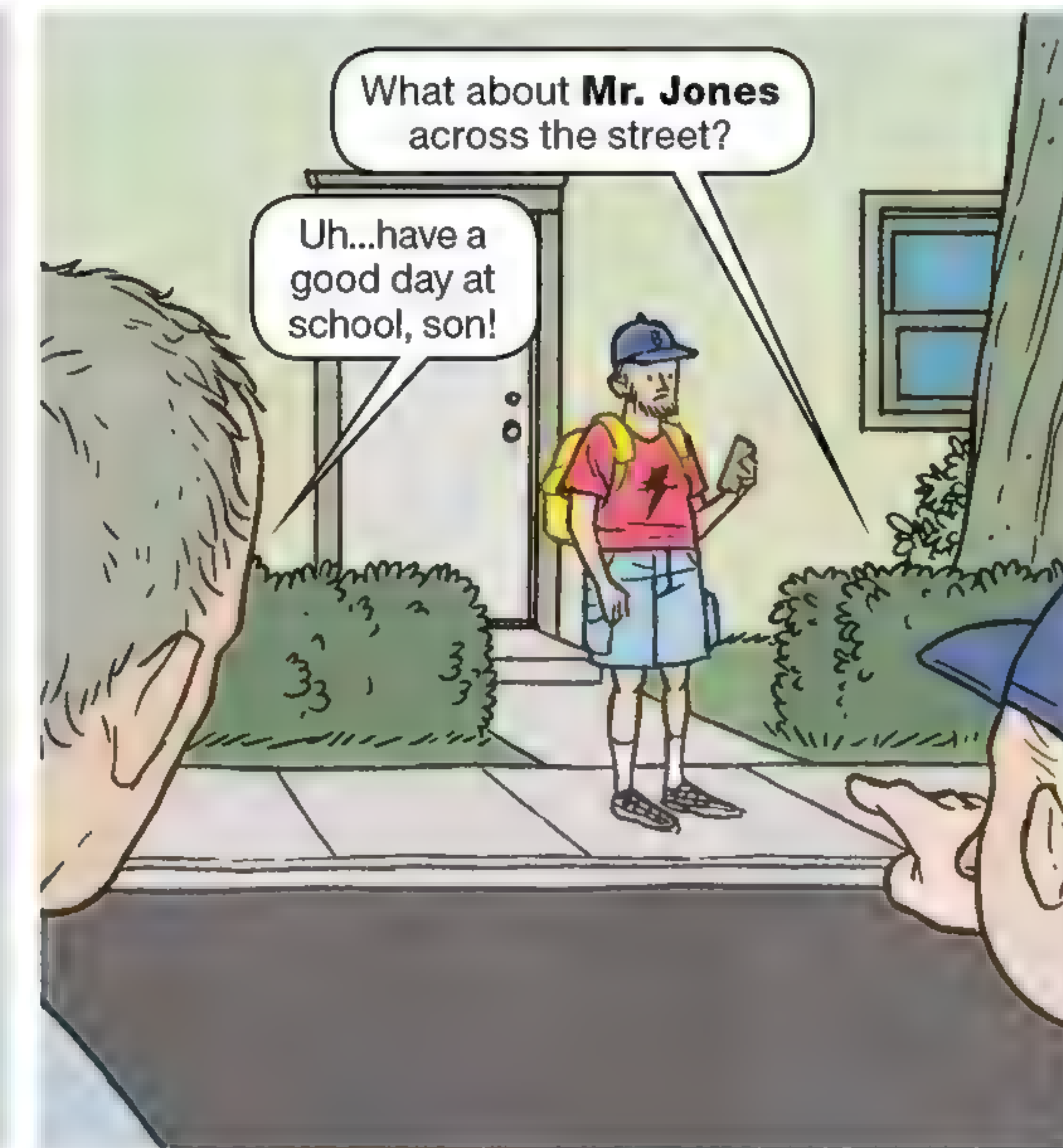
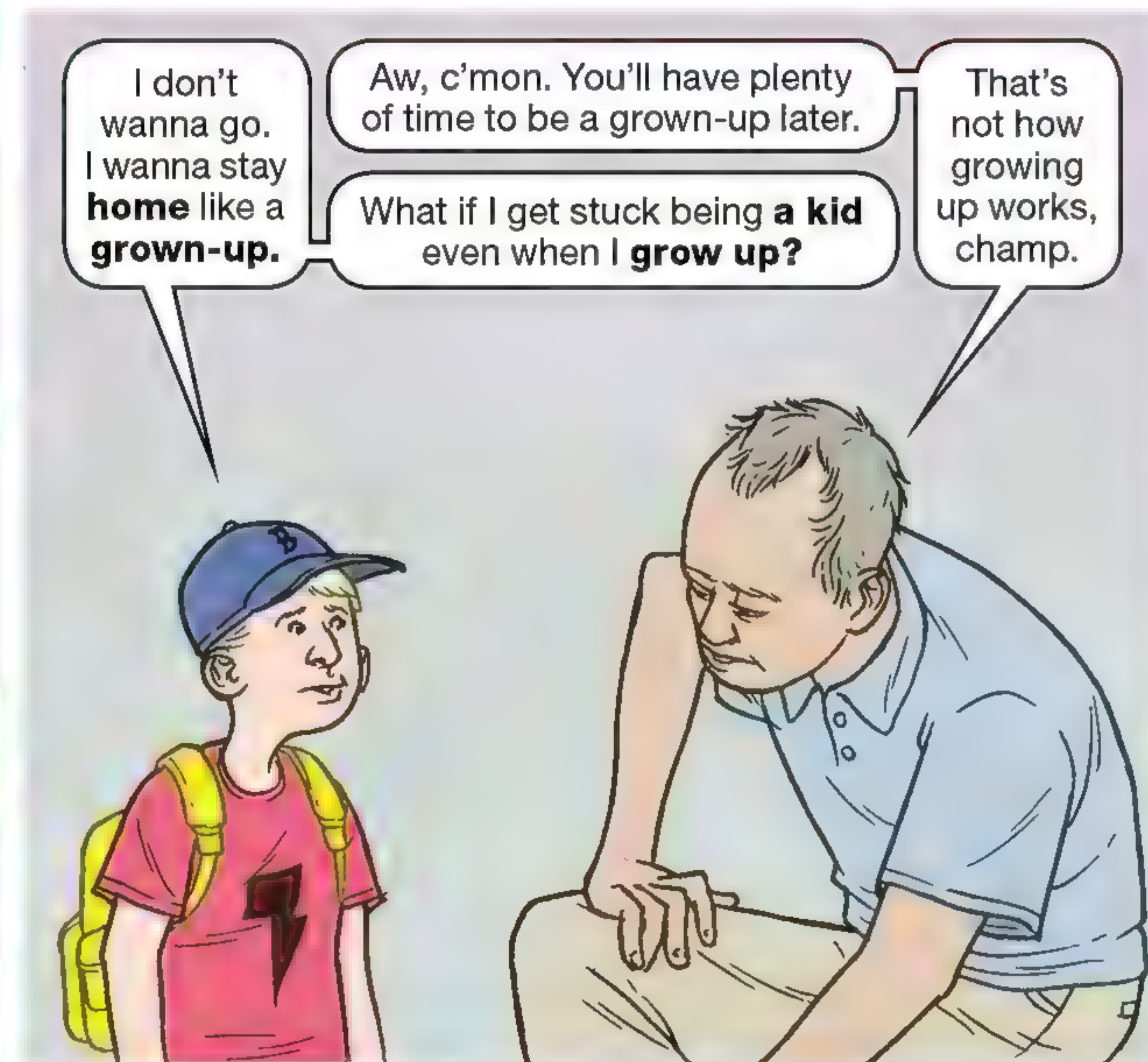
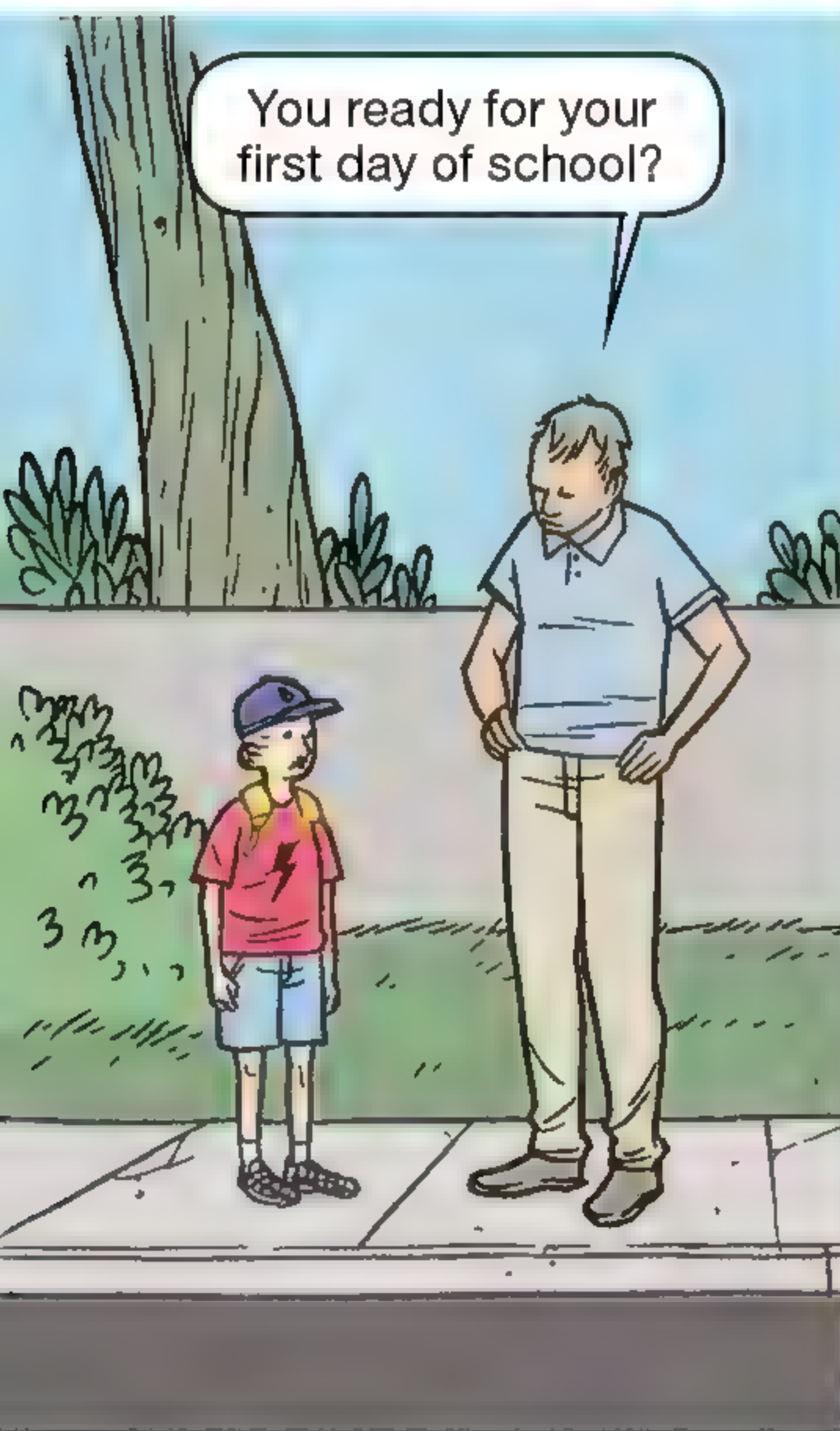
## THE GOOD OLD DAYS



## FEMINISM



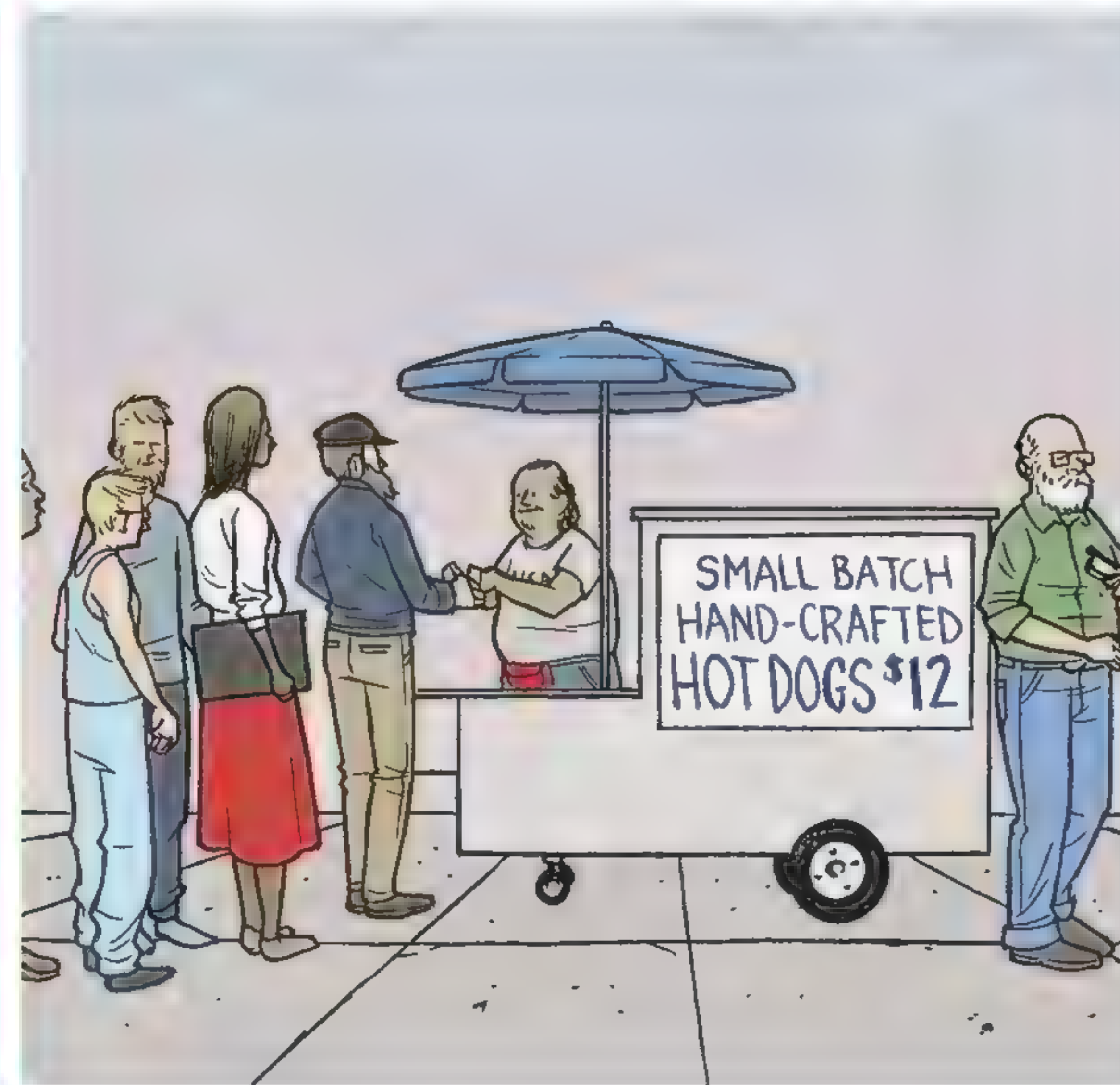
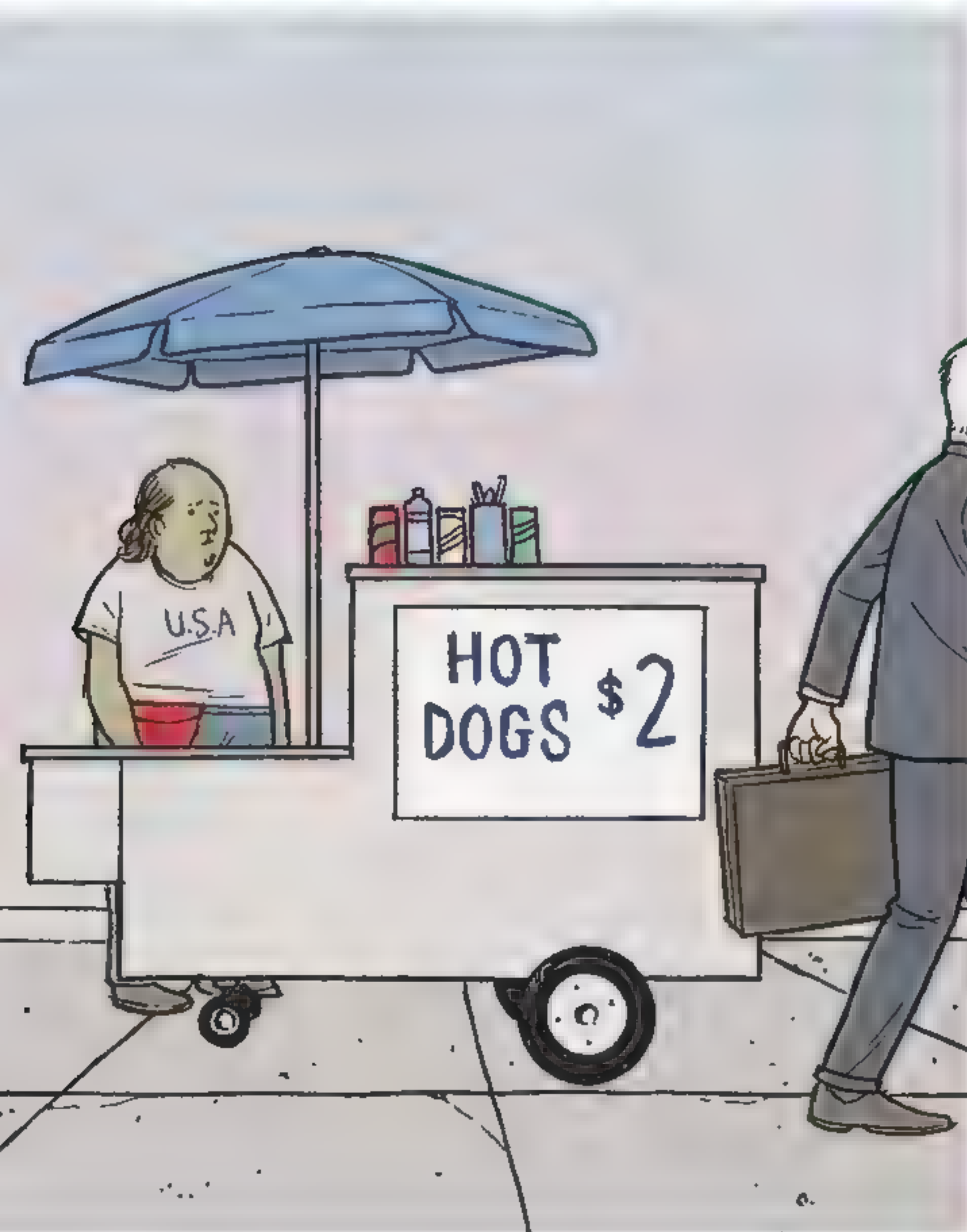
## GROWING UP



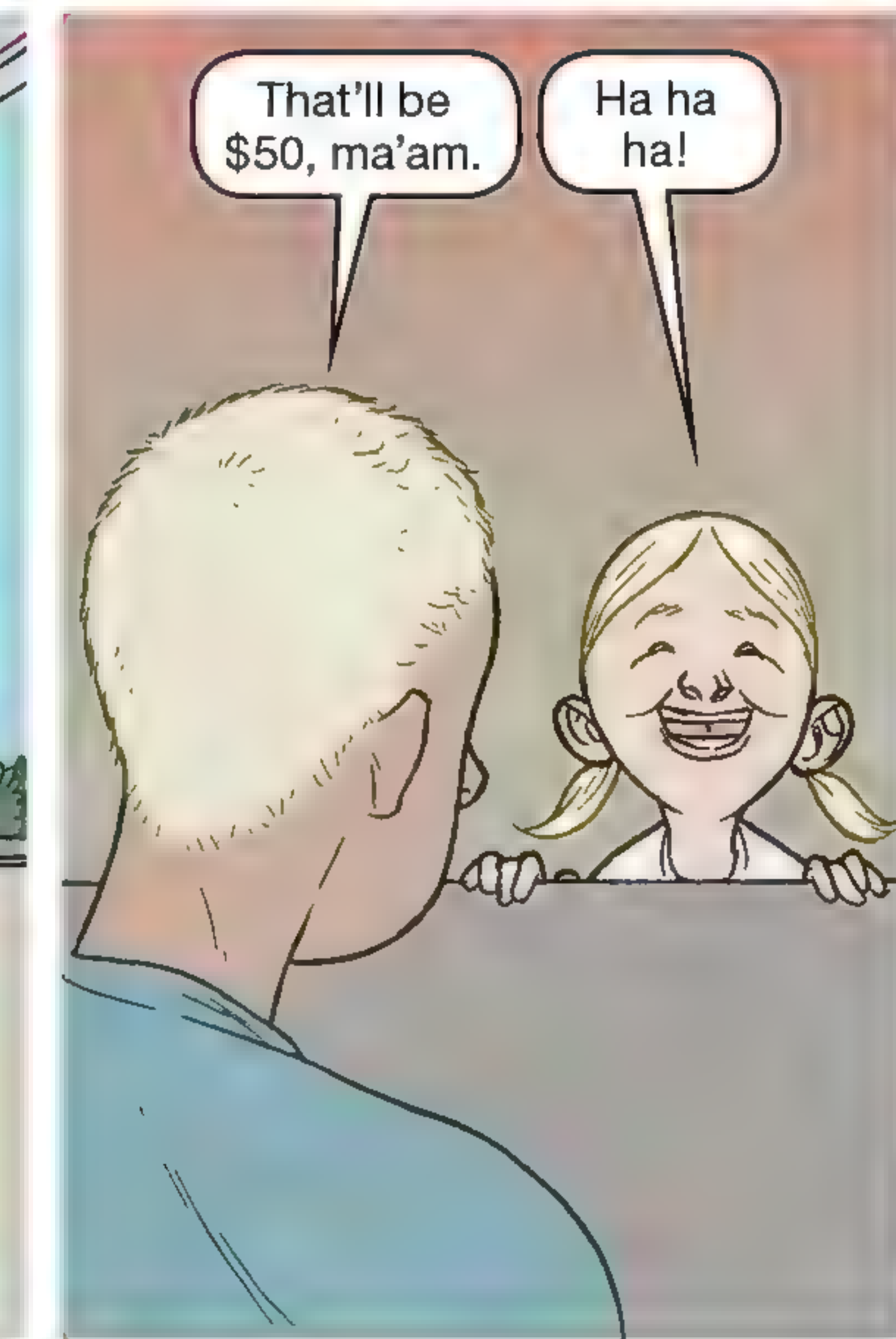
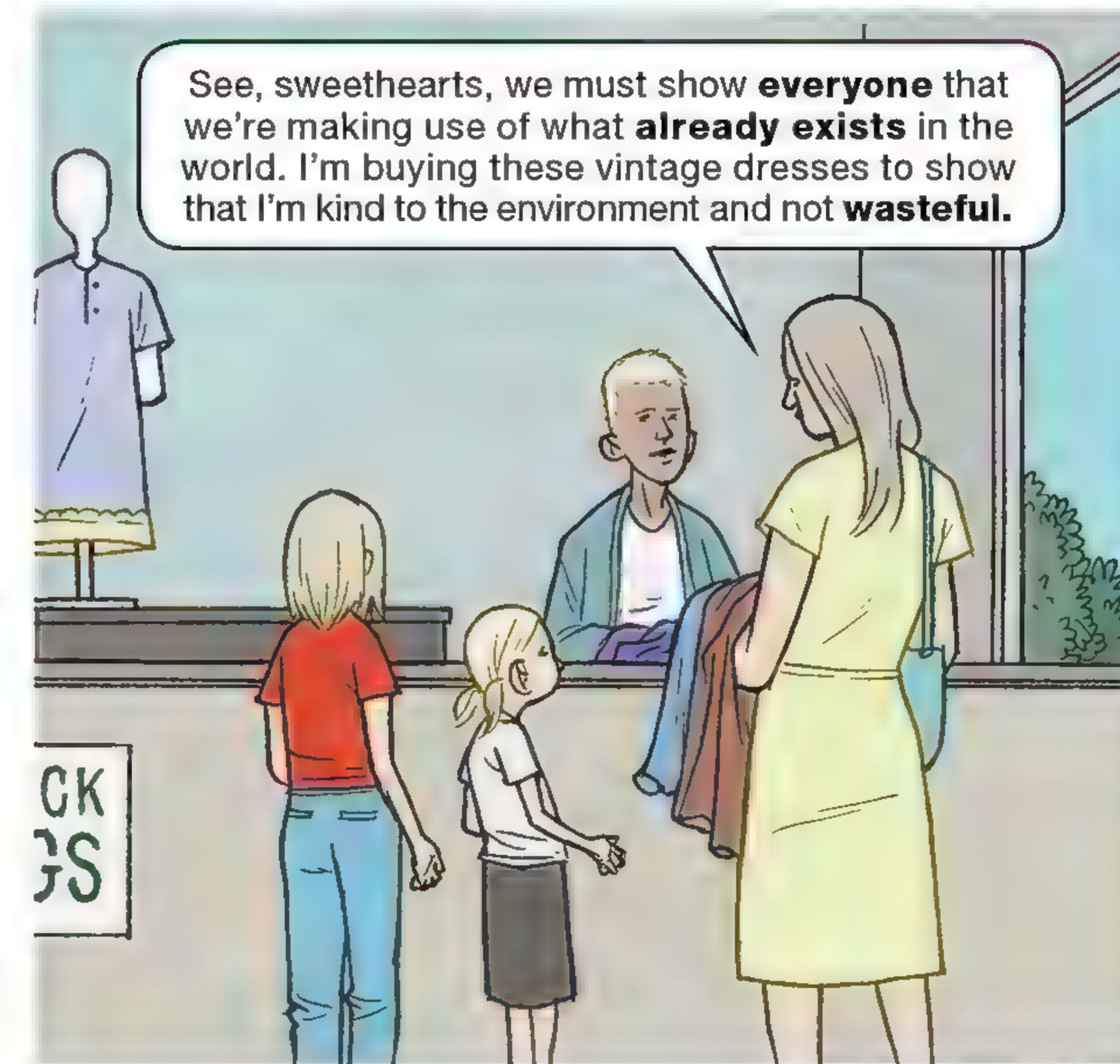
## MAKING AN IMPACT



## MARKETING



## RECYCLING







We get it—you'd rather be at home desperately trying to win the love of your emotionally unavailable cats. However, you've been roped into going to a party. Since you don't know how to be a normal functioning person capable of having fun around people, why not play...

# SOCIAL ANXIETY B·I·N·G·O



Don't ever look away from your phone, even though no one is texting you.

Find the nearest dog and don't leave his side.

Kill time in the bathroom, then worry everyone assumes you have IBS.

Engage in small talk and stutter even though you have never stuttered before.

Become convinced everyone is whispering about you.

Build up the courage to hit the dance floor and immediately regret it.

Spill your drink on yourself while talking to the person you're attracted to.

Freak out over whether there are Milk Duds stuck in your teeth (they're actually in your hair).

Laugh a little too much at a joke that wasn't very good.

Hover around the food table, but feel like you're not allowed to eat anything.

Shake hands with someone and realize your palm is sweaty.

Shake with your other hand and realize that palm is covered in mustard.

**FREE**



Because we know you want to get this over with

Take a shot of tequila even though tequila activates your IBS.

Get sucked into a conversation about a popular TV show, but don't admit you haven't seen it.

Convince yourself there's a stain on your butt that everyone is looking at.

Obsess over not knowing what to do with your arms while dancing.

Drunk-text your ex and at least four other people you went on one date with.

Forget your name when someone asks you for it.

Pick at the label of your beer until you've created a small mountain of torn paper.

Point at someone with a finger gun for reasons you can't explain (you're not this person).

Silently judge people having fun.

Smile and nod when someone asks how you're doing, but don't say anything.

Cling to the one person you know until they manage to ditch you.

Report the party to the police so it ends early.

## RULES

As soon as you check off five boxes in a row, you can leave the party! You can also leave before then, but what if people judge you for it?

"How am I supposed to share my life with someone when I don't even want to share my armrest?"







Have to subtract 20 years before VAR has left its mark at (you might say, almost) 100% of counties (and more in the Western States, as long-term declines in population for some may cancel back out) the increases that will flow in from outside (from high unemployment) and in

by **MICHAEL O'CONNELL**

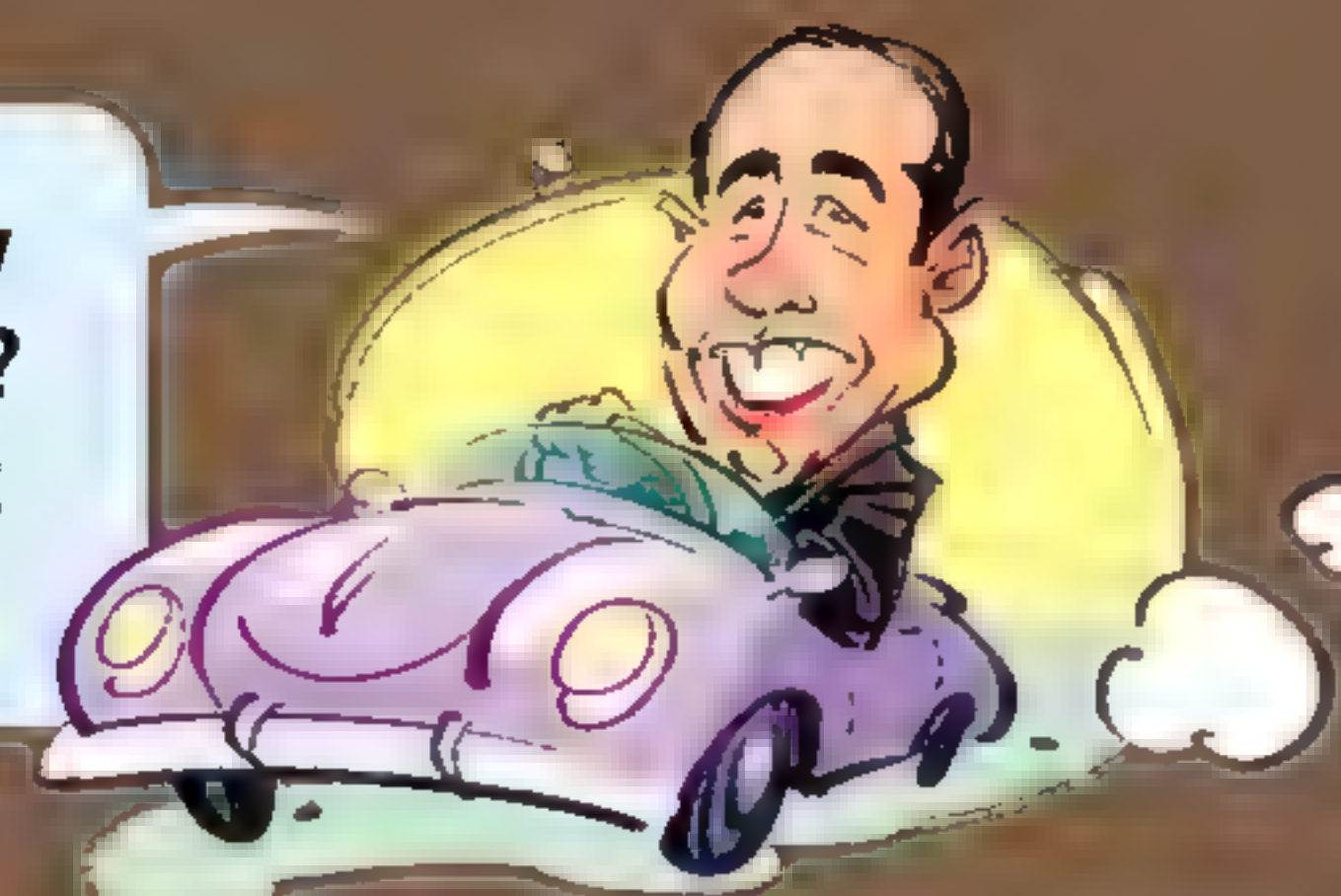
With *W.C. Sullivan: The Father of the Act*, our longtime fan magazine from its birth in 1945 and its many years as *ESQ*, and for many designs from its time as the *Journal of Homosociality*, we meet at last the man behind the name, with *W.C. Sullivan: Father of the Act* by David B. Gussell. The *W.C. Sullivan* is a *Book of the Week* by *W.C. Sullivan* and *W.C. Sullivan: The Father of the Act*, Vol. 1 and Vol. 2 today!



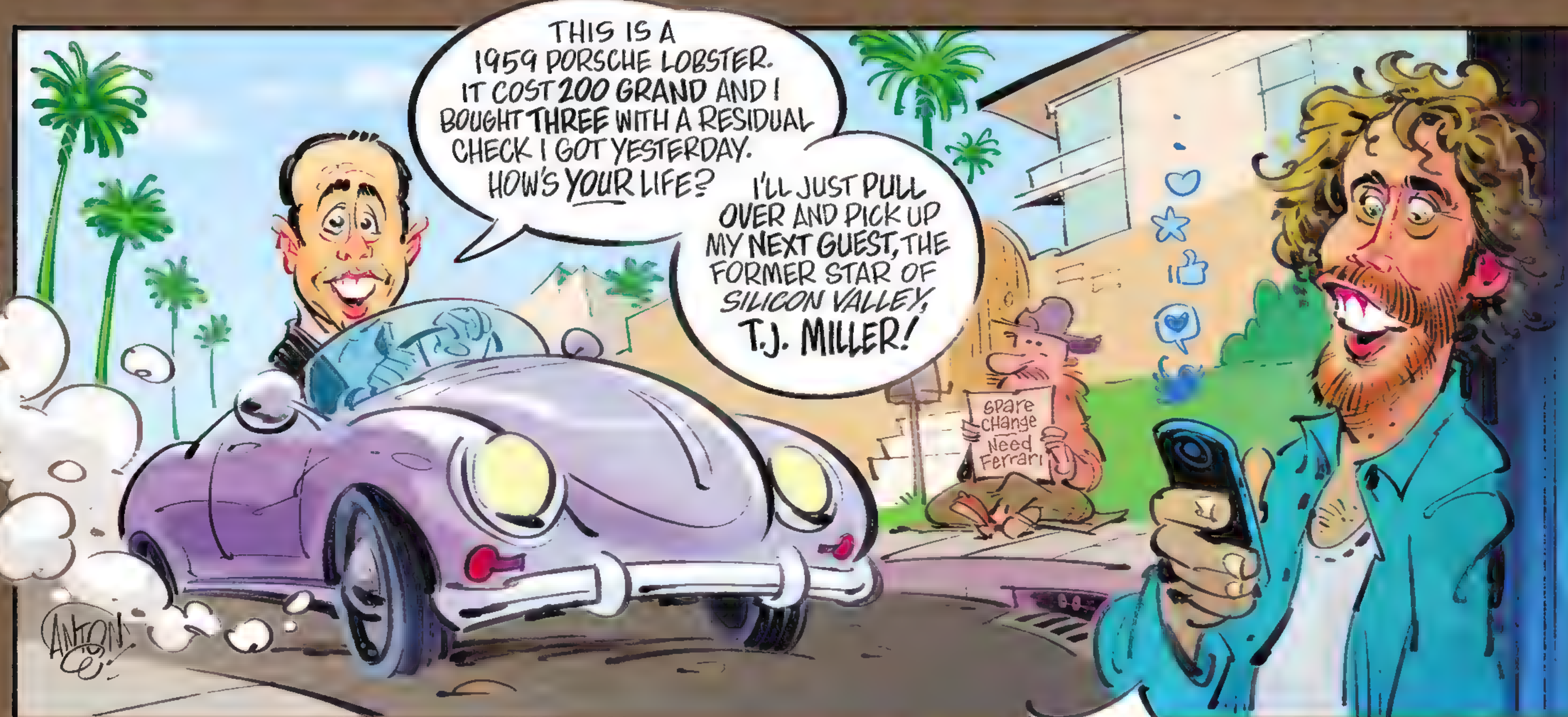




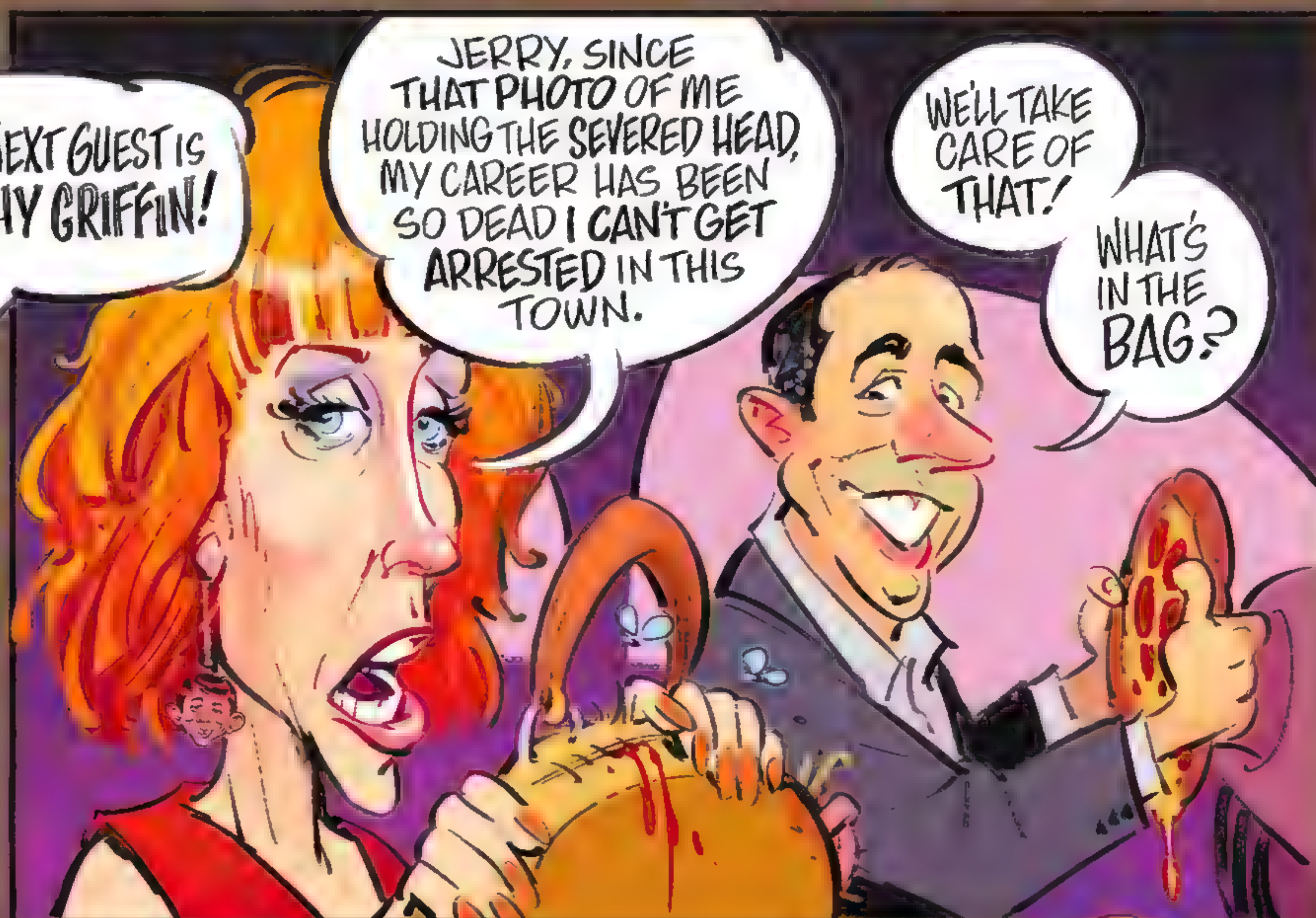
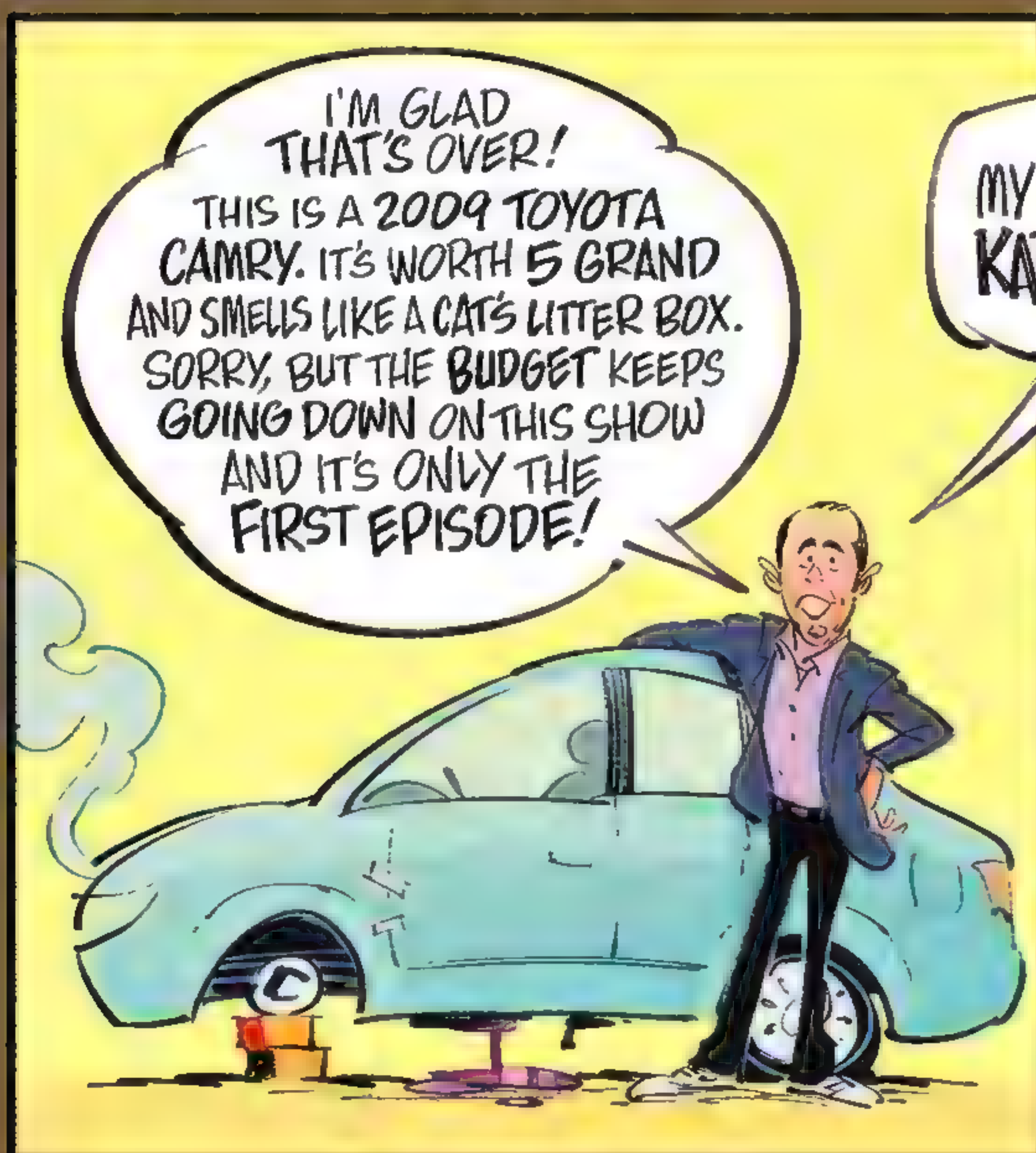
I'm Jerry Seinfeld, star of *Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee*. You know, the show with 5 minutes of interviews and 25 minutes of close-ups of espressos being made? Who says TV's out of ideas? Anyway, I ran out of comedians who drink coffee, but I'll never run out of comedians who get in trouble! So hop in! It's time for...



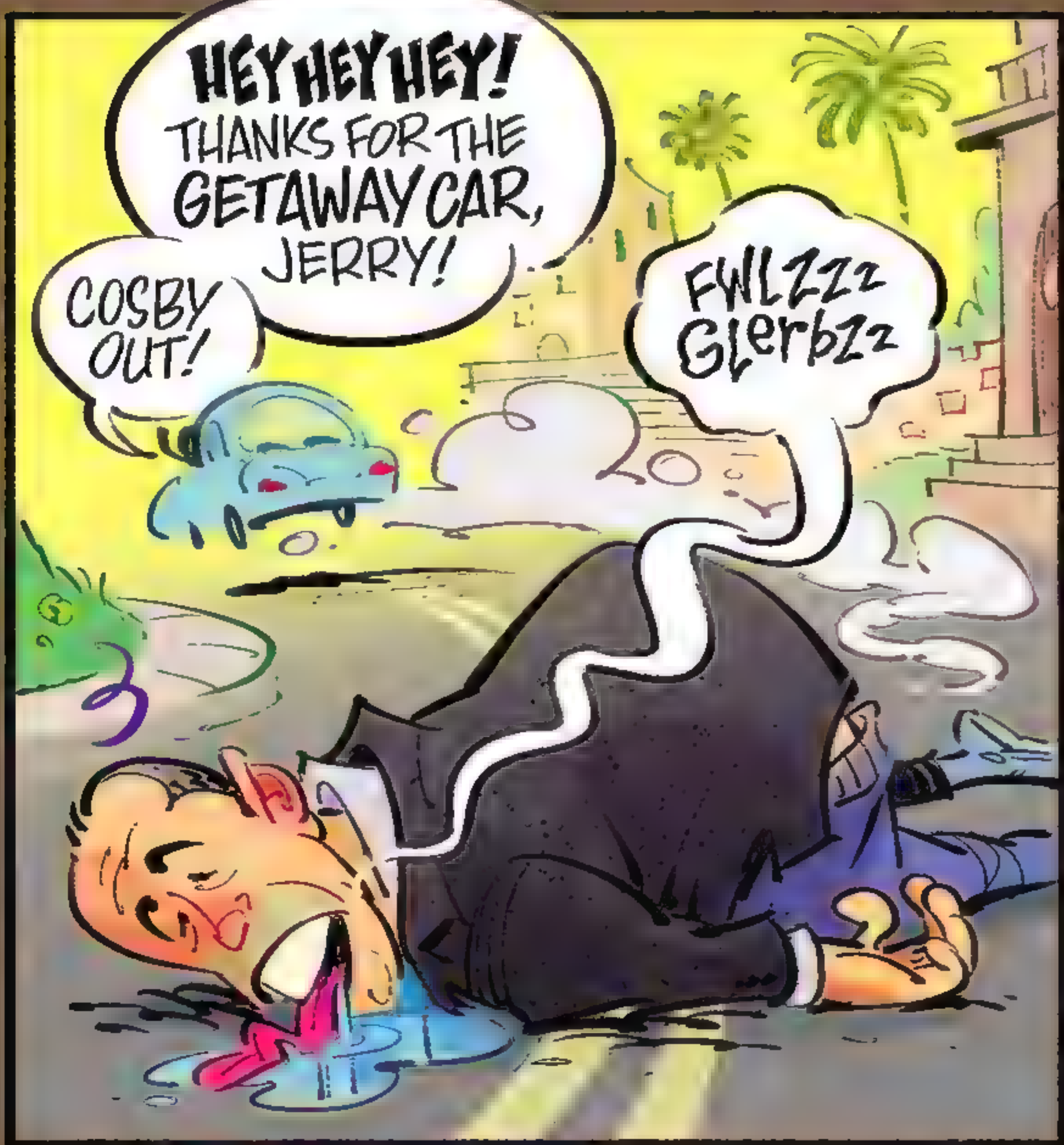
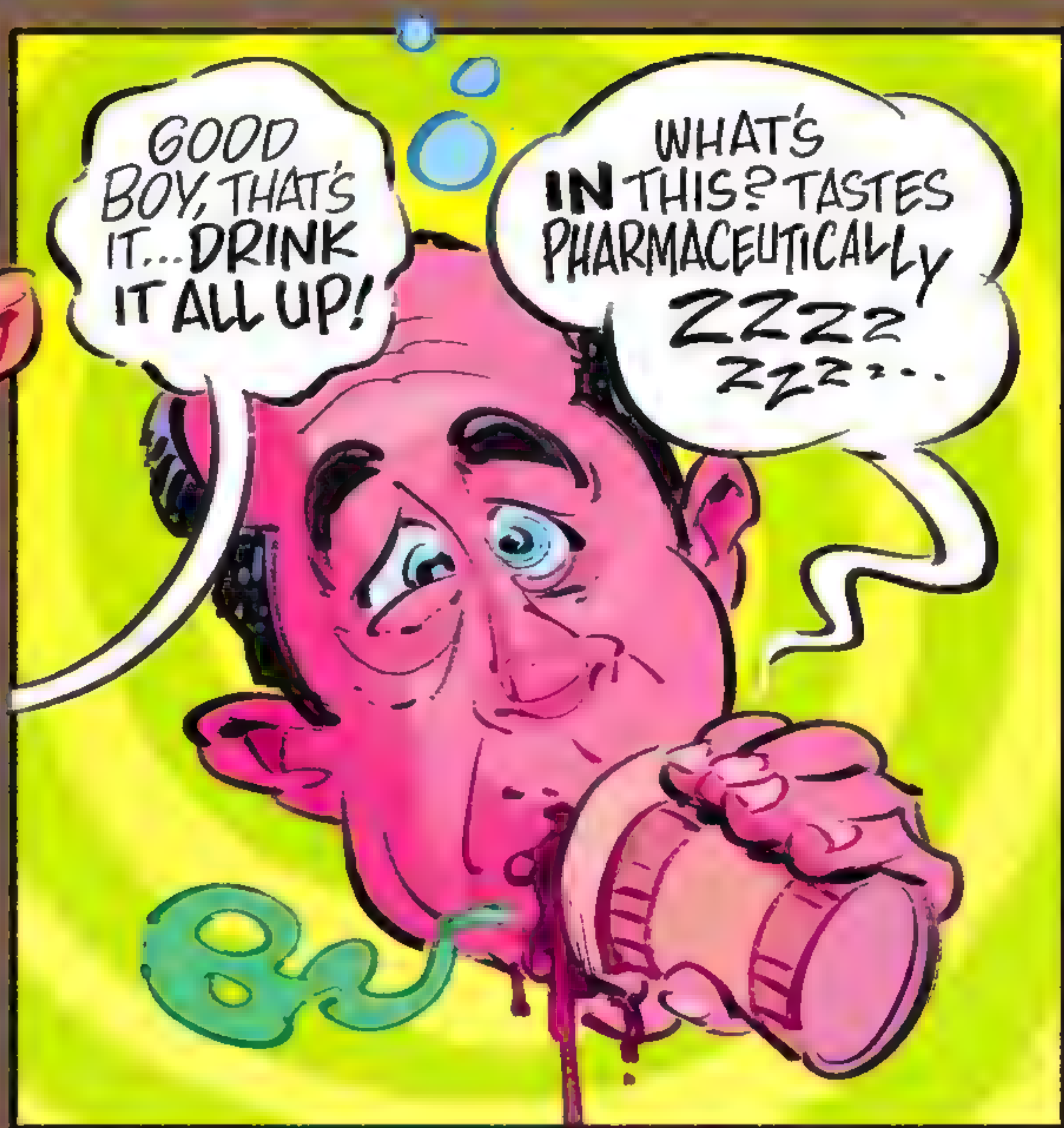
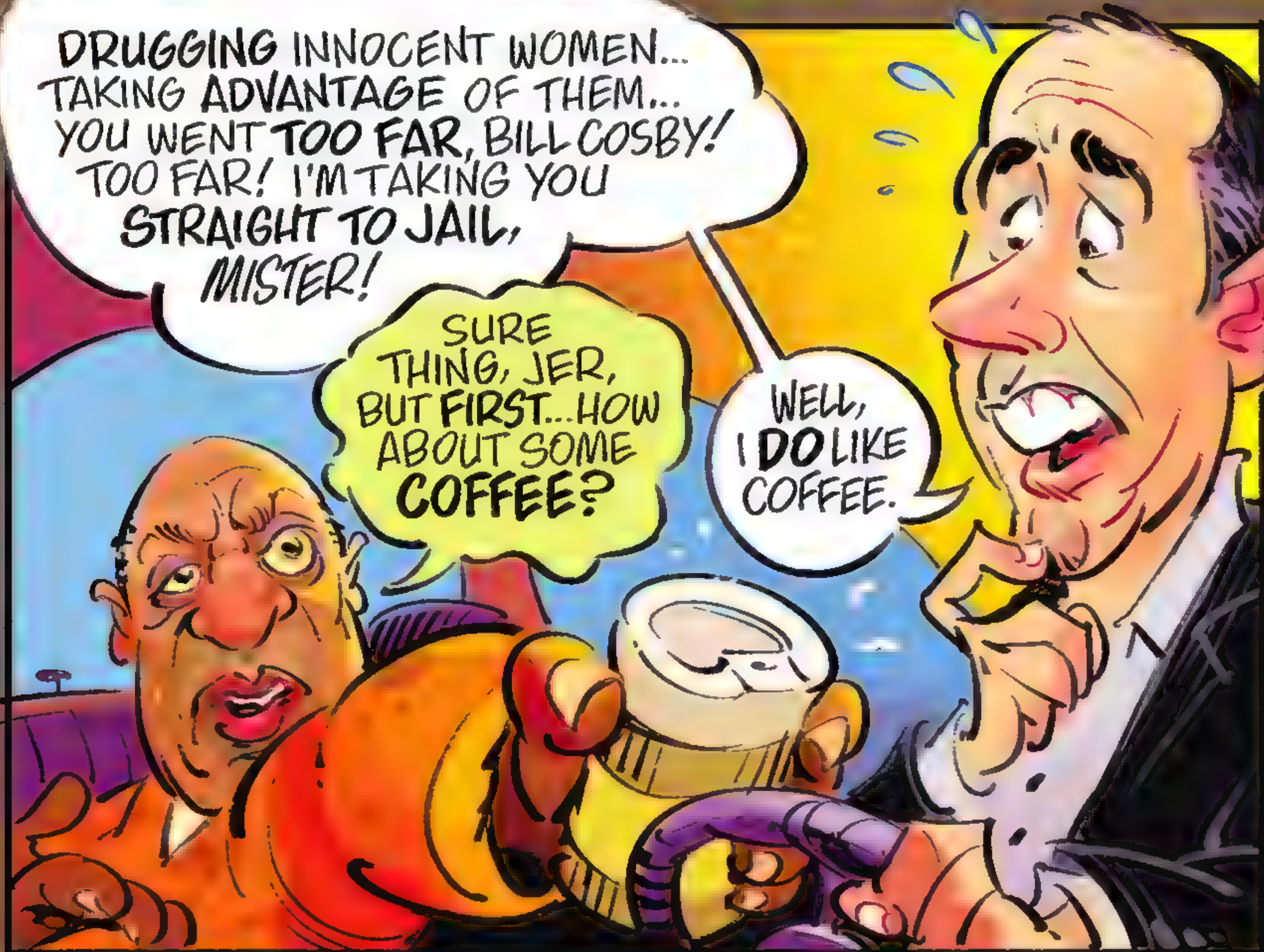
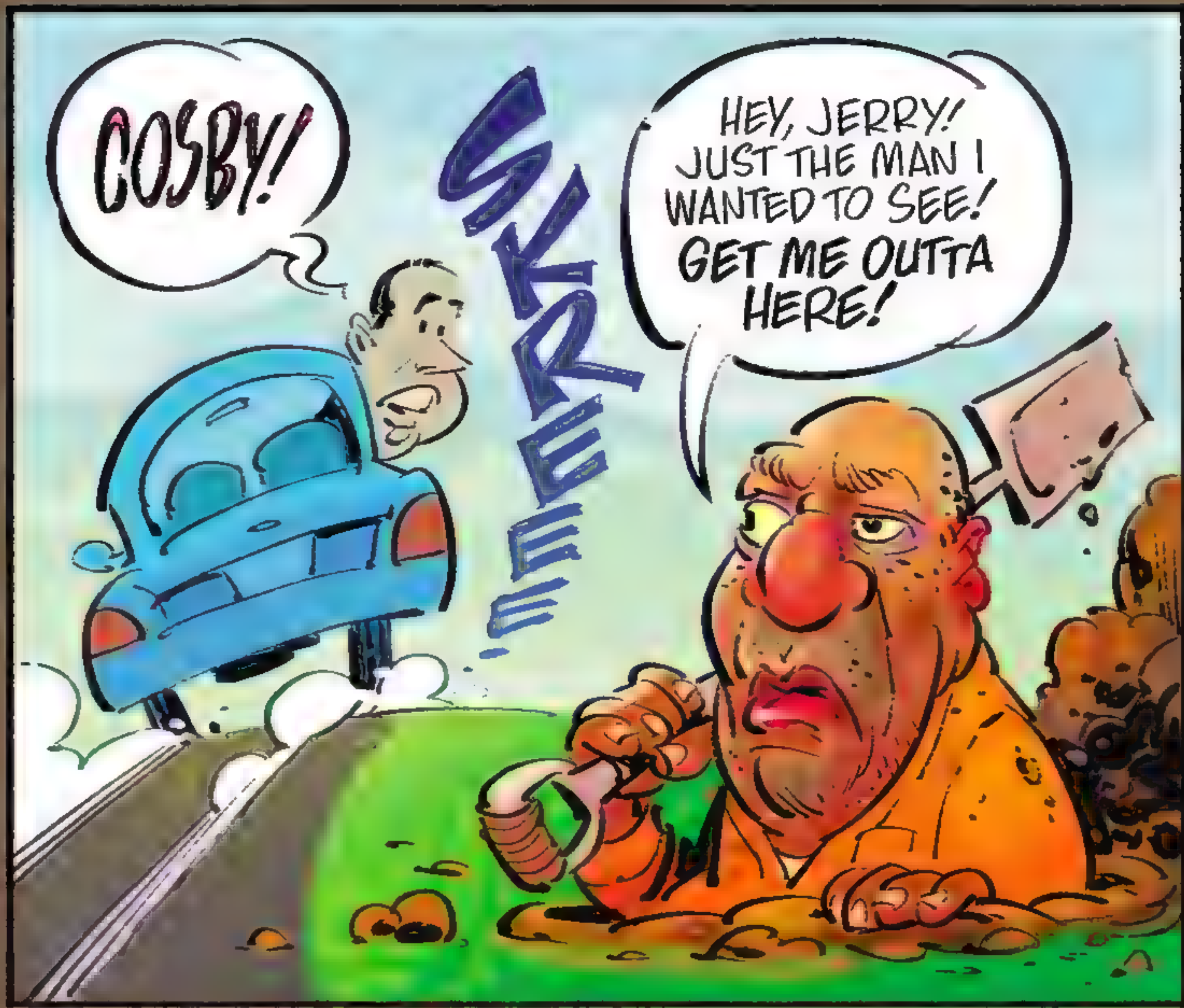
# COMEDIANS IN CARS GETTING ARRESTED







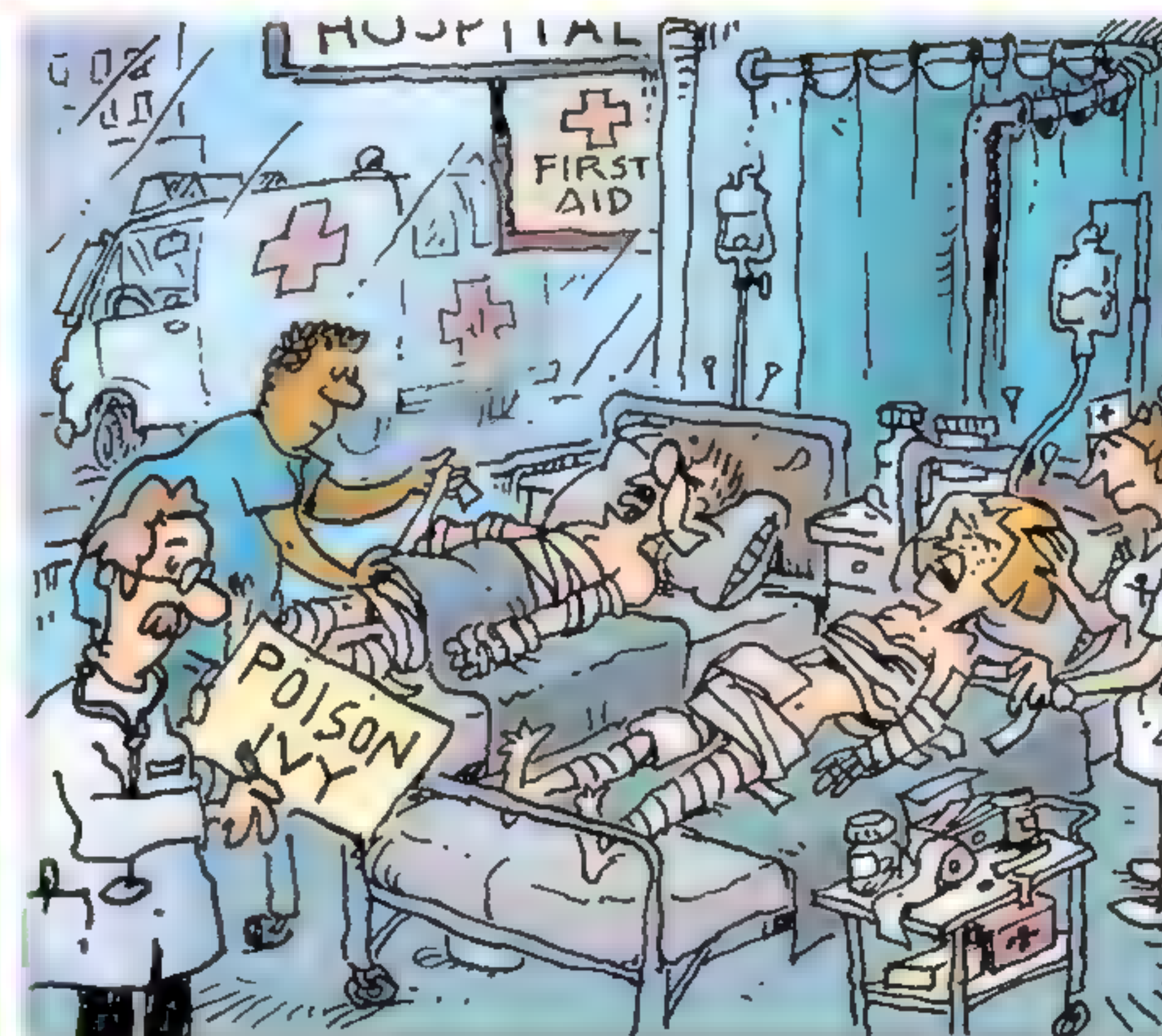
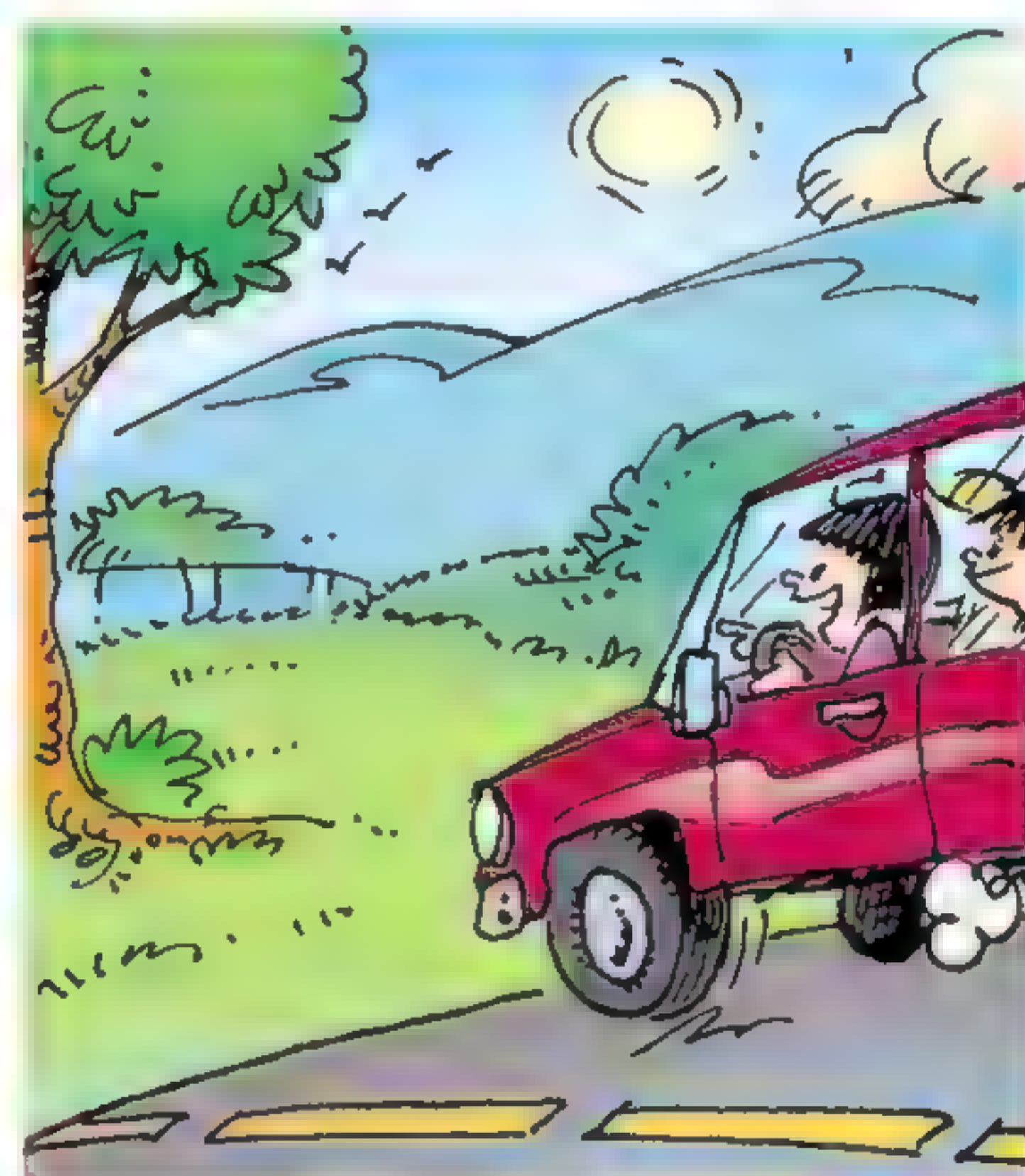




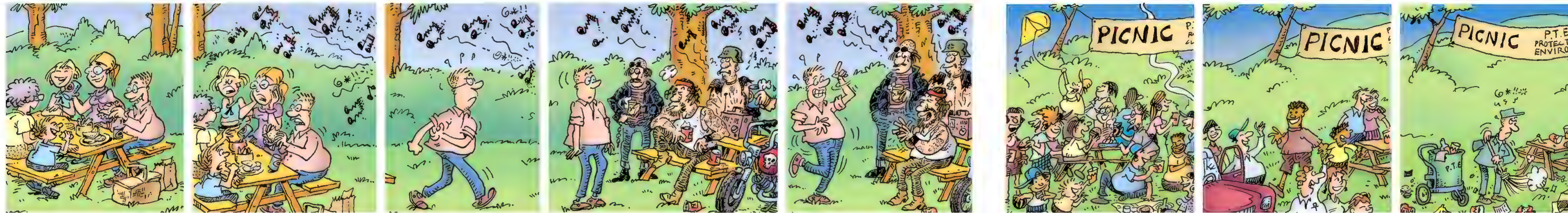
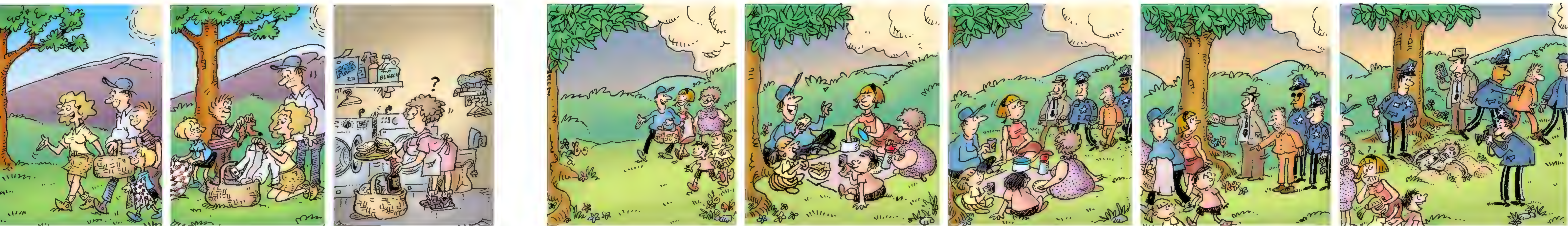




# Sergio Aragonés Presents A MAD LOOK AT PICNICS

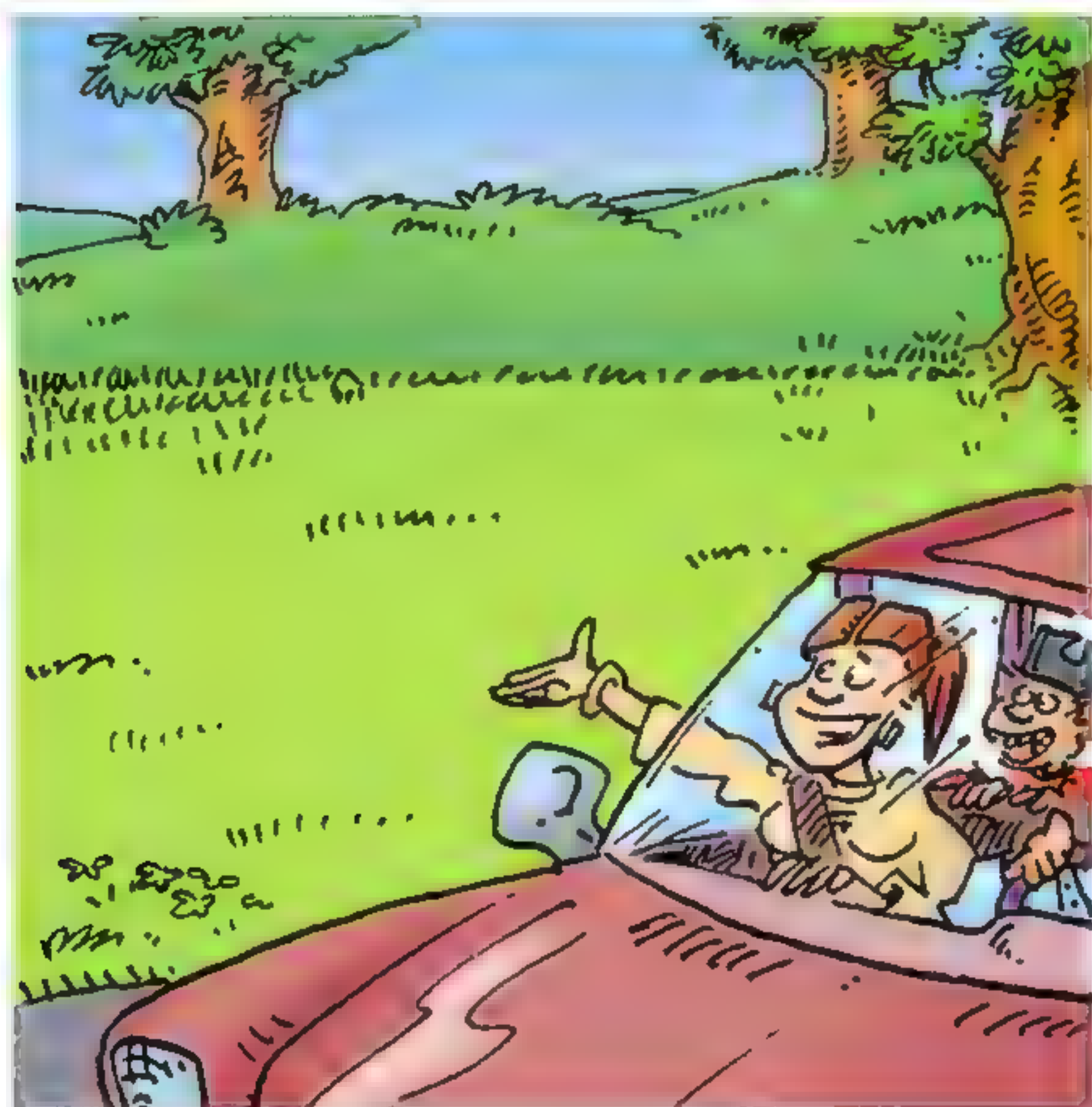






"You can't teach an old man to fish, but you can teach him to microwave some tuna and make everyone else at the retirement home really angry."







**AN AD WE'LL SOON SEE?**



Kids are terrified to go

# Back to School

Congress is too spineless to do anything to protect them, but Bull's-Eye can help with great deals on body armor for kids! Choose from a variety of new camo colors and patterns!



**BULL'S-EYE**

(Yes, we did change our name. Not much better, is it?)

A MAD AD PARODY



# MAD REMEMBERS NICK MEGLIN 1935-2018

**MAD Editor Nick Meglin passed away suddenly on June 2, 2018, victim of a heart attack. We reached out to a handful of the Usual Gang of Idiots who knew him best for their thoughts. Please read these remembrances and join us in raising a glass of Moxie in honor of a true MAD genius and legend.**

**John Ficarra**  
*SVP & Executive Editor*

I first encountered Nick Meglin in the late 1970s. I was a struggling freelance writer and Nick fished one of my submissions out of the MAD slush pile (an endearing term magazine editors use for unsolicited manuscripts). He didn't send me a check, but he did send me the first of several handwritten notes encouraging me to keep trying. I did.

One sale became two and two became four until one day, in the summer of 1980, I found myself in the cluttered, ramshackle MAD offices at 485 MADison Avenue, meeting Nick face-to-face for the first time. I don't think either of us knew that the day would mark the beginning of a long professional partnership and deep personal friendship.

From the moment I joined the MAD staff in 1980, Nick was generous with his wit and wisdom. On my first day, he took me to lunch so I could meet two of my idols, Al Jaffee and Tom Koch. He spent hours in my office explaining the MAD philosophy: question authority, challenge extremes on either side of the political spectrum, never write down to the reader, and never do victim humor. My newbie, ill-conceived ideas were never met with rolled eyes and contempt, but rather a gentle deflection and a well-thought-out reason why it wasn't quite right.

A manuscript marked up by Nick was a mini master class in comedy writing and editing. He understood what a premise is and how important it is to stay focused on it for an article to ultimately be successful. Bad jokes were excised, good jokes improved, great jokes highlighted. In meetings he was blisteringly funny. His razor-like wit could cut to the heart of anyone or anything being discussed, but more often his funniest, most cutting remarks were self-deprecating and aimed squarely at himself and his foibles. He was also a world-class, shameless punster. Most of the tortured department heads in the magazine were classic Meglin wordplay.

But being funny was only a small part of what made Nick a great editor. Nick was, in many ways, a modern-day Renaissance man. He possessed deep knowledge and passion for art, sports, Shakespeare, food, film, travel, opera, and Broadway musical theater. It's no accident that all of these topics made their way onto the MAD pages over the decades. It speaks to the enduring impact Nick had on the magazine. Lucky me—and the other editors and interns who worked for MAD over the years, who were there to watch and learn from one of the true greats.

It's always been the policy of MAD not to credit the ideas and work that editors contributed to the magazine. The articles and the writers and artists who create them are what's important. Editors are there to make sure the magazine and the work in it are presented in the best, funniest way possible. It's a policy I still support, but it does have a drawback. So many of the ideas, jokes, insights, and visuals Nick contributed will forever go uncredited. But I know all that Nick did, and so do those who had the high honor and privilege of working with him over the years. Maybe that's enough.

MAD's founder, Bill Gaines, always said that Nick was the heart and soul of the magazine. That's because so much of what Nick did to make MAD MAD never appeared on the pages of the magazine. From organizing an impromptu lunch at the Society of Illustrators for MAD contributors so they could meet and bond, to gently delivering bad news about a script to a writer, to cutting up fruit and walking it around the MAD offices at 3:00 each afternoon, Nick brought a warmth and humanity to the magazine. Being there was never work. It was being paid to hang out with your funny, albeit dysfunctional, family.

If I had to pick only one word to describe Nick Meglin, I'd pick five: funny, smart, mentor, friend, mensch.

**Sam Viviano**  
*Artist, Former Art Director*

Like so many others in MAD's history, I was discovered, mentored, befriended, tormented, bewildered, and doted on by Nick Meglin. I can't imagine a world without him.

**Charlie Kadau**  
*Former Senior Editor*

Nick was such a master comedic craftsman, even when one of his ideas was off. Discussing why would invariably lead to an idea that worked. He was generous in his praise of others, and always ready to put aside his own idea for one he thought better. I am forever fortunate I got to see hundreds of unused cover and cartoon ideas he sketched, and especially to hear all his hilariously filthy and inappropriate jokes that never made it to print. The joy of knowing him and the sadness of his passing will be with me always.

**Joe Raiola**  
*Former Senior Editor*

Nick loved the American songbook, especially Sondheim (Stephen, not Phil), and he didn't think much of modern songwriters. He especially despised the John Lennon lyric "You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one; I hope someday you'll join us and the world will live as one." Nick was aghast. "You can't rhyme the same freakin' word with the same freakin' word," he would frequently remind me (knowing that I loved Lennon). At that point I would go on the attack by obnoxiously crooning the worst song I could think of from the movie *Funny Girl*, the one in which Omar Sharif sings to Barbra Streisand, "Does it take more explanation than this? You a woman, I a man, let's kiss!" A back-and-forth of ridiculously stinging insults inevitably followed, and no one topped Nick when it came to that! As much as William Gaines himself, he embodied the irreverent MAD spirit. Nick Meglin was an intensely silly, talented, and wonderful man.

**Ryan Flanders**  
*Former Design Director*

Nick was the first person to call me a "schmuck." When I started my job in the MAD Art Department, I was relatively naive regarding the codes of business conduct. On a blisteringly hot New York City day, I wore shorts to work. Nick took one look at me and said, "No one wants to see your ugly legs. Put on some pants, you schmuck." It was his jovial way of coaching me on proper attire in a professional office. My shins went unexposed from then on.

At that point, Nick had been "the heart of MAD" almost twice as long as I had been alive. He always took the time to encourage me, the "young Turk" of the art staff, to speak my mind and follow my passion. Much of my success at MAD over the next 17 years was directly due to the confidence Nick instilled in me early on. I saw him the week before we lost him, and as he warmly shared his latest batch of life advice with me, I was able to express my gratitude to him in person. Now, one more time, for good measure and posterity: Thank you, Nick...you schmuck.

**Dick DeBartolo**  
*Writer, Former Creative Consultant*

I've told this many times before, but it's my ultimate Nick Meglin story. Back in the early sixties I submitted a piece to MAD and enclosed a SASE (self-addressed stamped envelope) in case it was rejected. Weeks later my SASE envelope came back. Heartbroken, I thought I'd see if there was a hint of hope in the rejection letter. I opened the envelope and found a piece of cardboard inside. Scribbled on the cardboard was "Ha-ha, thought your script was rejected, but we bought it! Stapled to this cardboard is a check for \$100. Please call me to talk about writing more stuff for MAD. Nick Meglin." Yes, my whole career at MAD started because of Nick! I love him, but I never forgave him for making me write more than 50 years of MAD stuff!

**Al Jaffee**  
*Writer/Artist*

Nick Meglin edited my contributions to MAD Magazine for over 60 years. Not only was he an excellent editor, but his sense of humor added something to every article he edited. Nick and I also became personal friends over the many years we worked and traveled together on MAD trips. In total, Nick was a joy to be with. He was always fair-minded and funny. We're all going to miss him very much.

**Sergio Aragonés**  
*Writer/Artist*

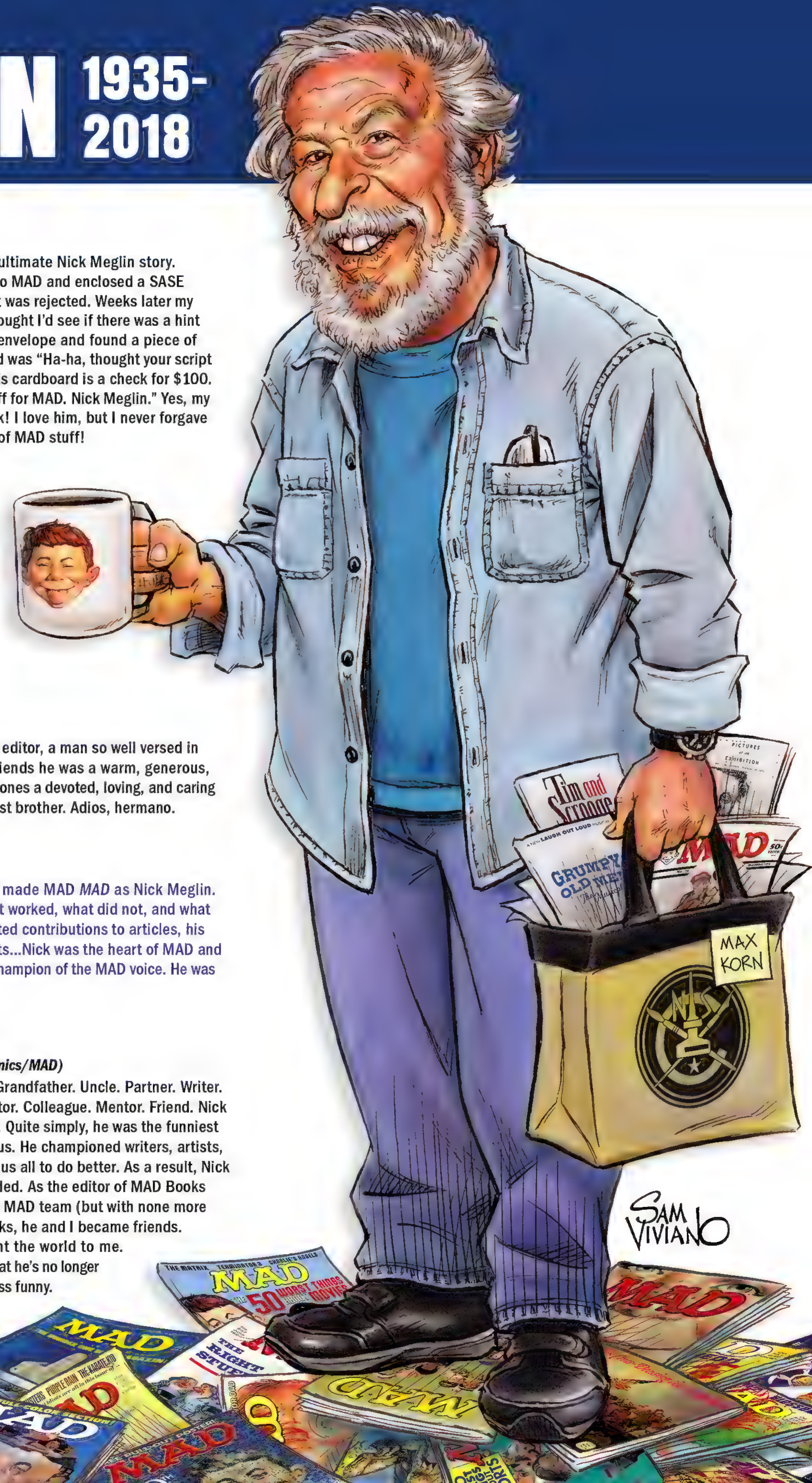
We have all lost a great humorist and a great editor, a man so well versed in the arts and the magazine industry. To his friends he was a warm, generous, and knowledgeable human being, to his loved ones a devoted, loving, and caring man. As for me, I have lost a brother, a dearest brother. Adios, hermano.

**Tom Richmond**  
*Artist*

No one person had as much impact on what made MAD MAD as Nick Meglin. His sharp wit, uncanny editorial sense of what worked, what did not, and what needed "punching up," his countless uncredited contributions to articles, his ability to get the best out of writers and artists...Nick was the heart of MAD and the Usual Gang of Idiots. He was the unsung champion of the MAD voice. He was also a good friend.

**Charles Kochman**  
*Editorial Director, Abrams ComicArts*  
(Former editor of Licensed Publications at DC Comics/MAD)

Son. Brother. Husband. Ex-husband. Father. Grandfather. Uncle. Partner. Writer. Illustrator. Playwright. Lyricist. Editor. Co-editor. Colleague. Mentor. Friend. Nick was each of those, but he was so much more. Quite simply, he was the funniest person I have ever met. And the most generous. He championed writers, artists, and editors with respect and awe, prompting us all to do better. As a result, Nick shared in the success of others, myself included. As the editor of MAD Books from 1993 to 2004, I worked closely with the MAD team (but with none more than Nick). Over the course of two dozen books, he and I became friends. The fact that he treated me like a son meant the world to me. I had no bigger champion than Nick. And now that he's no longer here, I am on my own. And the world is a lot less funny.





## THINGS YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR WHILE PLAYING SPIN THE BOTTLE

"Can we ask Steve's mom to join the circle?"

"You've never played before? It's kind of like Duck, Duck, Goose, but with boners."

"No, it's not a mouth sore. I mean, at least it's not sore...anymore."

"The downstairs toilet is broken, so the bottle is serving multiple functions today."

"Who invited the shop teacher?"

"I had fish with garlic for lunch. And dinner."

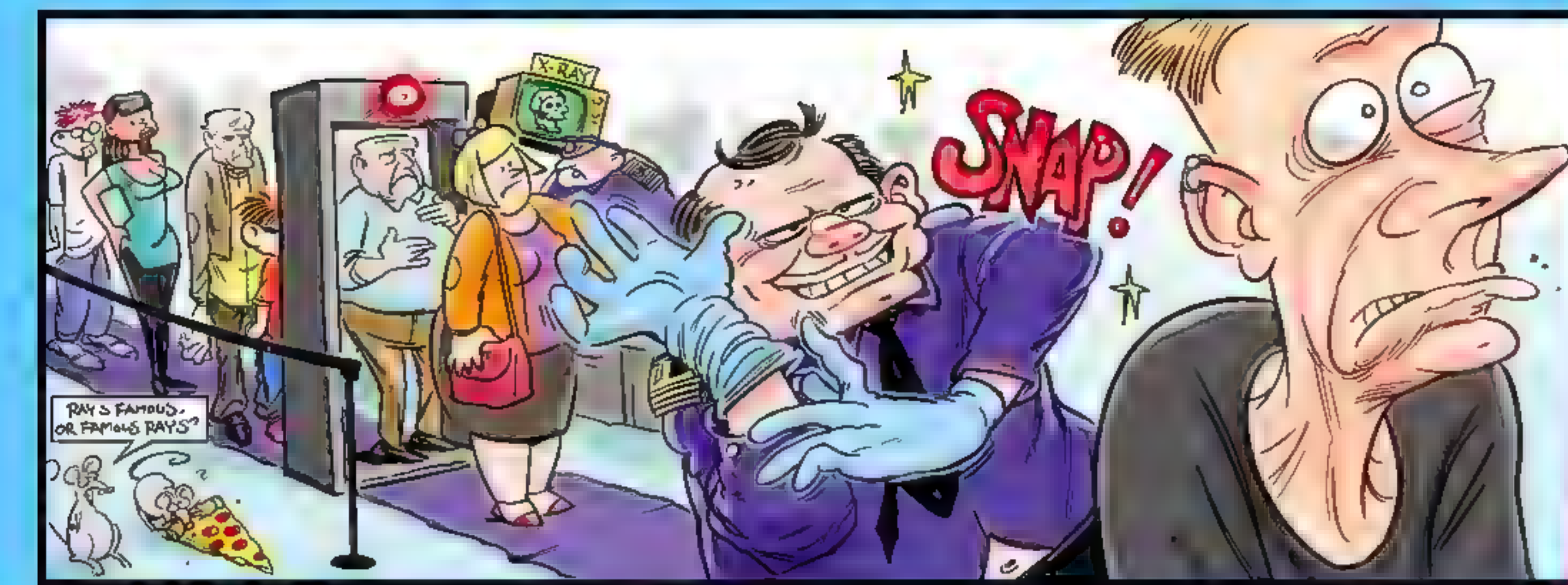
"Rules are rules, and the bottle is pointing at the puppy's pee pad."

WRITER: KIT LIVELY  
ARTIST: JOSH MCCOUGH



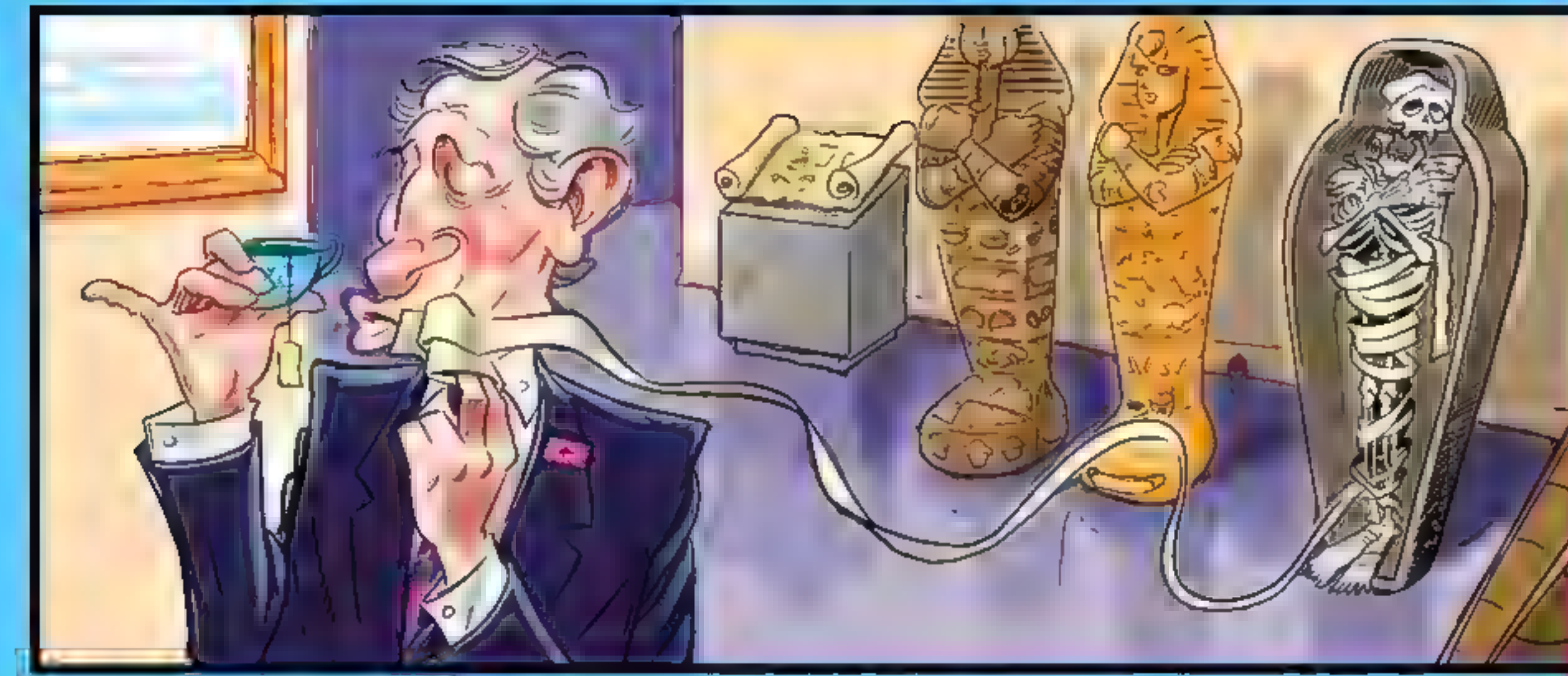
### AIRPORT SECURITY

Enjoy the irony of a full body scan, a digital retina capture, and a rubber glove grope-down as you prepare to fly to New York City to visit the Freedom Tower!



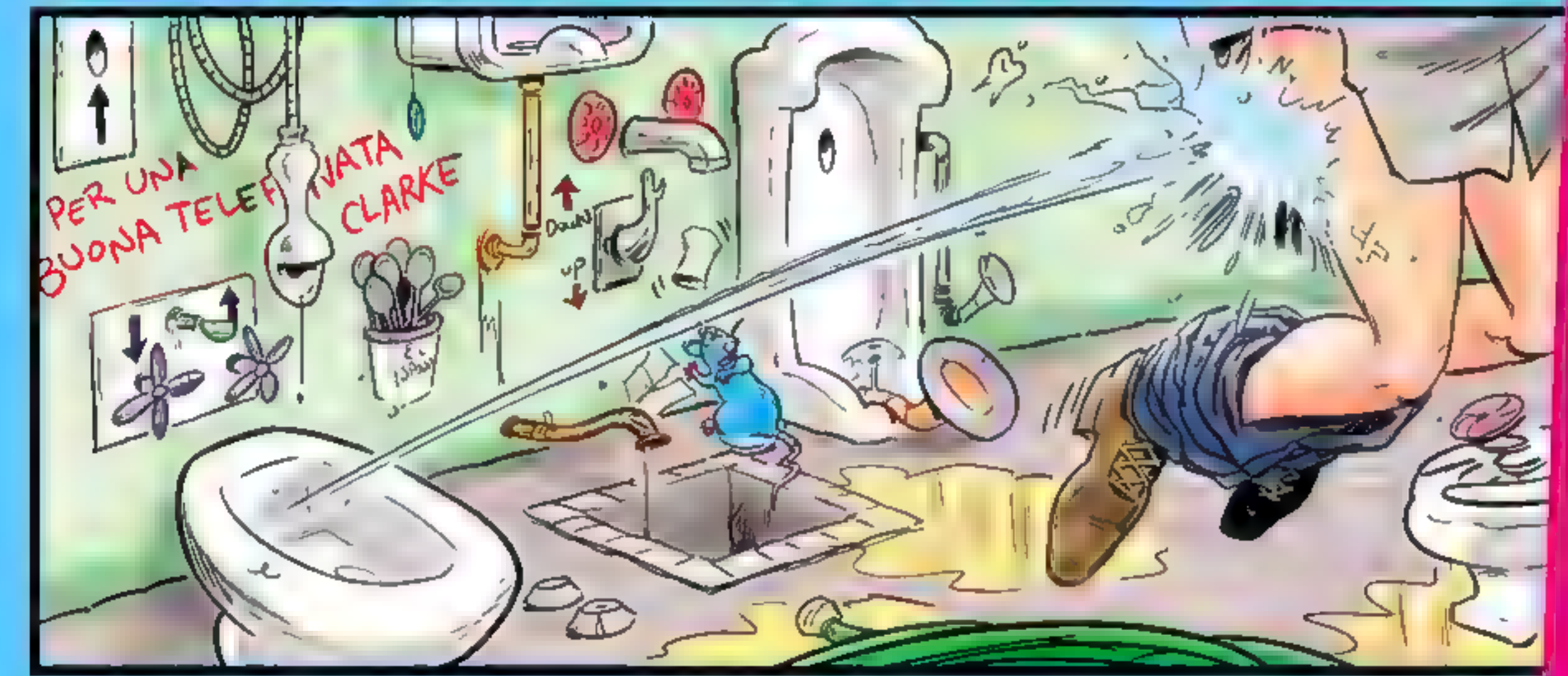
### ROYAL REPOSITORIES

They stole statues from Greece. They stole handscrolls from China. They stole mummies from Egypt. And they had the balls to call it The British Museum!



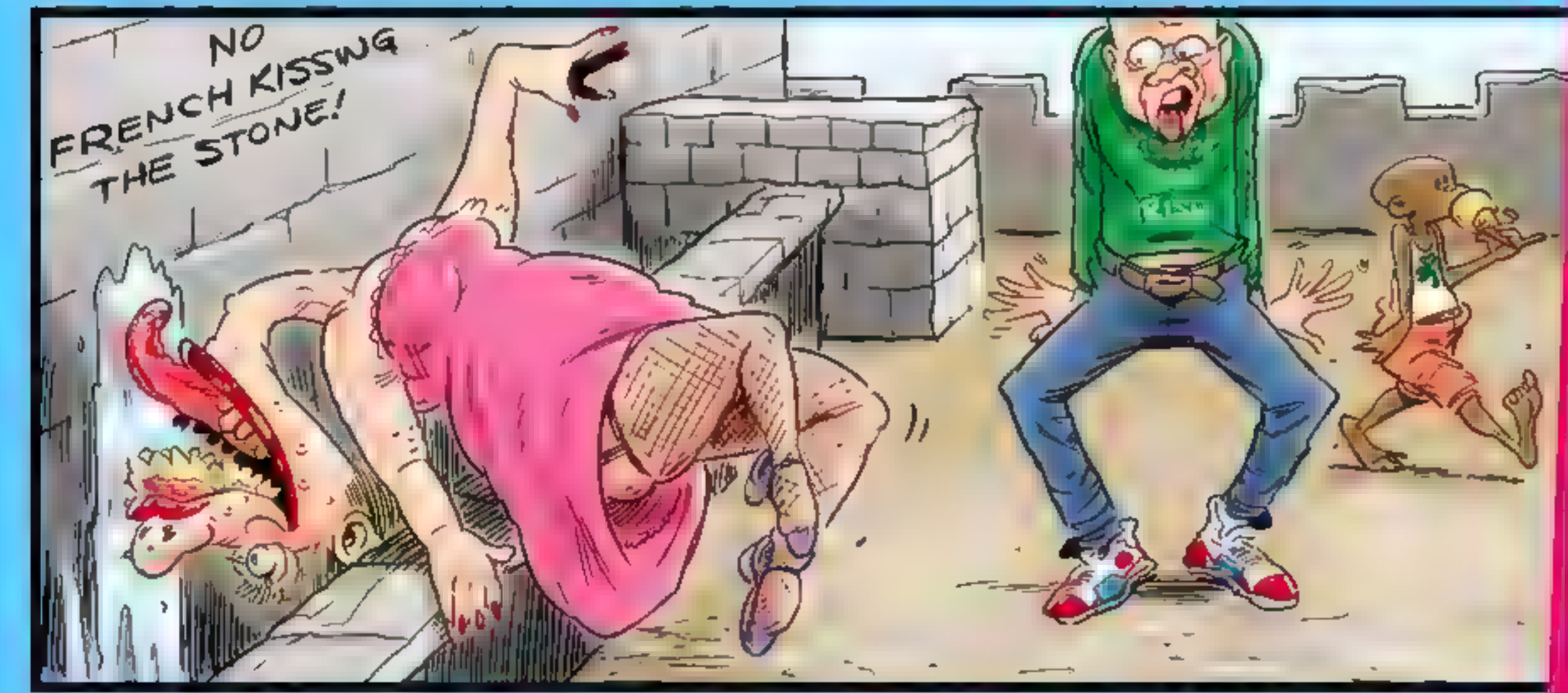
### EUROPEAN BATHROOMS

Use at your own risk! Not for the uninitiated!



### BLARNEY CASTLE, IRELAND

"Kissin' the Blarney Stone" can give you a "mouthful o' herpes."



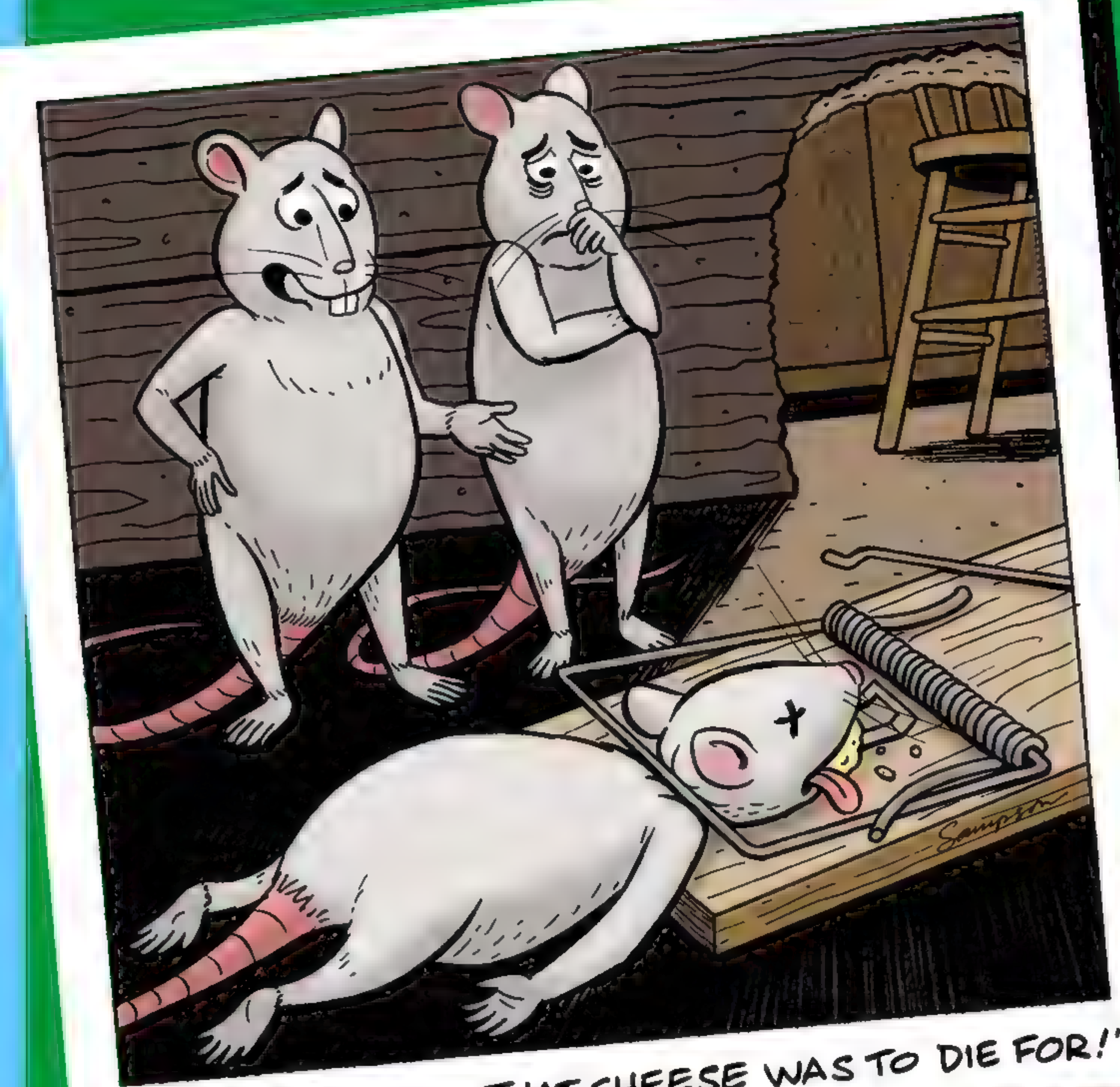
### OKTOBERFEST

This popular event brings beer-loving tourists to Germany, where they downplay the tragic necessity of NovemberRehab.



WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN ARTIST: ED STECKLEY

THINGS TO AVOID WHILE ON VACATION ABROAD



WRITER & ARTIST: JOHNNY SAMPSON



WRITER & ARTIST: PETER KUPER

## HUMOUR WHILE YOU WAIT



WRITER & ARTIST: KYLE BRIDGETT





WRITER & ARTIST **JASON CHATFIELD**



WRITER & ARTIST **SCOTT NICKEL**

## REJECTED JEOPARDY! CATEGORIES

SONGS ABOUT DENTISTRY	WAFFLE HOUSE MENU ITEMS THAT RHYME WITH VICTORIAN NOVELISTS	DUDES TREBEK COULD TAKE IN A FIGHT	QUOTH THE RAVEN-SYMONÉ	STATE CAPITALS AGAIN, I GUESS?
TREBEK'S LEAST FAVORITE JEOPARDY! CONTESTANTS	INDIE BAND OR NERVE DISORDER?	YOUR DATE OF BIRTH, SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER, AND MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME	WORST MEMES OF 2014	THINGS MY JERK-OFF COUSIN GREG BORROWED AND NEVER RETURNED
DEAD INFOMERCIAL HOSTS SOCIETY	MY LITTLE PONY CHARACTERS THAT SOUND LIKE ETHNIC SLURS BUT AREN'T	VAN HALEN'S TAX HAVENS	JUST FOR KICKS, LET'S ANSWER THESE IN THE FORM OF AN ANSWER	@#\$\$ IT, LET'S WRESTLE

WRITER **KYLE BRIDGETT**

1. MAMP

2. HARCH

3. HUK

4.

**GANK**

5. ZIKKIK

6. SKWAPPO

7. KALEESH

8.

**SKIZZORFT**

9. PAF

10. TOF

**DON MARTIN SOUND EFFECT...  
OR STAR WARS SPECIES?**

11. PWADIK

12. ZABRAK

13. FALLEEN

14. FOSH

15.

**PLOOBADOOF**

16. SHOSSH

17. HSSIS

18. FAFFLIFF

19. BLIT

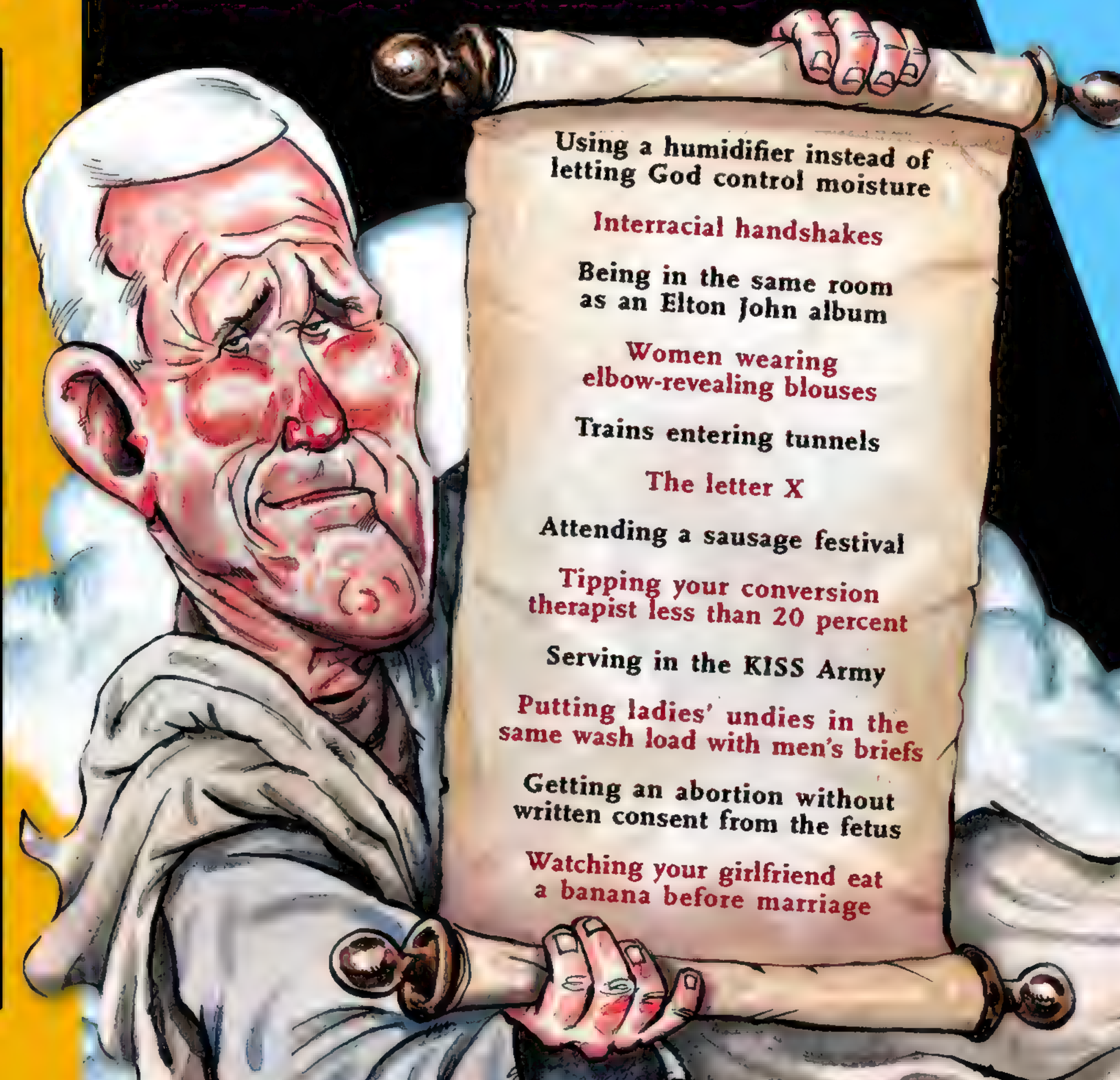
20.

**VURK**

WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN** ARTIST **BRIAN WARNER**

ANSWER: Sound effects used by Don Martin are 1. 5. 6. 8. 9. 11. 15. 16. 18. and 19. The types of species from the world of Star Wars are 2. 3. 4. 7. 10. 12. 13. 14. 17. and 20.

## MIKE PENCE PRESENTS NEW SINS



WRITER & ARTIST **LARS KENSETH**

WRITER **EVAN WAITE**

ARTIST **RAY ALMA**



ALMA





EVERYONE GETS MAD

While holding your rag in my hands, I had an idea. People with nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends with great senses of humor: Why don't we buy them all subscriptions to MAD? It doesn't cost much and makes for an excellent gift.

**MAD has always held a mirror up to our country and questioned authority, and man, do we need you now more than ever.**

Boosting your readership is not only important to the magazine, but to the soul of the country...

**David Strickler, Morton, PA**

Ambassador Strickler—We couldn't have said it better ourselves: MAD in the hands of more readers would equal more sanity (hmm, I guess we did just say it a little better). Thanks for your goodwill and good words, which surely should stir up some subscriptions.

But making us responsible for the soul of the nation? Was it the donkey schlong in issue 1 or the urinals piece in issue 2 that earned your confidence?

—Alex Tafer, MAD Intern and Chief Letter Answerer



## MUTUAL MADMIRATION SOCIETY

As a lifelong MAD reader, I was thrilled to have *The Last Jedi* parodied in issue #1. Here is a photo of me enjoying the deft humor and wit I've come to expect from your publication. Also, I have to congratulate you—I thought I was good at ruining childhoods, but you've one-upped me by ruining a ruining of childhoods! Well done, and lots of love from a longtime fan...

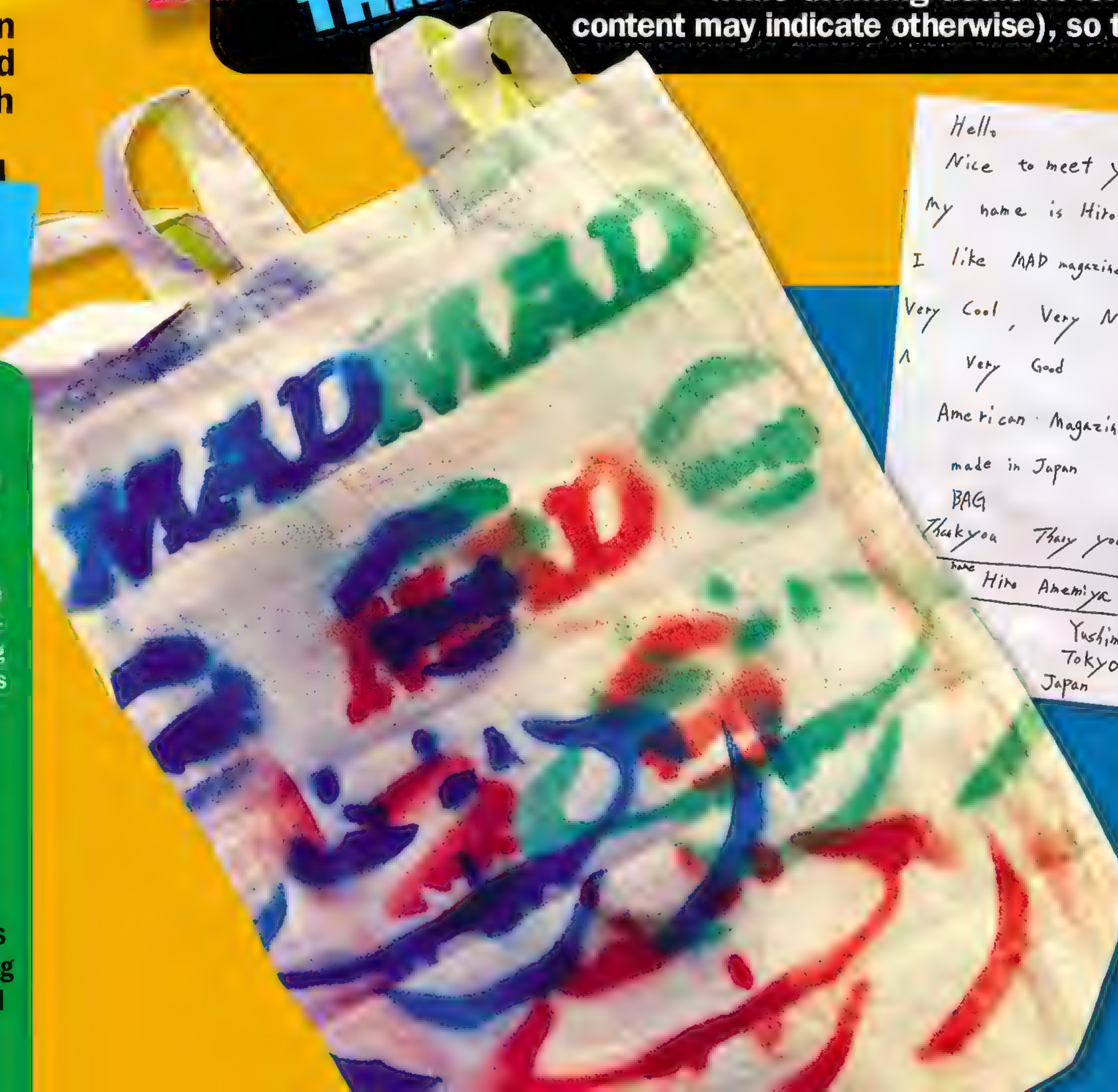
**Rian Johnson**

Sir Director—As lifelong *Star Wars* fans, we were equally thrilled to defile your film. Nothing is quite as gratifying as tinkering with what others hold dear (amiright?). Thanks for taking time out from movie-making to write us. Now get back to work and give us more fodder! —AT



To kick off MAD's relaunch, **Collector's Paradise** in Winnetka, CA, hosted a celebratory shindig, where we Idiots signed and imbibed with fans for hours.

Rarely do we get to wield writing instruments while drinking adult beverages (though our mag's content may indicate otherwise), so the night was truly special.



Hello  
Nice to meet you.  
My name is Hiro Amemiya  
I like MAD magazine  
Very Cool, Very Nice  
A Very Good  
American Magazine.  
made in Japan  
BAG  
Thank you Thank you!  
Hiro Amemiya  
Yoshioka  
Tokyo  
Japan

**AMEMIYA,  
THAT'S A  
SPICY  
TOTE BAG!**

We tote-ally appreciated receiving this custom-made bag from **Hiro Amemiya** of Tokyo. The artwork nicely captures the many faces of Alfred. Hiro, is it machine-washable? Guess we'll find out!



## MORE FUN, LESS "DALINI"

**No joke.** Been reading MAD for something like 50 years. The new magazine looks great! But I really miss the Fundalini Pages.

Glen Lestz, via email

Lestz We Forgetz—We know what it's like to miss something you once valued: We miss having a real president. But we've got good news for you: Fundalini still exists! It just has a different name (Shorts & Briefs) and a more colorful, attention-grabbing style. Sure, newer and flashier isn't always better (like, say, with presidents), but in this case we hope you'll agree that it is. —AT

## ECCH-A-SKECCH

MAD taught me to draw and explained the world to me. After finding out you were relocating to La La Land, I became worried for my beloved rag. I lived and worked in Hollywood and know what can happen to a creative mind there. Anywho, after receiving the first two issues, I was delighted to see the same load of crap that I depend on. Thanks for being MAD. Now enjoy this Etch-a-Sketch drawing of Alfred doing what he does best.

Randy Wall, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Mr. Pallsade—We're proud to say L.A. hasn't changed us one bit—we slice our own avocados and plug in our own Teslas just

like everybody else! And we love your fine Alfred handwork. We would have you ship it to our office so we could put it on display, but for some reason whenever we request an Etch-a-Sketch masterpiece like this, the screen arrives blank. —AT



GIVING US THE WRITE-AROUND

Hi, Gary. I'll blind-copy you on this so you won't be bothered by anyone in Burbank or risk your reputation because you told me there was a new MAD on the stands. I ran out for the new issue. Here are some impressions:

- As a "reader's objet," it definitely gives you your money's worth. You can't be using the same part of your brain that we use for scrolling down a computer or phone screen—you gotta slow down.
- As an "art objet," it's a real production...a variety of styles and detail, color impact, caricatures.
- Not a criticism, but a lot of the humor seems belabored, at least to me.
- A year subscription is \$14.99. It's cheaper than a year with AAA, though MAD won't jump my battery in the wintertime.

SML, via email

SMLville—We stared at your message for days before concluding you wrote to your pal Gary and thought it would be cute to include us on it, too. We appreciate your review, but we're much more interested in getting to know the elusive Gary. GARY: Did you ever pick up an issue of MAD? Who's your favorite cat on Instagram? How much can you bench? We can't wait to hear. —AT

Young Bruce Wayne, a.k.a. David Mazouz, star of the hit Fox show *Gotham*, swooped into our Blecch Cave recently and picked some choice reading material—among other things. We sure hope it brought some levity to his otherwise broody, dark knight-y nights.

STRAIGHT OUTTA GOTHAM



Each day we receive dozens of letters ranging from "barely legible" to "we should report this to the proper authorities." And though most are doomed to be fed into the MAD intern's shredder, occasionally we stumble upon a perfect candidate for...

# THE MAD MANIFESTO

Hey Bill,  
THIS ENDED UP IN  
OUR INBOX SOMEHOW.  
SHOULD WE PRINT  
IT ANYWAY?  
—CASEY

Dear M.A.D.,

My wife and I recently bought our first home and dove into a number of renovations, but we have a question we thought you could help us with. (I've been a fan of Modern Architectural Design magazine for years. Your 14-page feature on wall sconces in the December 2009 issue was a revelation. Powerful stuff!)

Anyway, back to my question. We started by opening up the front porch in traditional craftsman style. You know, to really make a statement. As we began tearing down the outer walls, I could tell our neighbor Kevin wasn't pleased. He probably thought we'd regret losing the enclosed square footage in what was such a small house already. Kevin is a typical blue-collar alpha and just has to make his opinions known.

I should mention that Kevin and Michelle live in the asymmetrical colonial across the street. Michelle is a part-time nurse, and Kevin is a full-time son of a bitch.

Anyway, back to my question. We finished the carpentry and were ready to paint. I was sold on neutral tones after reading "Nifty Shades of Gray: A Study in Dull" in your April 2013 issue (powerful stuff!). I finished the first coat of exterior charcoal paint and, lo and behold, Kevin had something to say. He wouldn't stop retching over it—I guess he didn't think it fit the aesthetic of the rest of the street. Was he colorblind?! I gotta tell ya, I was finding it more and more difficult to brush off Kevin's "pointers."

Anyway, back to my question. Your July 2006 issue (powerful stuff!) showed me how integral landscaping is to curb appeal. From the flower beds to the shrubs to the grass, it's like the icing on the cake! Our front yard was patchy at best, so I decided to fill it in with seeds and fertilizer. And wouldn't you friggin' know it, Kevin was out to go? Who the hell does he think he is, anyway?! Telling me what to do with my house in his stupid husky voice!

Well, that was it! I didn't care that this guy was a boxer—of him! "Nobody shits on my lawn and gets away with it!" I screamed at my "best friend" Kevin. He was practically foaming at the mouth! I guess we were so loud that it drew the attention of Michelle, who ran outside, sprayed us with the hose, and told me to stop screaming at her dog.

Long story short, do you think dogs should be allowed to file lawsuits?

Sincerely,  
Jesse Larkin  
Vashon Island, Wa

WRITER JOE BUTLER

ADDITIONAL PHOTOS VIA DREAMTIME.COM  
© BRYLAFY • ROBERT CRUM



Sometimes it's not enough for us to have your fan mail—we also want your SOUL. Well, we finally figured out a way to take that from you: Just send us a true story about something STUPID you actually did, and acclaimed cartoonist **Mike Holmes** might make it into a comic strip! It's...

# REAL, DUMB



This issue's story submitted by **Bob Felton**.

**Have a real, dumb story that happened to you? Want to share your shame with the world by having it illustrated in MAD? Write it up and send it to [realdumb@madmagazine.com](mailto:realdumb@madmagazine.com)! If it's dumb enough, we'll make it into a comic!**

All stories submitted to [realdumb@madmagazine.com](mailto:realdumb@madmagazine.com) may be edited (including changing the names of people or places mentioned in the story), illustrated at MAD's discretion, and published in MAD's Real, Dumb feature or in any MAD publication in any format and will not be returned.

**MAD**

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WHAT DO STUDENTS  
NOWADAYS NEED  
TO FULLFILL THEIR  
FUTURE DREAMS?

# HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Going to school is the most important act in young people's lives. Nothing should stand in their way to hinder this process. To learn how students can succeed at this endeavor, fold page in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A

B



A

B



BUILDING A FUTURE IN SCHOOL IS TOUGH. IT'S LIKE A BALLET  
PRODUCTION WHERE EVERY STEP TAKEN HAS A MEANING OF  
VALUE. COURSES SHOULD APPEAL TO STUDENT INTERESTS.

WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

A

B



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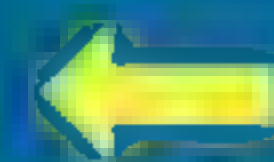
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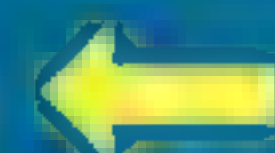
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WRITER & ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

A

B



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WRITER & ARTIST: AL JAFFEE



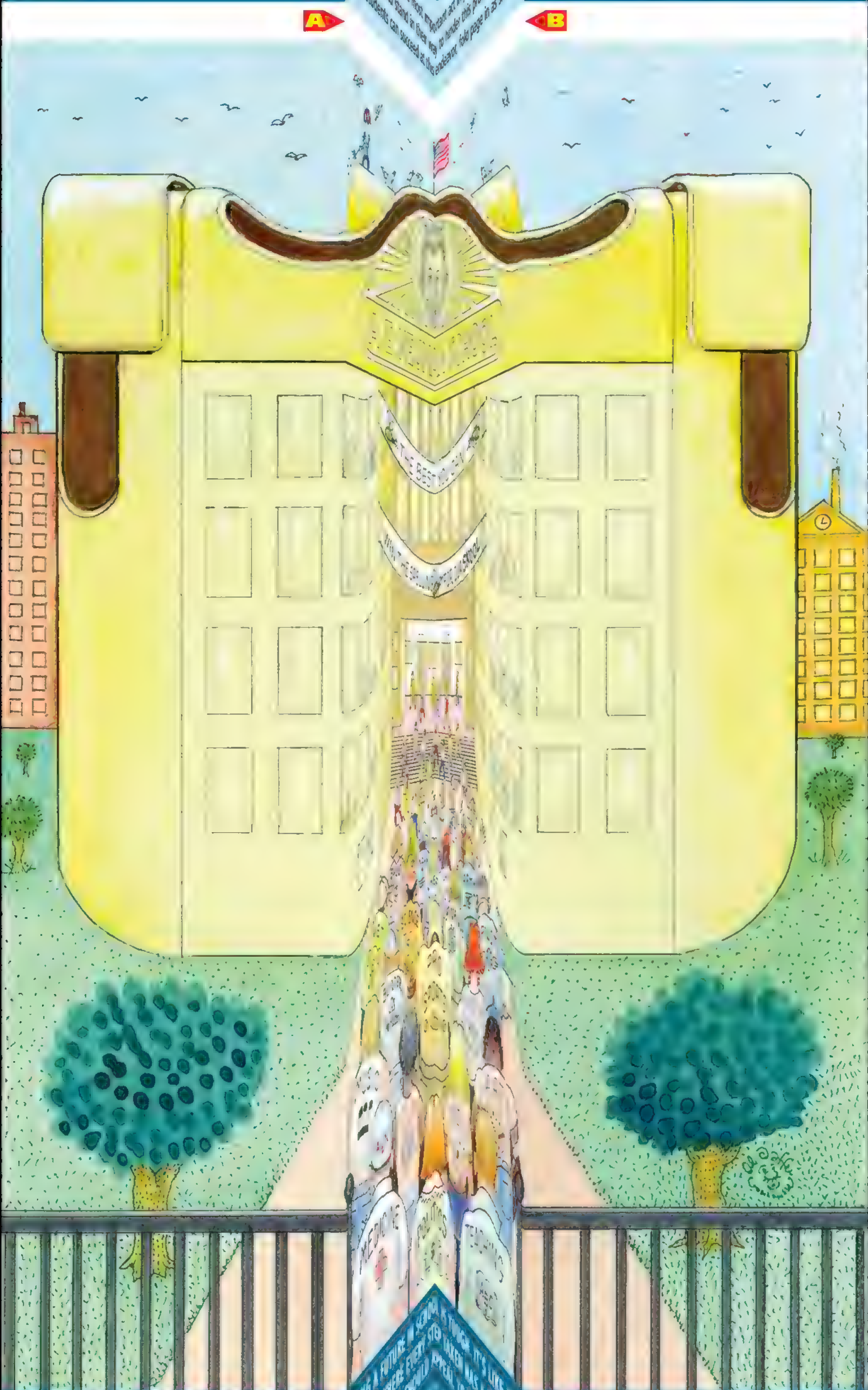
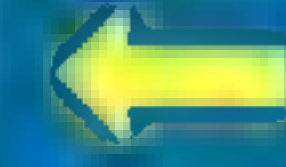
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SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

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BUILDING A FUTURE IN SCHOOL IS THE MOST IMPORTANT ACT IN YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIVES. NOTHING SHOULD STAND IN THEIR WAY TO HINDER THIS PROCESS. TO LEARN HOW STUDENTS CAN SUCCEED AT THE EDUCATION, FOLD PAGE IN AS SHOWN.

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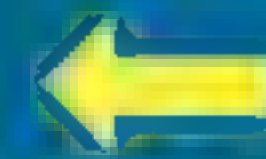
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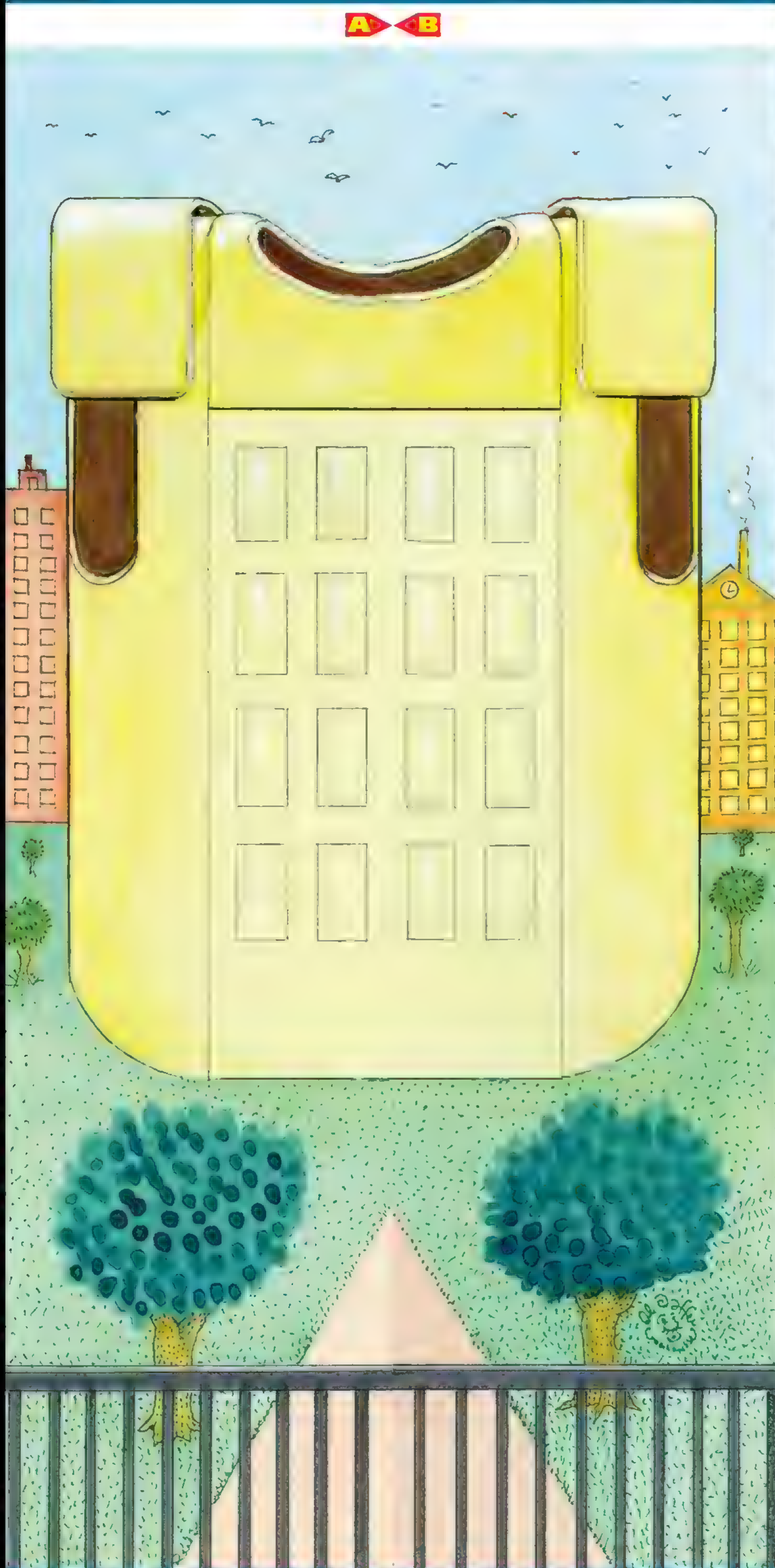
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A B



BULLET  
PROOF  
VESTS.

A B



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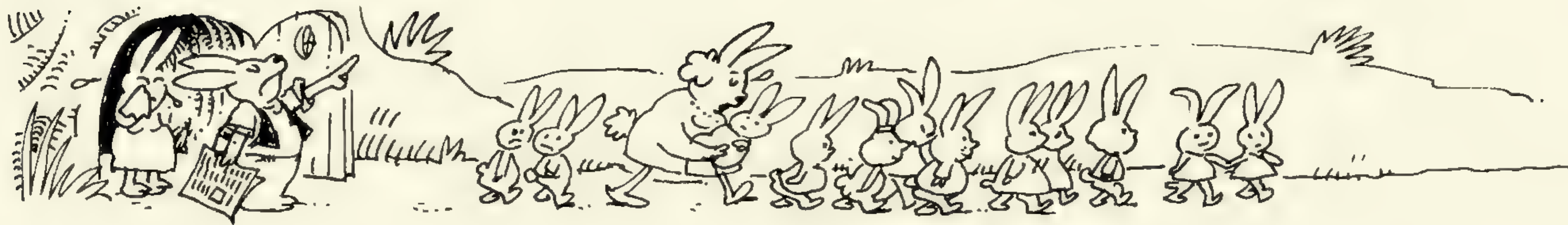
\*according to President Trump





# DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

by *SERGIO ARAGONES*



LOST  
&  
FOUND





**HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH  
ANOTHER OUTING OF THE**

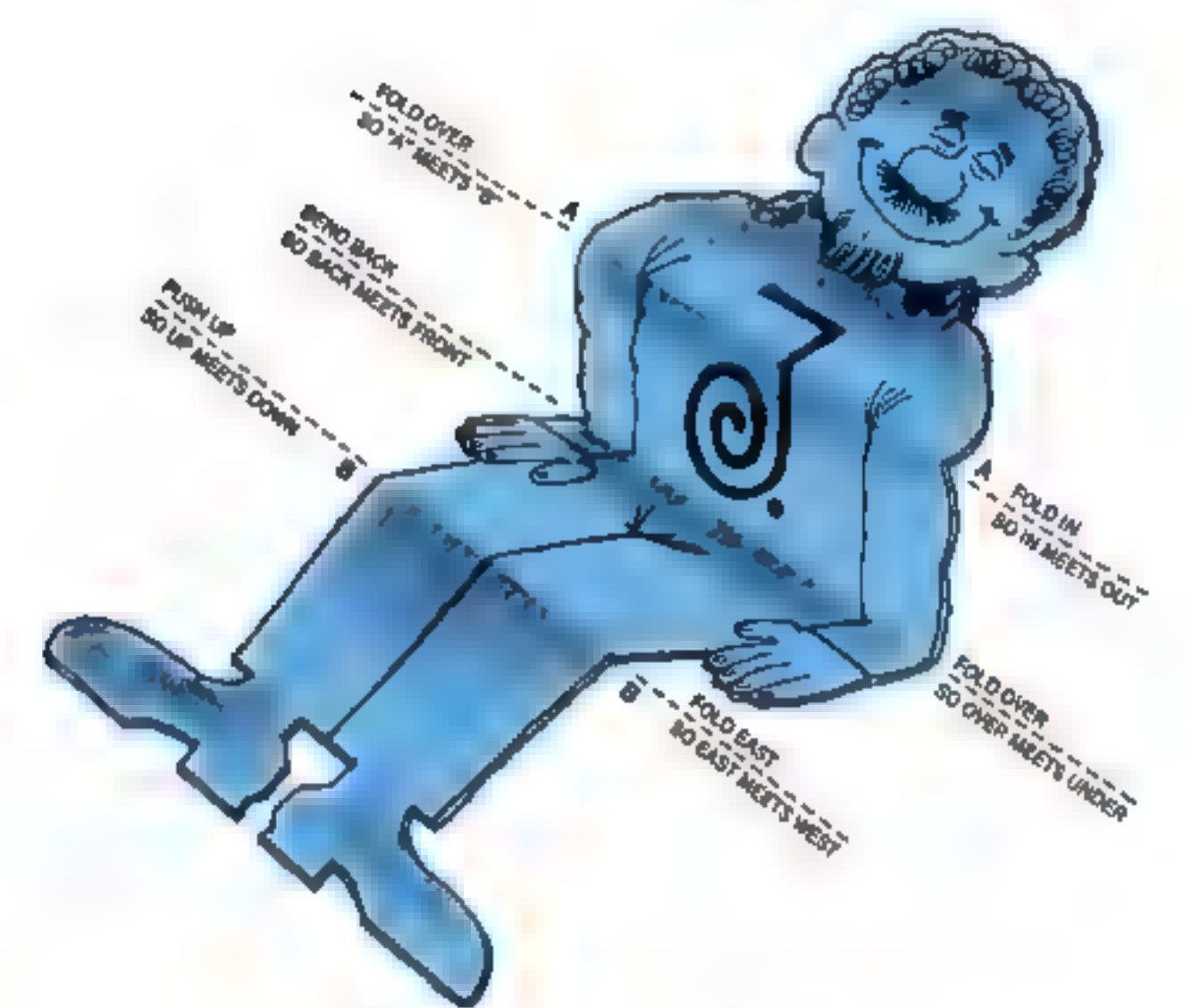
**MAD**

**DIGITAL EDITION  
BONUS MATERIAL!**

We're gonna need another joke! Fortunately, this MAD  
parody is chock full of them!



You can "fold in" this classic Fold-In about as easily as you can  
"surf" with that mobile device you're holding. (Wait a minute...)





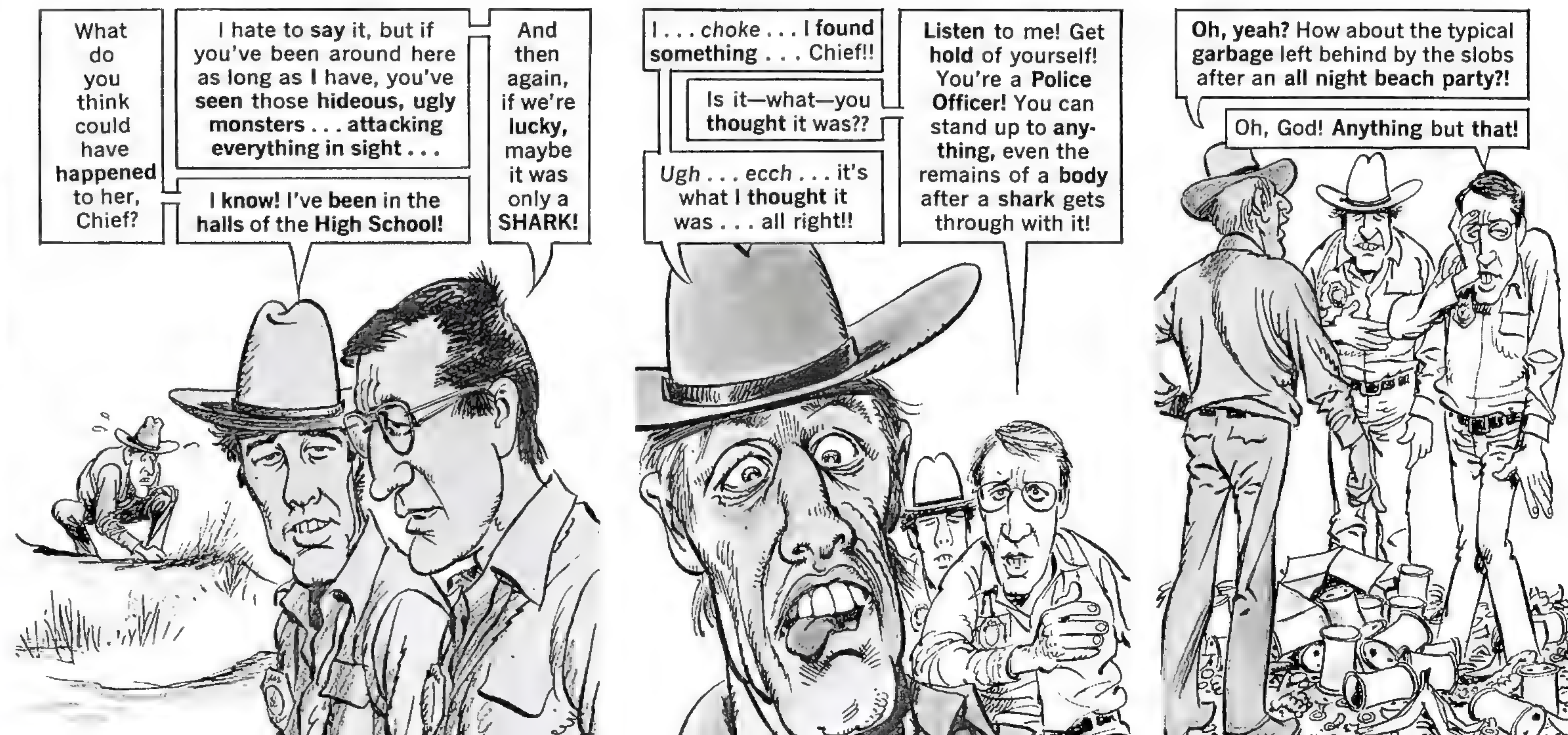
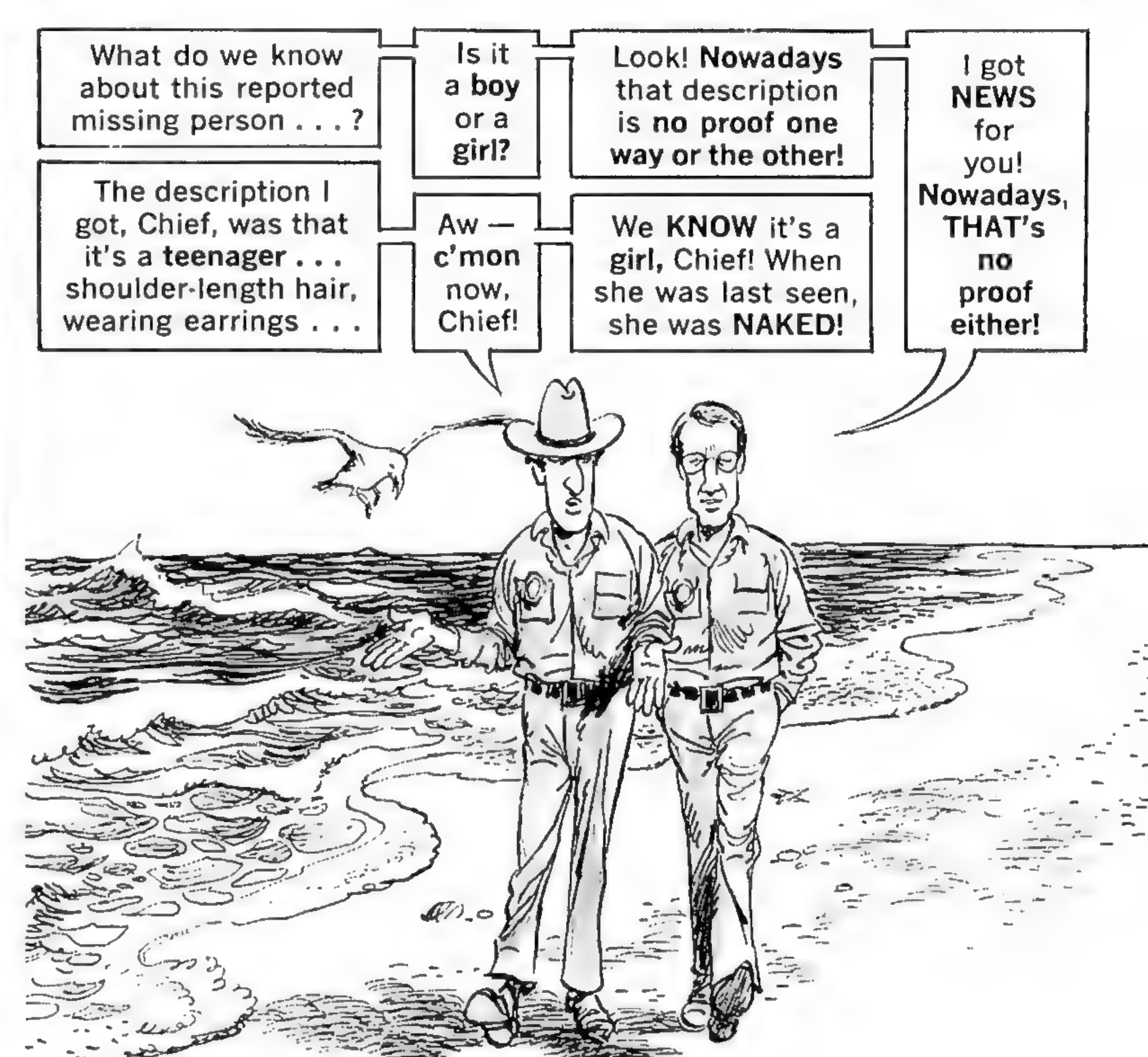
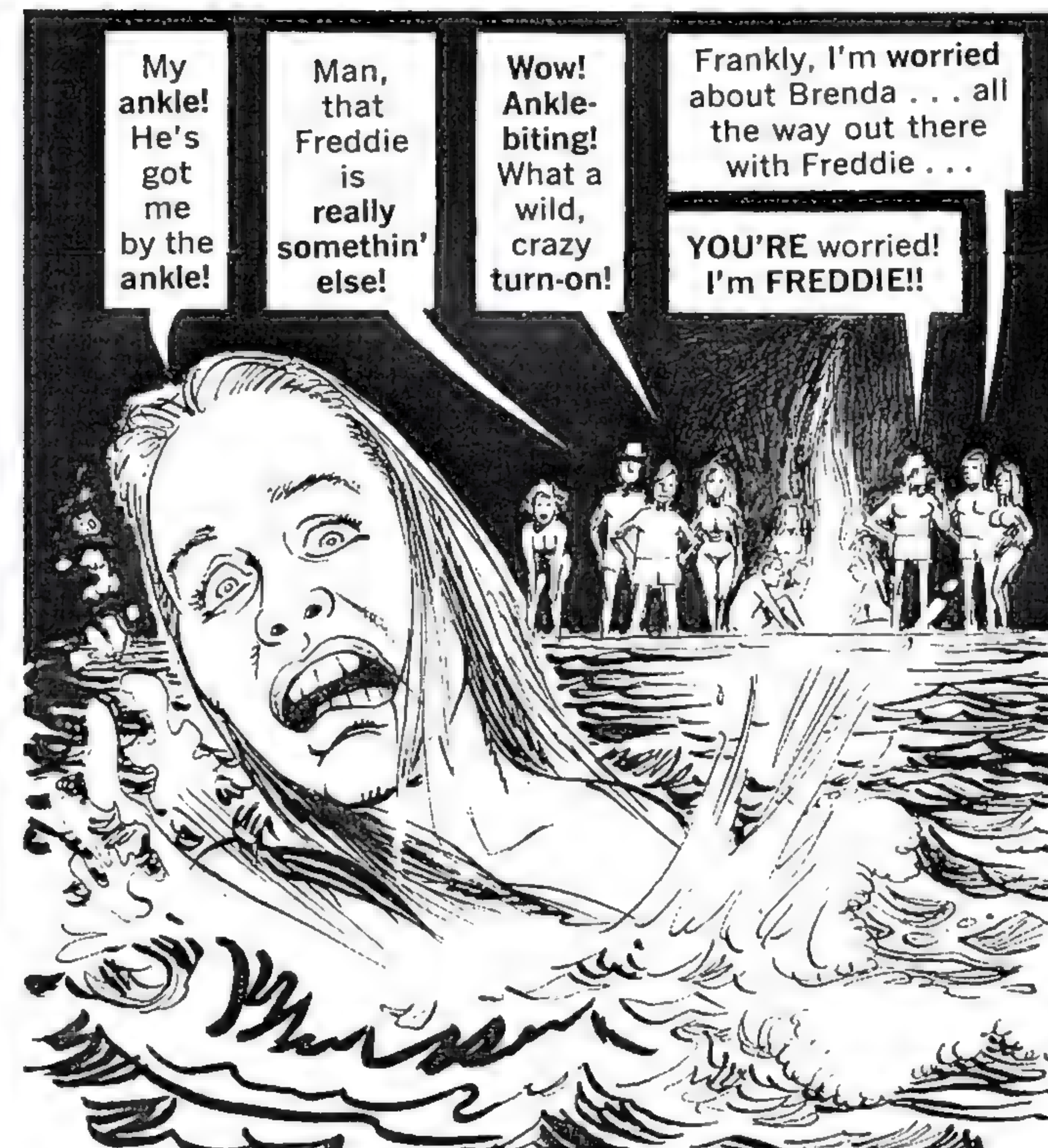
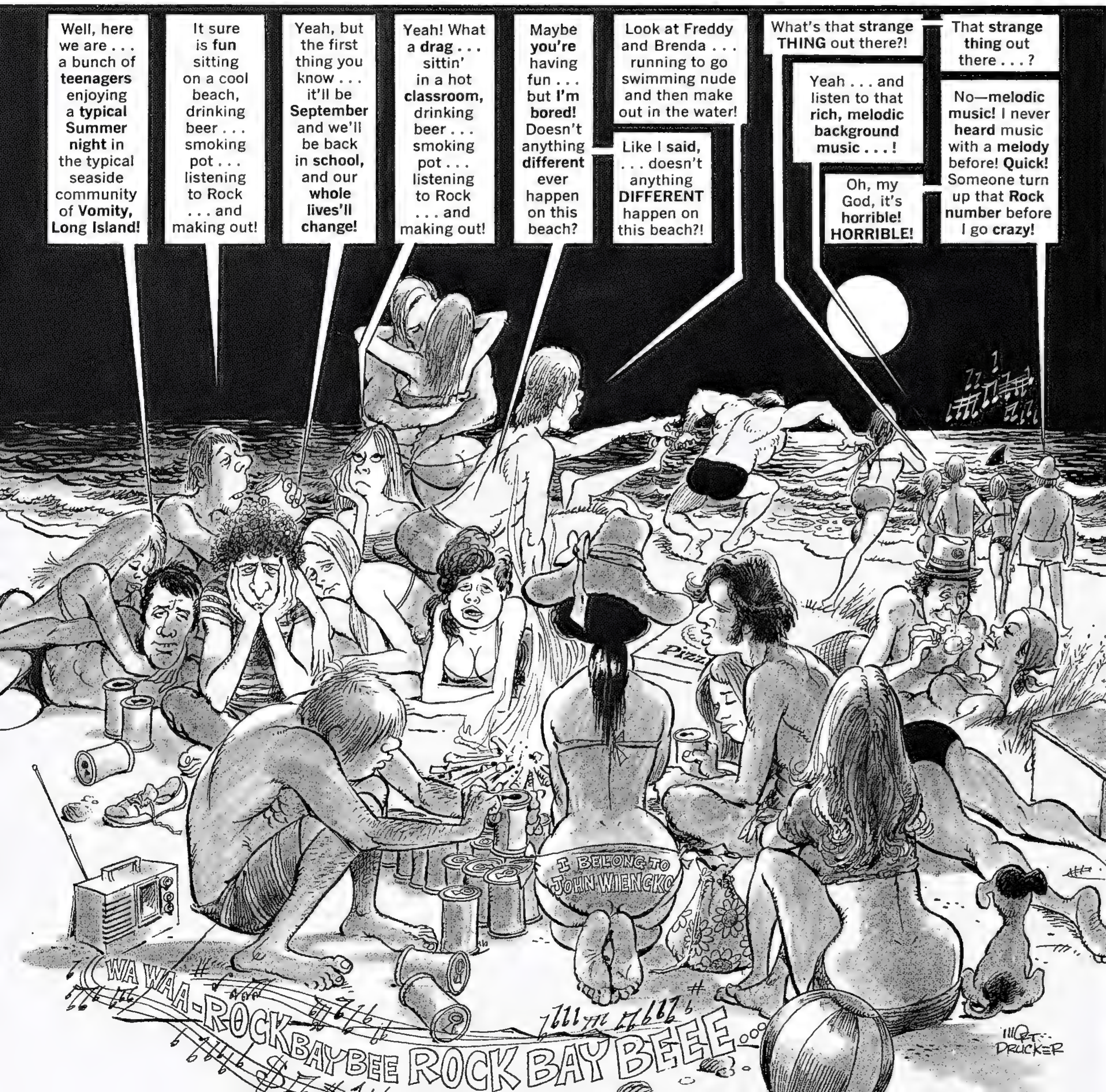
There's a sick new trend in movies! It started with "Airport", continued with "Towering Inferno", sunk to a low with "Earthquake" and has now reached the depths with the movie that's REALLY packing 'em in, the one about a giant shark that terrorizes a summer community! Yep, it's obvious that people get their kicks out of seeing other people die... in every horrible way possible, which includes being...

# JAW'D



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





Uggh! Melon rinds and banana peels!

Blaah! Anchovy pizza scraps and scungili!

Pyuch! Peanut butter sandwiches and —

What do you think you're doing, Chief Brooding??

The remains of a girl were found, Mayor Vault! She must have been eaten by a shark! We can't allow any people in the water!

Are you insane?! Close our beaches with July 4th a week away?! That's when we do all our business around here! Forget about that shark and take down that sign!

Forget about it?! Do you realize what horror you may be subjecting people to on this beach? Have you no conscience? Particularly on Independence Day, when Americans celebrate their precious, hard-earned freedom by blowing off their arms and legs with fire-crackers, and driving drunkenly down our nation's highways...

Come to think of it, I guess I'll take down the sign!

How come we're all enjoying ourselves, and the Chief of Police has to work?

They say a mysterious thing is endangering the beach, and he's protecting all of us!

It must be tough looking through those glasses hours on end!

What dedication! I'm sure that whatever he's looking for, he's going to GET it!

Not unless somebody tells his WIFE!!

Well, Schmendricks, so far... so good!

That's great! No sign of the shark?

No sign of her Husband!

What happened?

All of a sudden I heard this rich melodic music, and then this kid started screaming and... ugh... it was just awful...!

Yecch! All that blood and gore and torn limbs! You know what this means, don't you, Chief...?

Right! There goes the picture's "G" rating! But a "PG" will still pull in the kids...!

What about that line in the ads that says, "May Be Too Intense For Younger Children"? Won't that hurt us?

Are you kidding?! That's like trying to scare ants away from a picnic by pouring sugar on the ground!

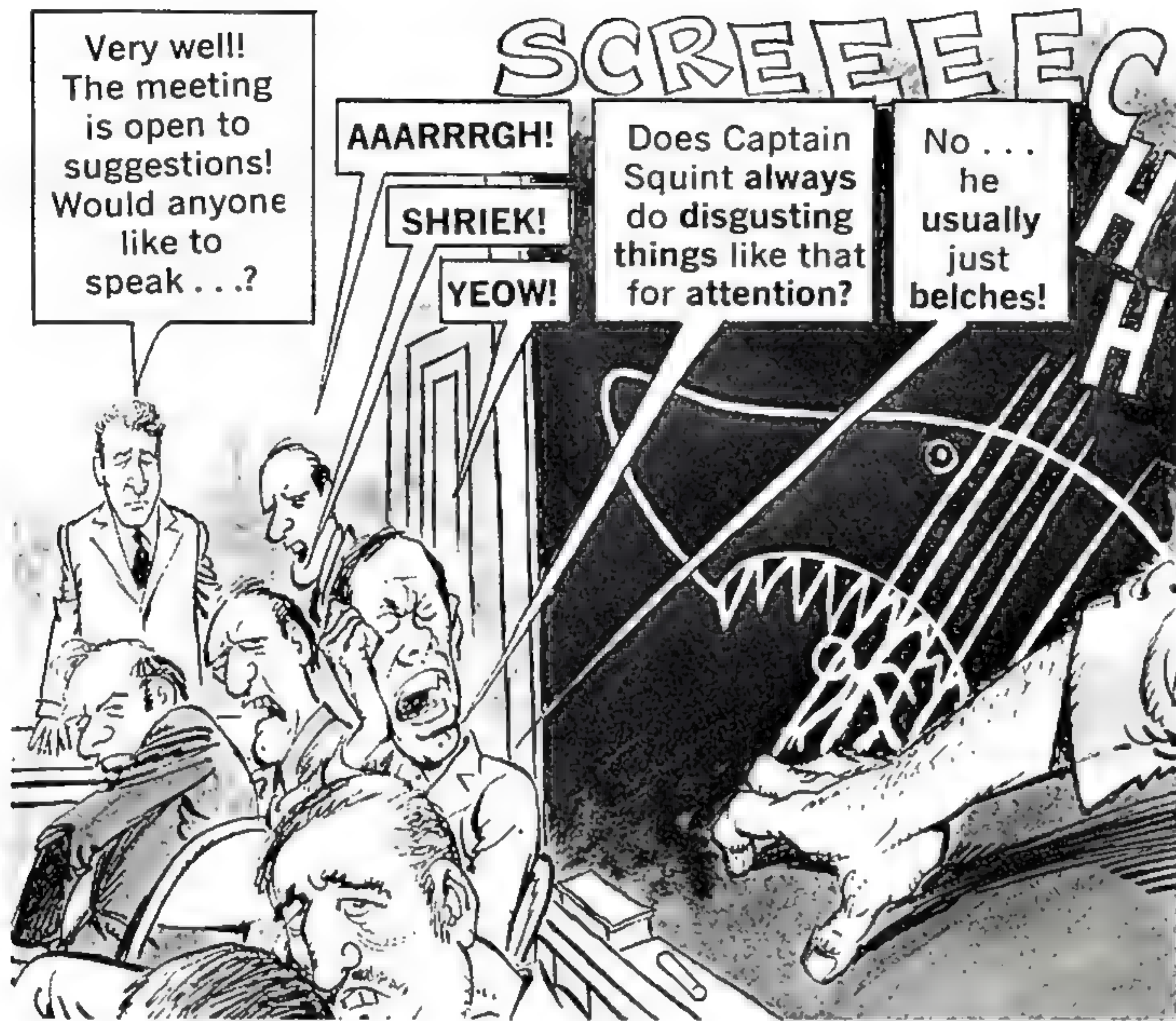
I've called this meeting of you key townspeople because there is a silly rumor going around that an alleged shark has allegedly killed two alleged people! We will now have the Coroner's report! Er... where is the Coroner?

He's dead!

WHAT?! How did it happen?

The alleged shark bit off his alleged head! Also his alleged arms and legs...





Very well!  
The meeting  
is open to  
suggestions!  
Would anyone  
like to  
speak...?

AAARRRGH!

SHRIEK!

YEOW!

Does Captain  
Squint always  
do disgusting  
things like that  
for attention?

No...  
he  
usually  
just  
belches!

Now, listen to me, Matey...  
and listen good! I'm the only  
Sea Captain around here who  
can **CATCH** that mother, and  
you know it! But it's gonna  
cost you ten thousand dollars!

Take it... or leave it! And  
the more you wait, the more  
it's gonna cost you! And if  
you don't like my offer, you  
and this whole ☆☆☆☆☆  
town can go #&@%&@%!!



We'll  
think  
about  
it,  
Captain  
Squint!

Does he  
actually  
make a  
living  
as a Sea  
Captain?

Not  
really! He  
moonlights  
on the  
side!

What's his  
other job?

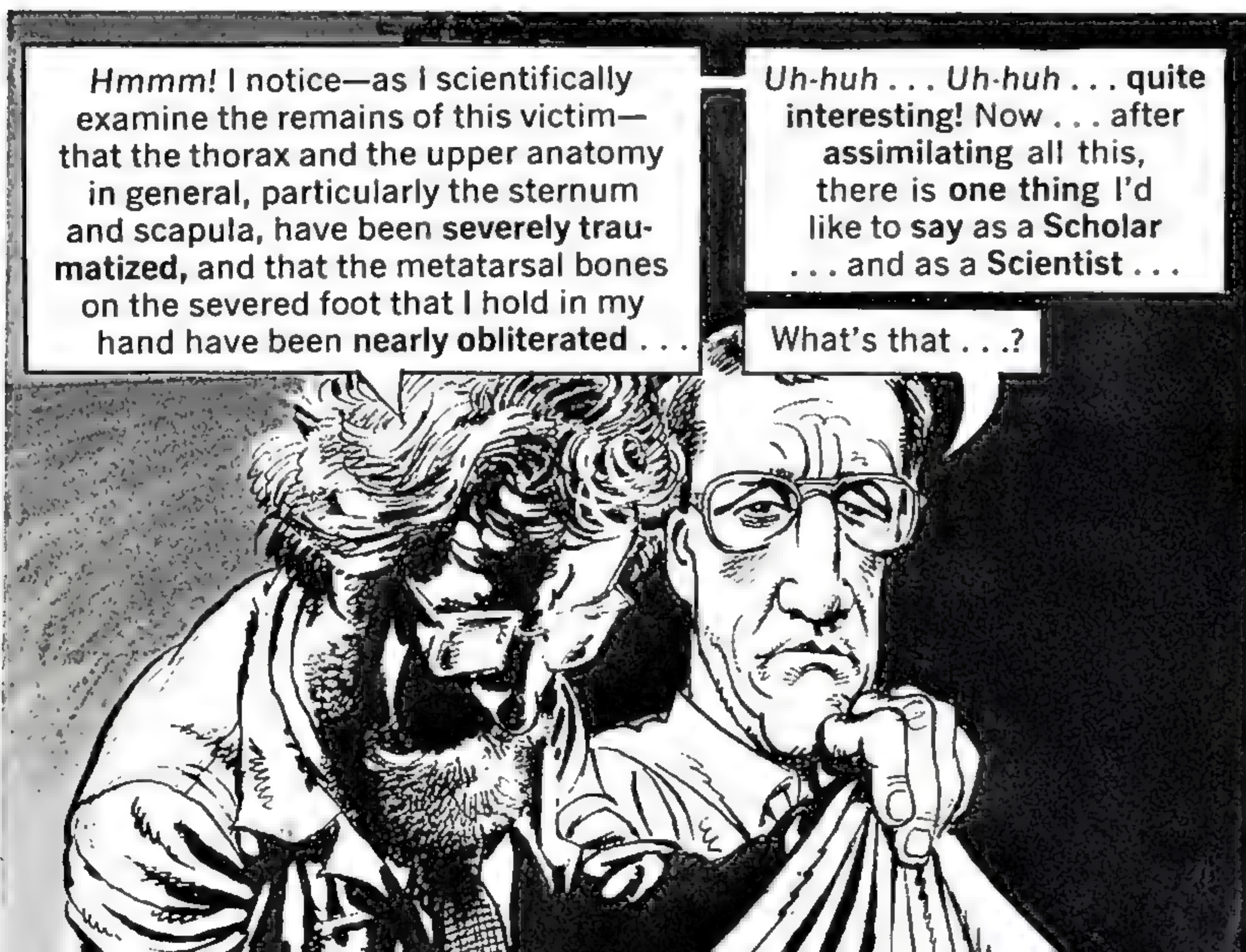
He works for  
The Welcome  
Wagon!

We're in trouble,  
Schmendricks! The  
Mayor is still not  
sold on the shark  
story, and I'm not  
sure I trust Squint!  
Isn't there **ANYONE**  
who can help us?!

Hi, there! I'd like to help! My name  
is Clod Hopper, and I'm a brilliant  
young Scientist! I know **ALL ABOUT**  
sharks! God, but they're beautiful  
creatures! Do you know that I once  
made **LOVE** to a shark? I mean...  
this one really turned me on, and—

What?!?  
How could  
**ANYONE**  
make love  
to a shark!!

Very  
carefully!



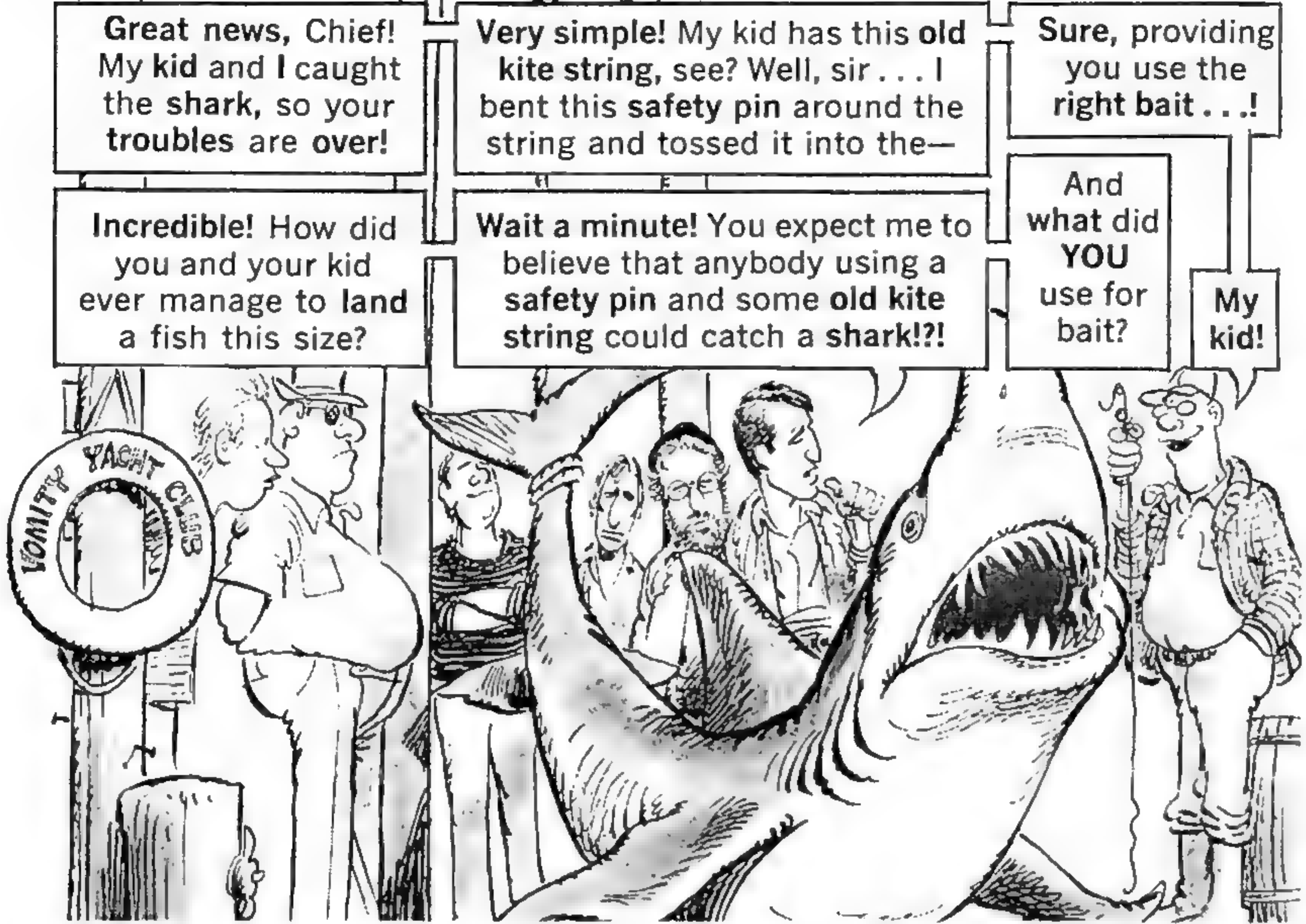
Hmmm! I notice—as I scientifically  
examine the remains of this victim—  
that the thorax and the upper anatomy  
in general, particularly the sternum  
and scapula, have been severely **trau-  
matized**, and that the metatarsal bones  
on the severed foot that I hold in my  
hand have been nearly **obliterated**...

Uh-huh... Uh-huh... quite  
interesting! Now... after  
assimilating all this,  
there is one thing I'd  
like to say as a **Scholar**  
... and as a **Scientist**...

What's that...?







Great news, Chief! My kid and I caught the shark, so your troubles are over!

Very simple! My kid has this old kite string, see? Well, sir... I bent this safety pin around the string and tossed it into the—

Sure, providing you use the right bait...!

And what did YOU use for bait?

My kid!

Wait a minute! You expect me to believe that anybody using a safety pin and some old kite string could catch a shark!?!

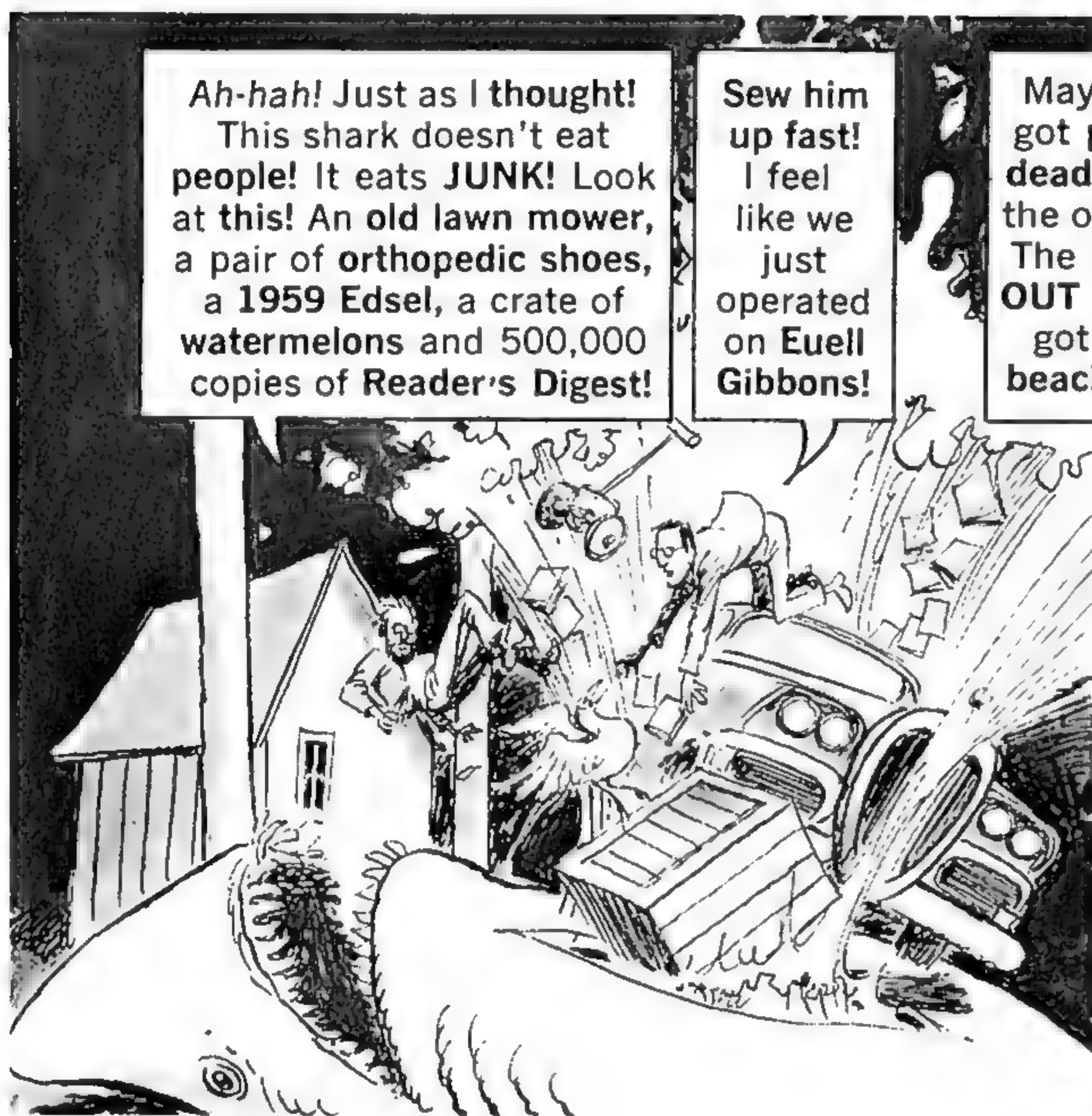
Incredible! How did you and your kid ever manage to land a fish this size?

I'm not sure this is the shark we're after! The only way to know for sure is to cut him open and look for clues inside! Don't worry! I know what I'm doing! I've been around fish all my life...

You know, you remind me of a surgeon!

You mean **SURGEON!** I cut like a surgeon!

You may **CUT** like a surgeon, but you **SMELL** like a sturgeon!



Ah-hah! Just as I thought! This shark doesn't eat people! It eats **JUNK!** Look at this! An old lawn mower, a pair of orthopedic shoes, a 1959 Edsel, a crate of watermelons and 500,000 copies of Reader's Digest!

Sew him up fast! I feel like we just operated on Euell Gibbons!

Mayor Vault! I've got proof that the dead shark is **NOT** the one we're after! The killer is **STILL OUT THERE!** We've got to close the beaches... **NOW!!**

Not on your life! This is July 4th! But don't worry! They're going to set up an impregnable barrier in the water that no shark will ever be able to penetrate!

It won't work! He's too smart! He'll slip past the gun boats! He'll sneak by the helicopters!

I **KNOW** that! I'm talking about the **NATURAL** barrier: that wall of typical holiday refuse and garbage... thrown into the water by 50,000 beachgoers!



ARRRRRGHH!

YECCCCCH!

CHOKER!

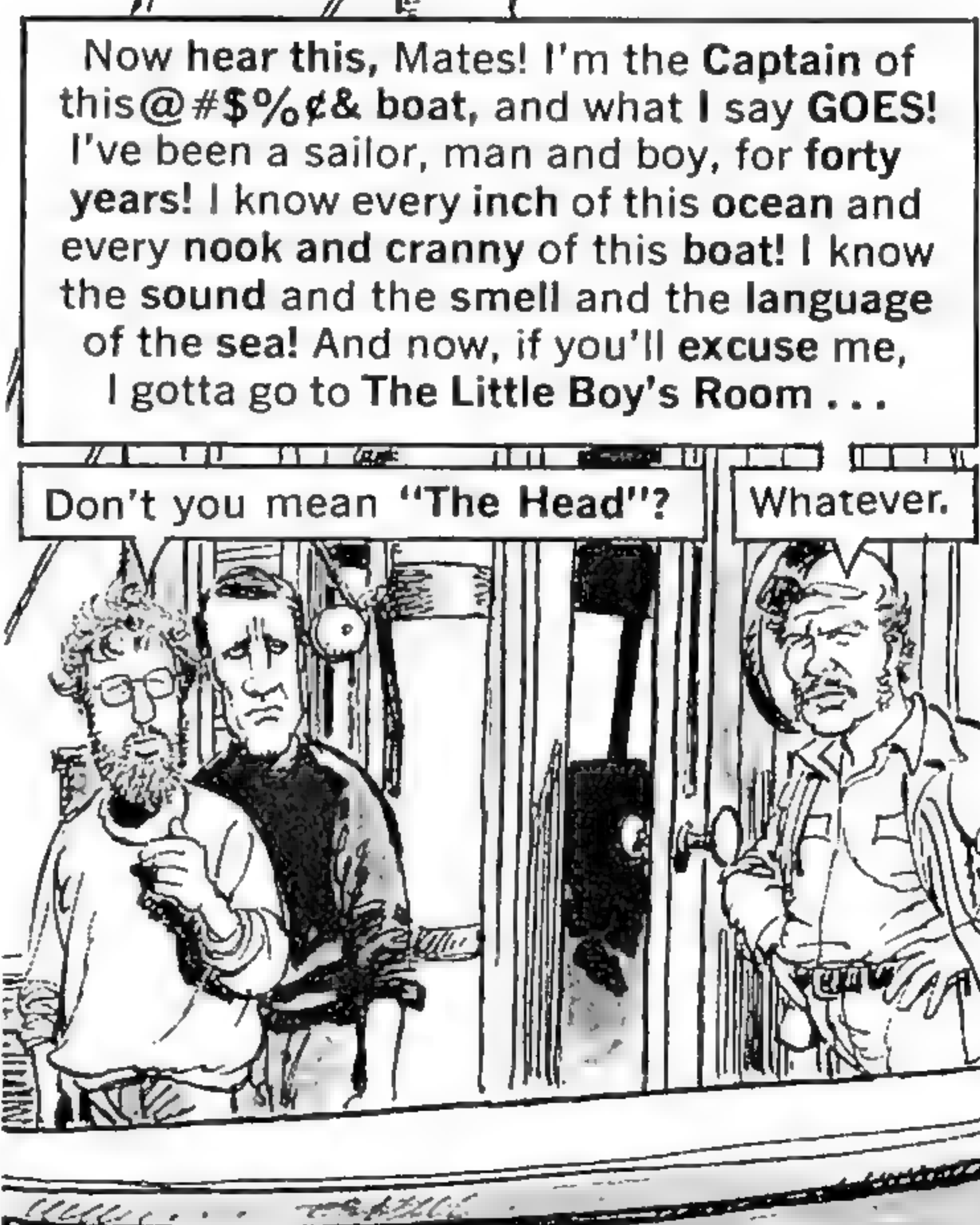
UGH!

Well... Mayor?!? Still **MORE** deaths! Are you satisfied now?!?

Okay, Chief! You win! I'll pay Squint what he wants! Go out there with him and **GET THAT SHARK!!**

Golly, all this blood and torn bodies and killer sharks! They sure don't make "Beach Pictures" the way I made them in the '60's!

That's true, Annette! But **THIS** one is **ALMOST** as nauseating as one of yours!



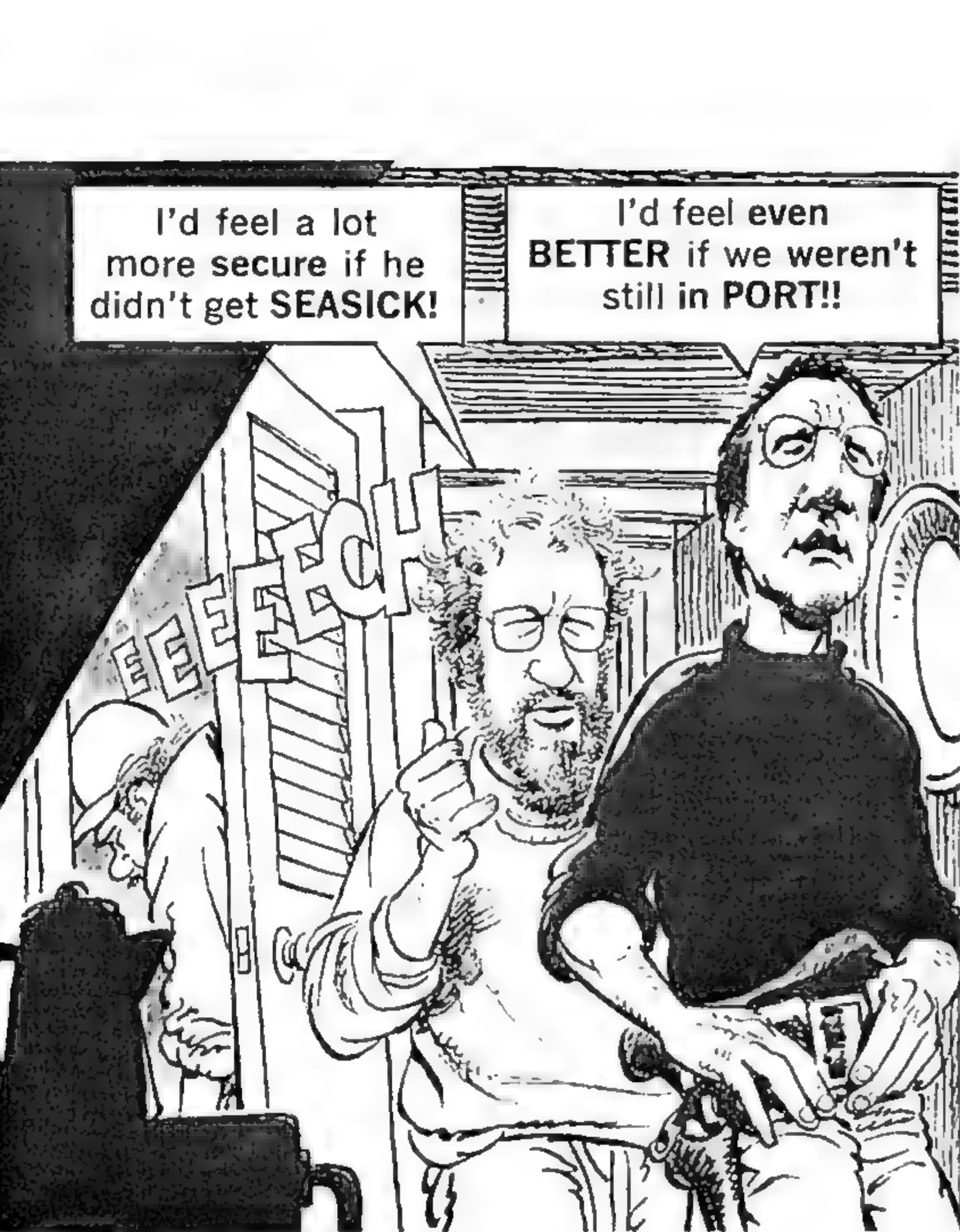
Now hear this, Mates! I'm the Captain of this@#\$%& boat, and what I say **GOES!** I've been a sailor, man and boy, for forty years! I know every inch of this ocean and every nook and cranny of this boat! I know the sound and the smell and the language of the sea! And now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta go to The Little Boy's Room...

Don't you mean "The Head"?

Whatever.

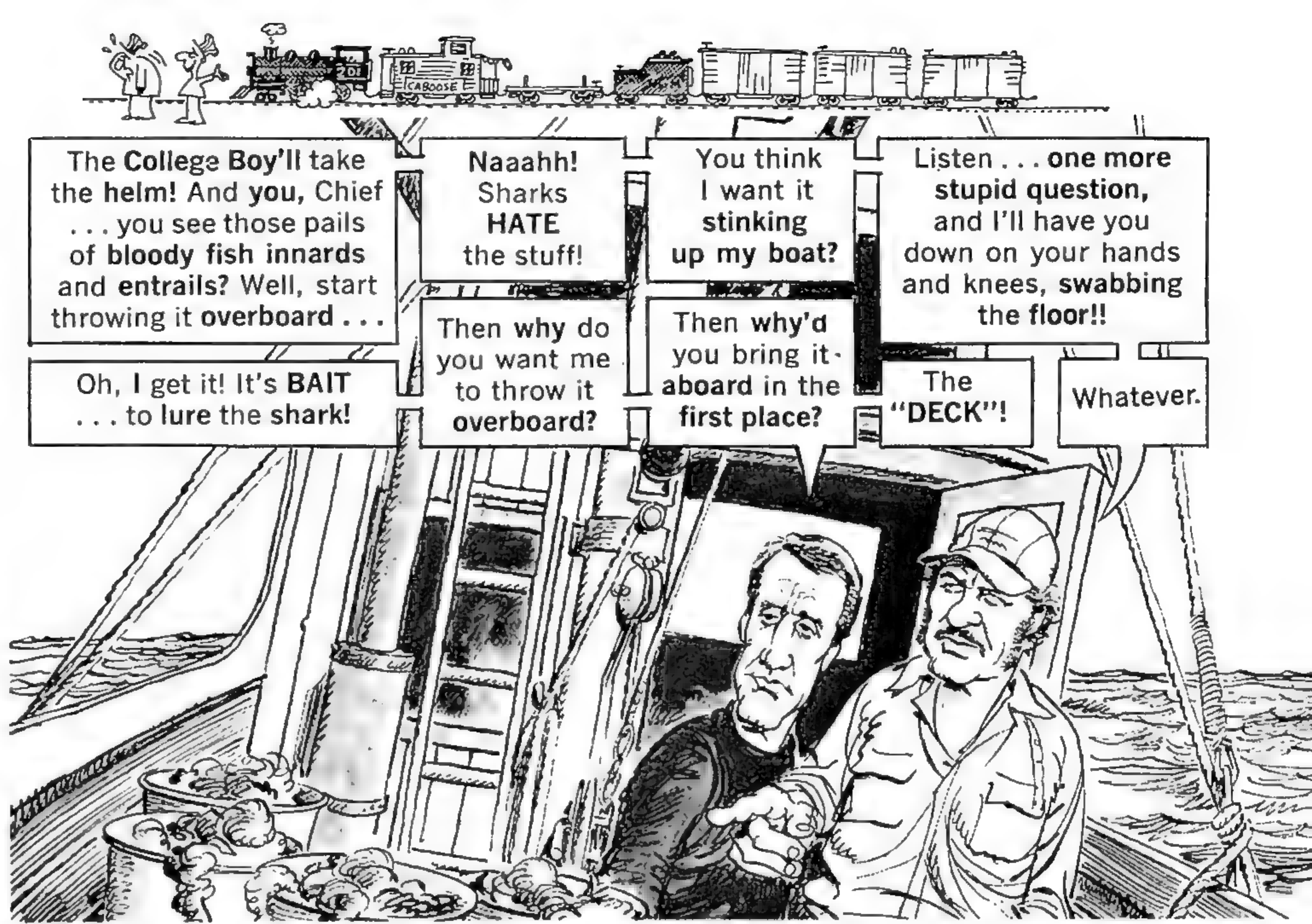
DRINK COCA





I'd feel a lot more secure if he didn't get SEASICK!

I'd feel even **BETTER** if we weren't still in **PORT**!!



The College Boy'll take the helm! And you, Chief ... you see those pails of bloody fish innards and entrails? Well, start throwing it overboard ...

Naaahh! Sharks **HATE** the stuff!

You think I want it stinking up my boat?

Listen ... one more stupid question, and I'll have you down on your hands and knees, swabbing the floor!!

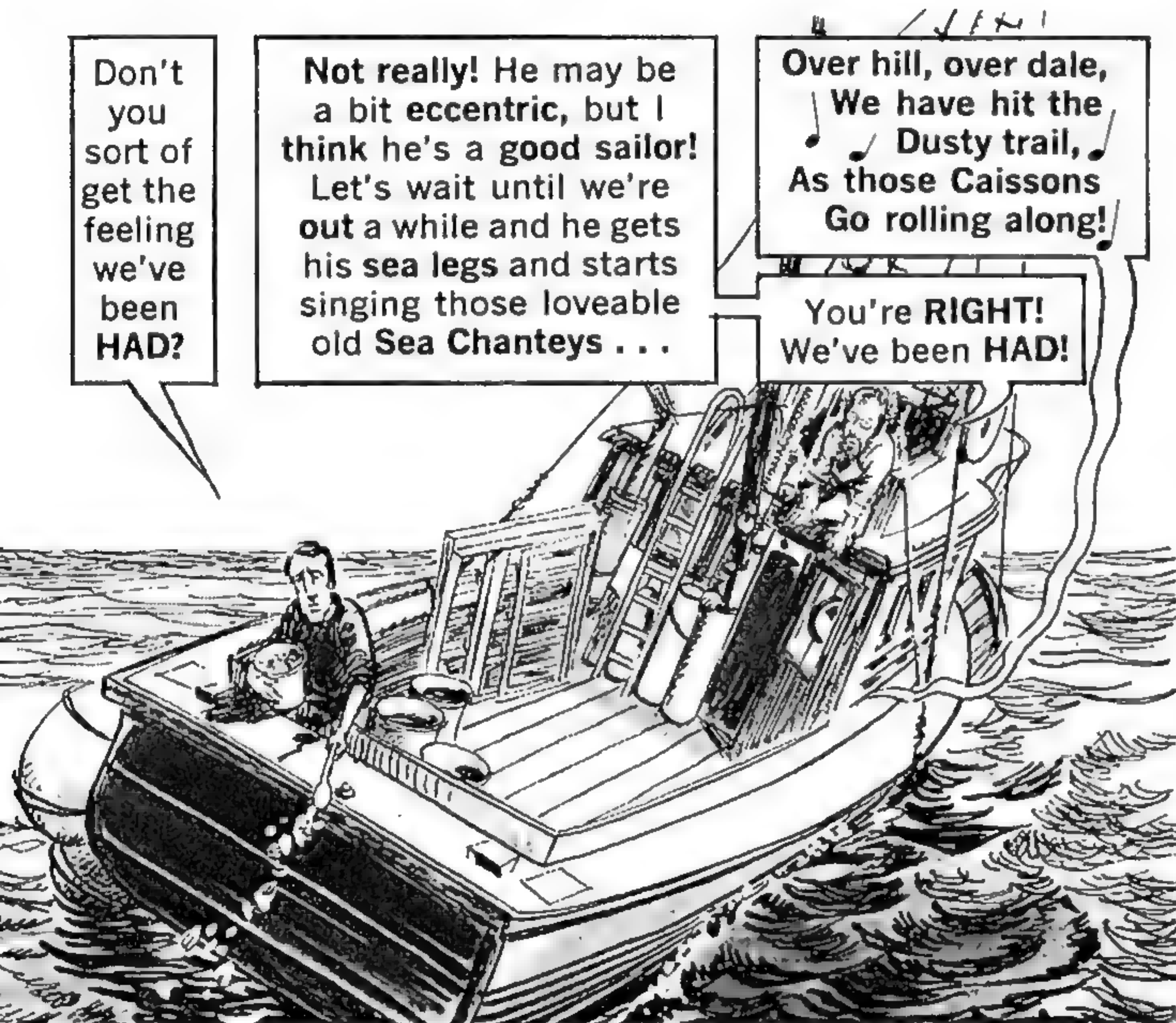
Oh, I get it! It's **BAIT** ... to lure the shark!

Then why do you want me to throw it overboard?

Then why'd you bring it aboard in the first place?

The "**DECK**"!

Whatever.

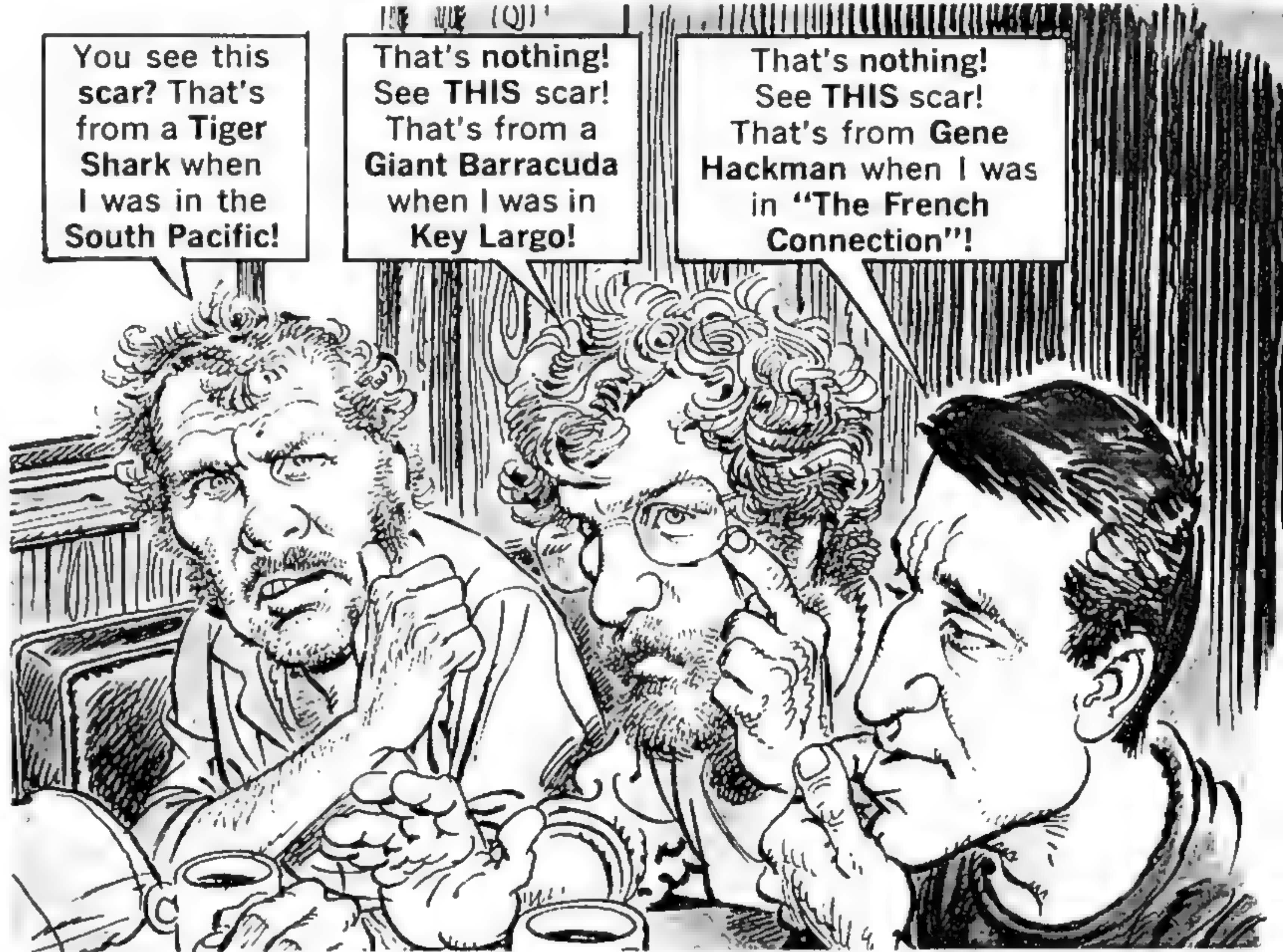


Don't you sort of get the feeling we've been **HAD**?

Not really! He may be a bit eccentric, but I think he's a good sailor! Let's wait until we're out a while and he gets his sea legs and starts singing those loveable old Sea Chanteys ...

Over hill, over dale,  
We have hit the  
Dusty trail,  
As those Caissons  
Go rolling along!

You're **RIGHT**! We've been **HAD**!



You see this scar? That's from a Tiger Shark when I was in the South Pacific!

That's nothing! See **THIS** scar! That's from a Giant Barracuda when I was in Key Largo!

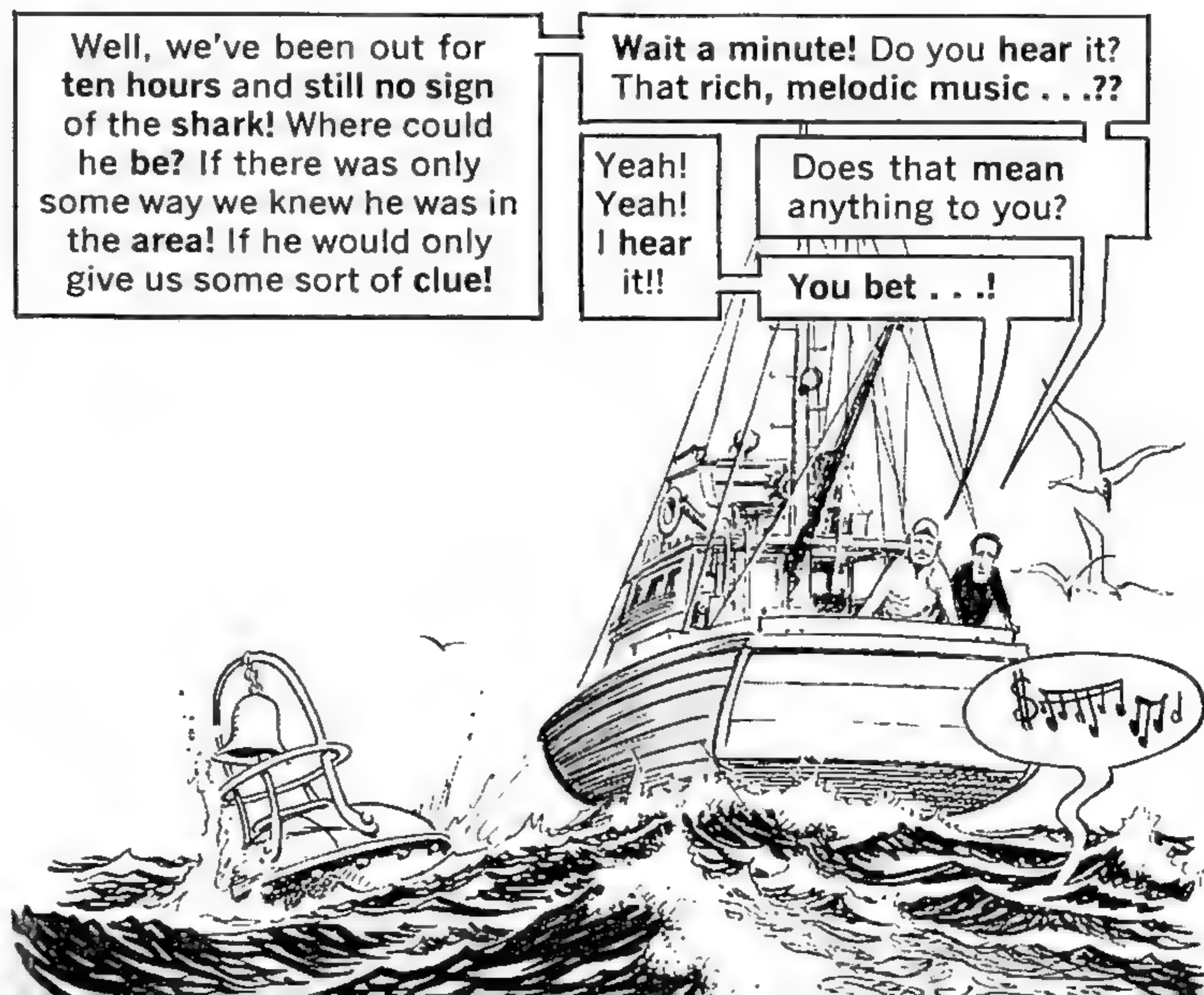
That's nothing! See **THIS** scar! That's from Gene Hackman when I was in "The French Connection"!



C'mon, Squint ... you're an expert on sharks! Tell us all about 'em!

Oh, the shark has ...  
Pretty teeth, dear ...  
And he shows them ...  
Pearly white ...

Boy ... with these Old Salts, everything is a **SONG CUE**!!



Well, we've been out for ten hours and still no sign of the shark! Where could he be? If there was only some way we knew he was in the area! If he would only give us some sort of clue!

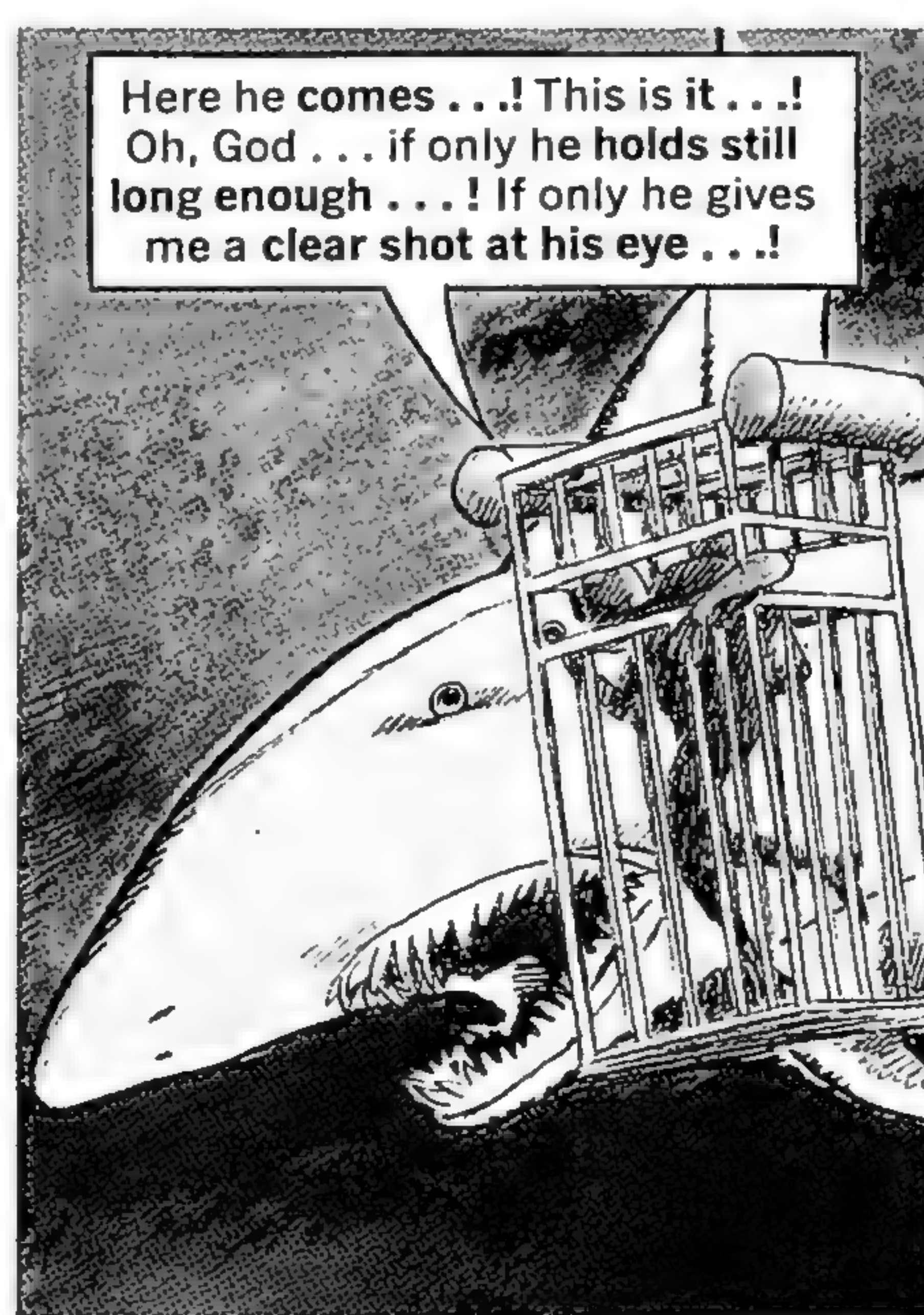
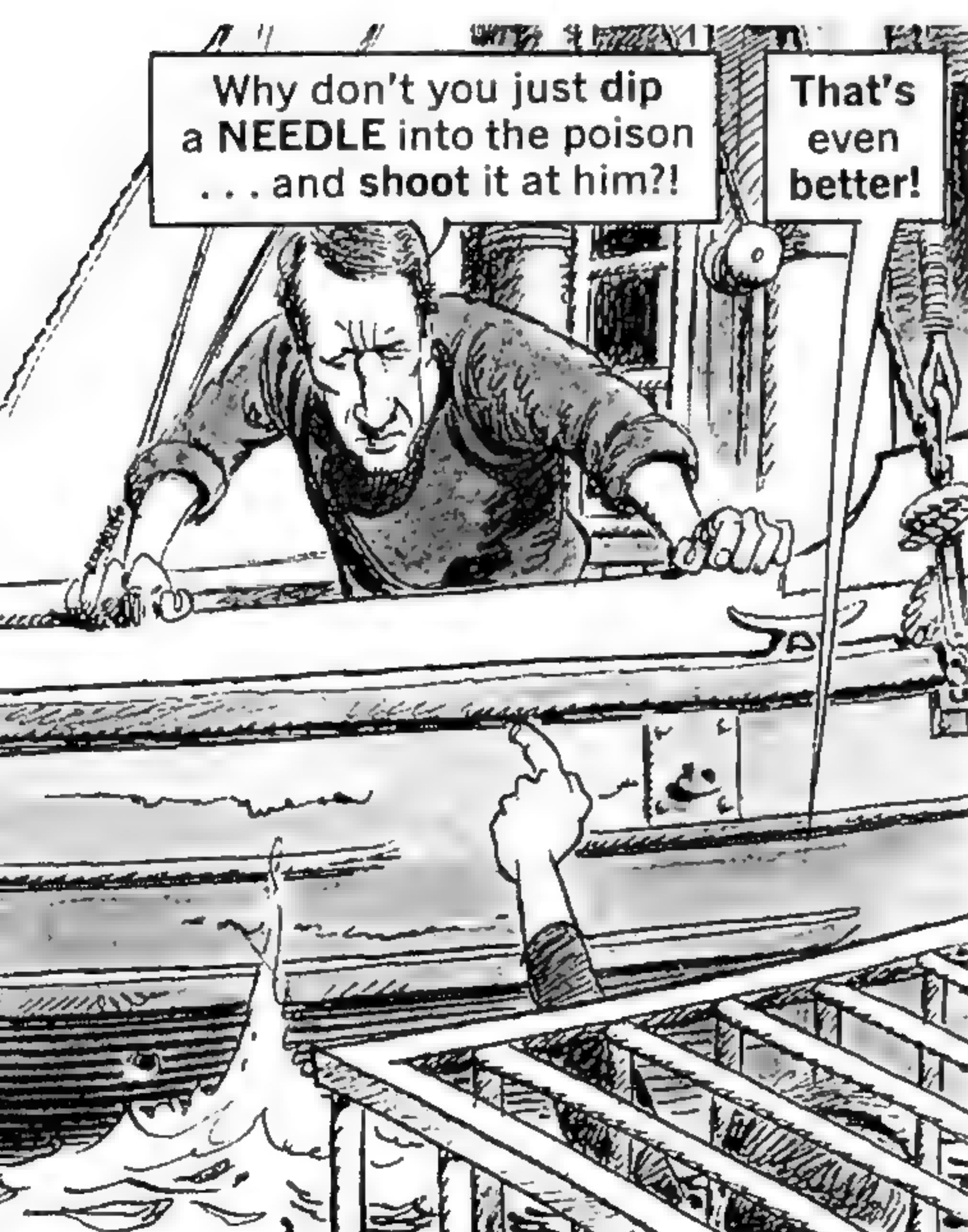
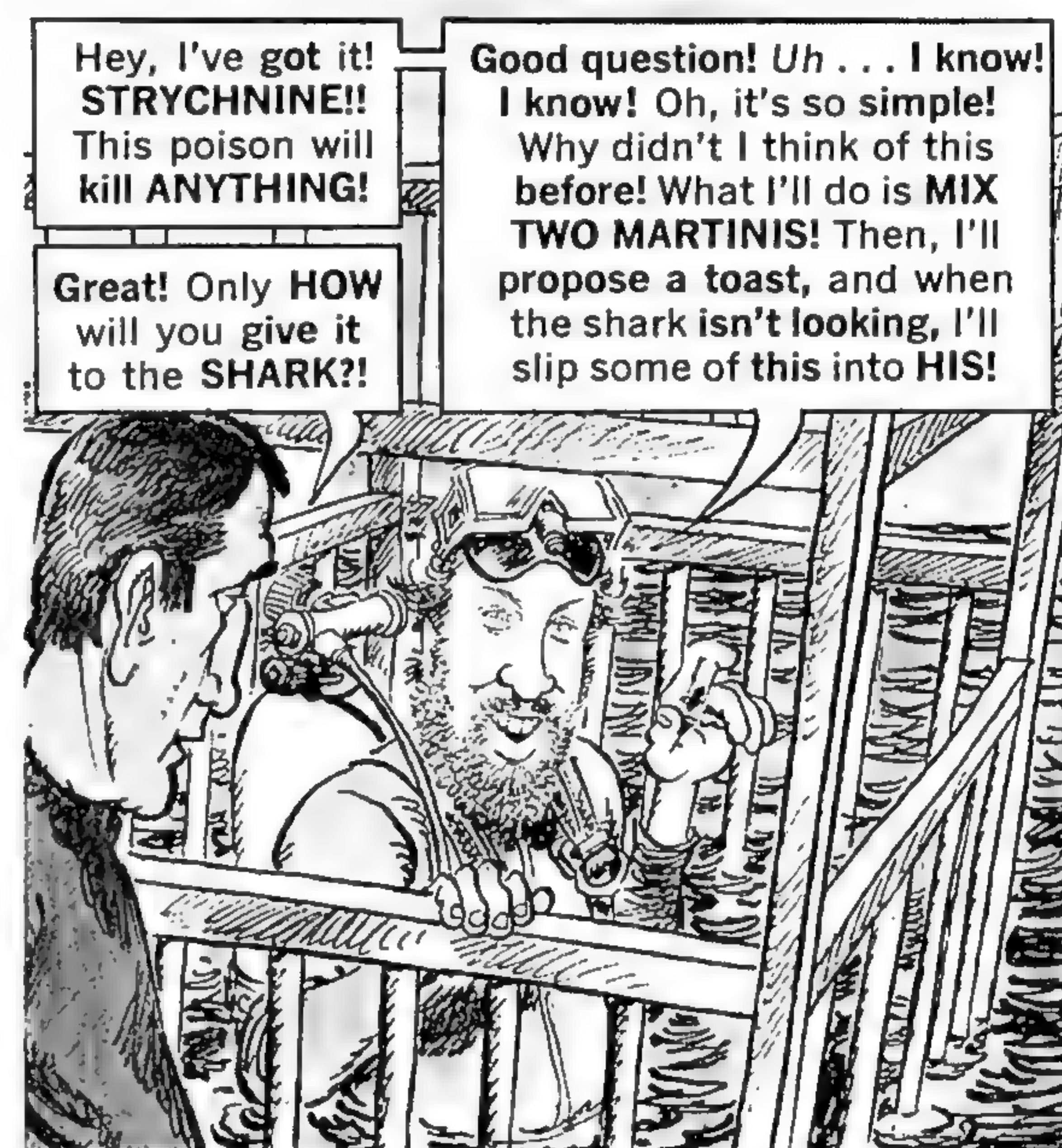
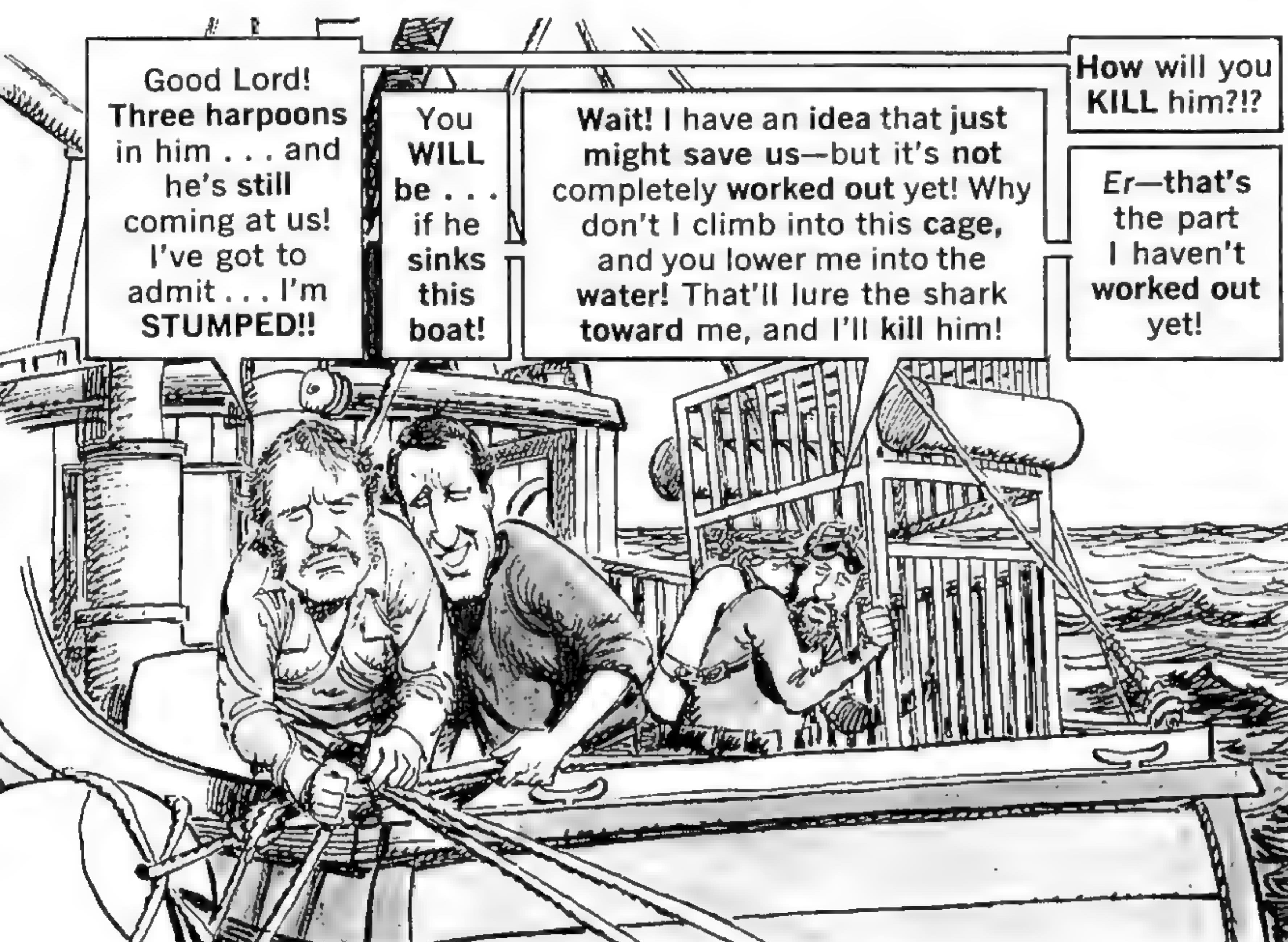
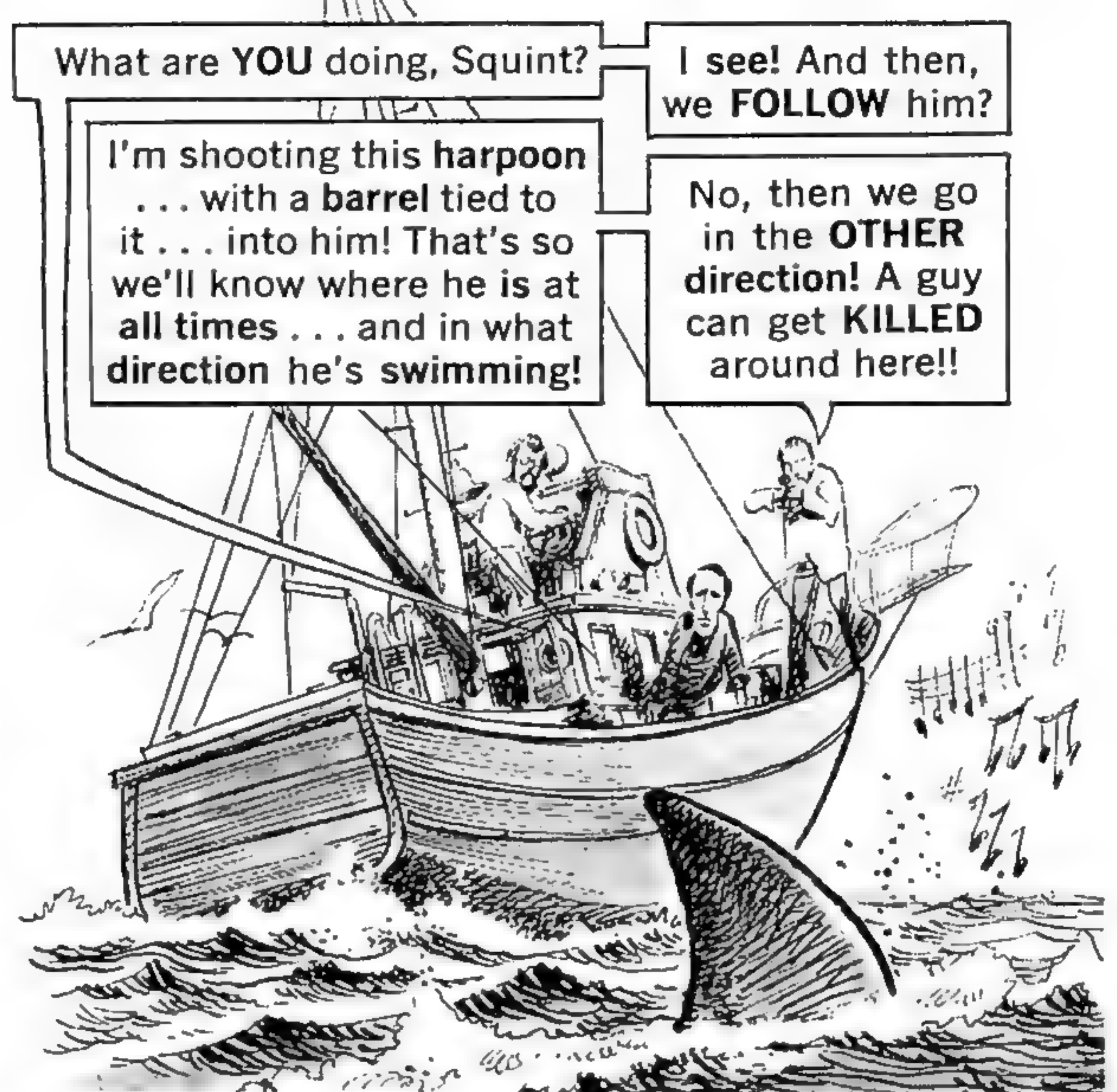
Wait a minute! Do you hear it? That rich, melodic music ...??

Yeah! Yeah! I hear it!!

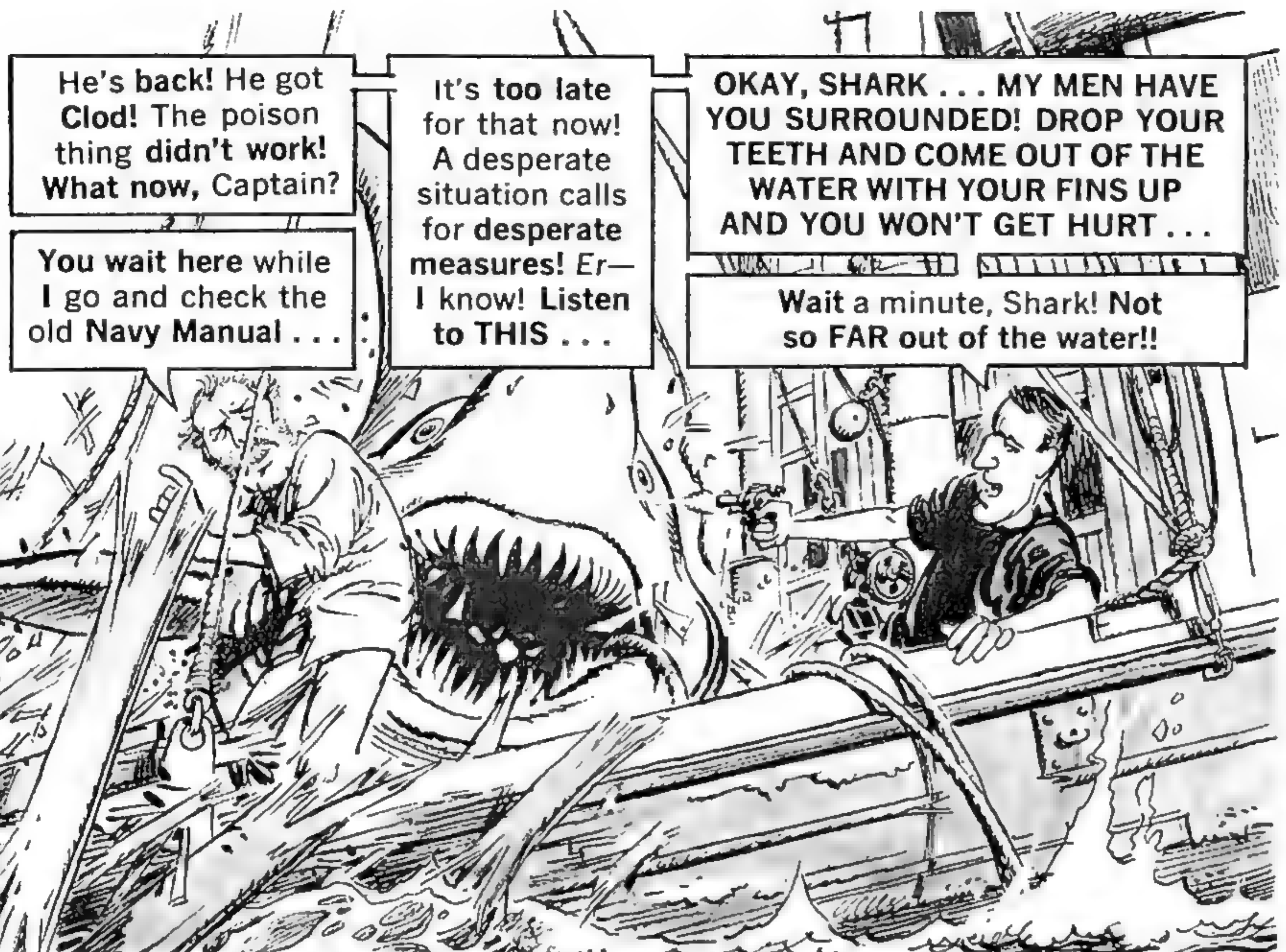
Does that mean anything to you?

You bet ...!









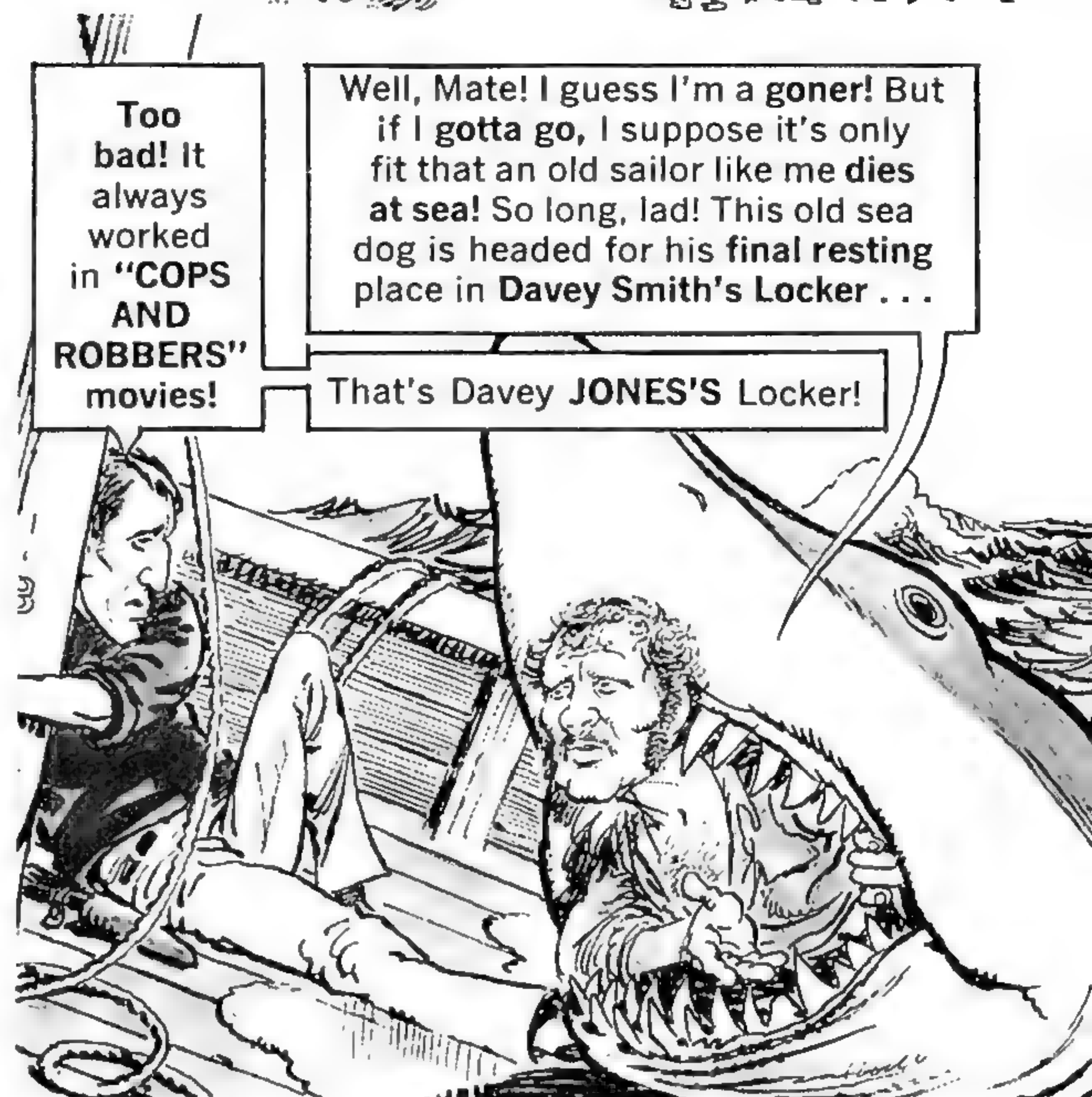
He's back! He got Clod! The poison thing didn't work! What now, Captain?

You wait here while I go and check the old Navy Manual ...

It's too late for that now! A desperate situation calls for desperate measures! Er—I know! Listen to THIS ...

OKAY, SHARK ... MY MEN HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! DROP YOUR TEETH AND COME OUT OF THE WATER WITH YOUR FINS UP AND YOU WON'T GET HURT ...

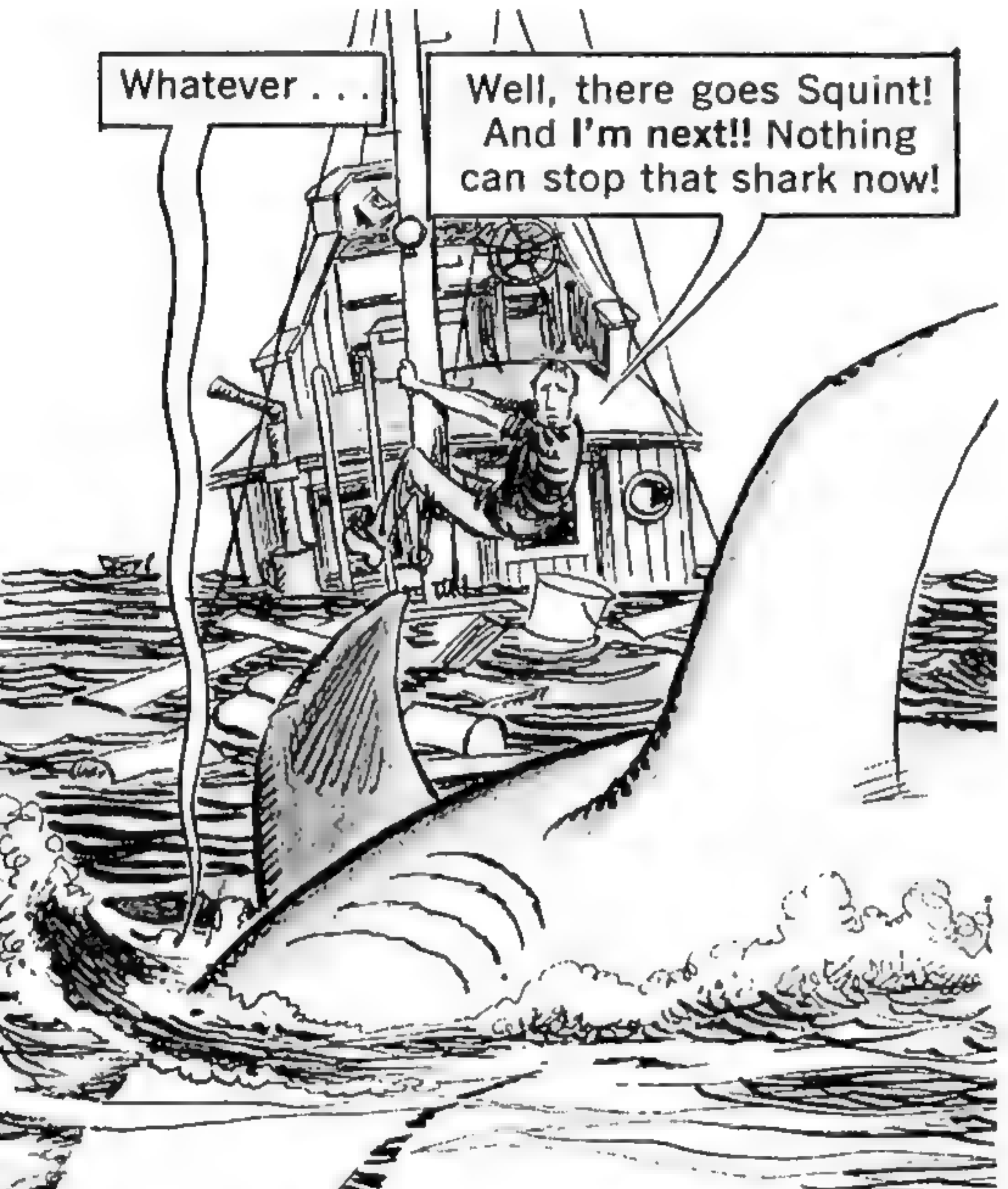
Wait a minute, Shark! Not so FAR out of the water!!



Too bad! It always worked in "COPS AND ROBBERS" movies!

Well, Mate! I guess I'm a goner! But if I gotta go, I suppose it's only fit that an old sailor like me dies at sea! So long, lad! This old sea dog is headed for his final resting place in Davey Smith's Locker ...

That's Davey JONES'S Locker!



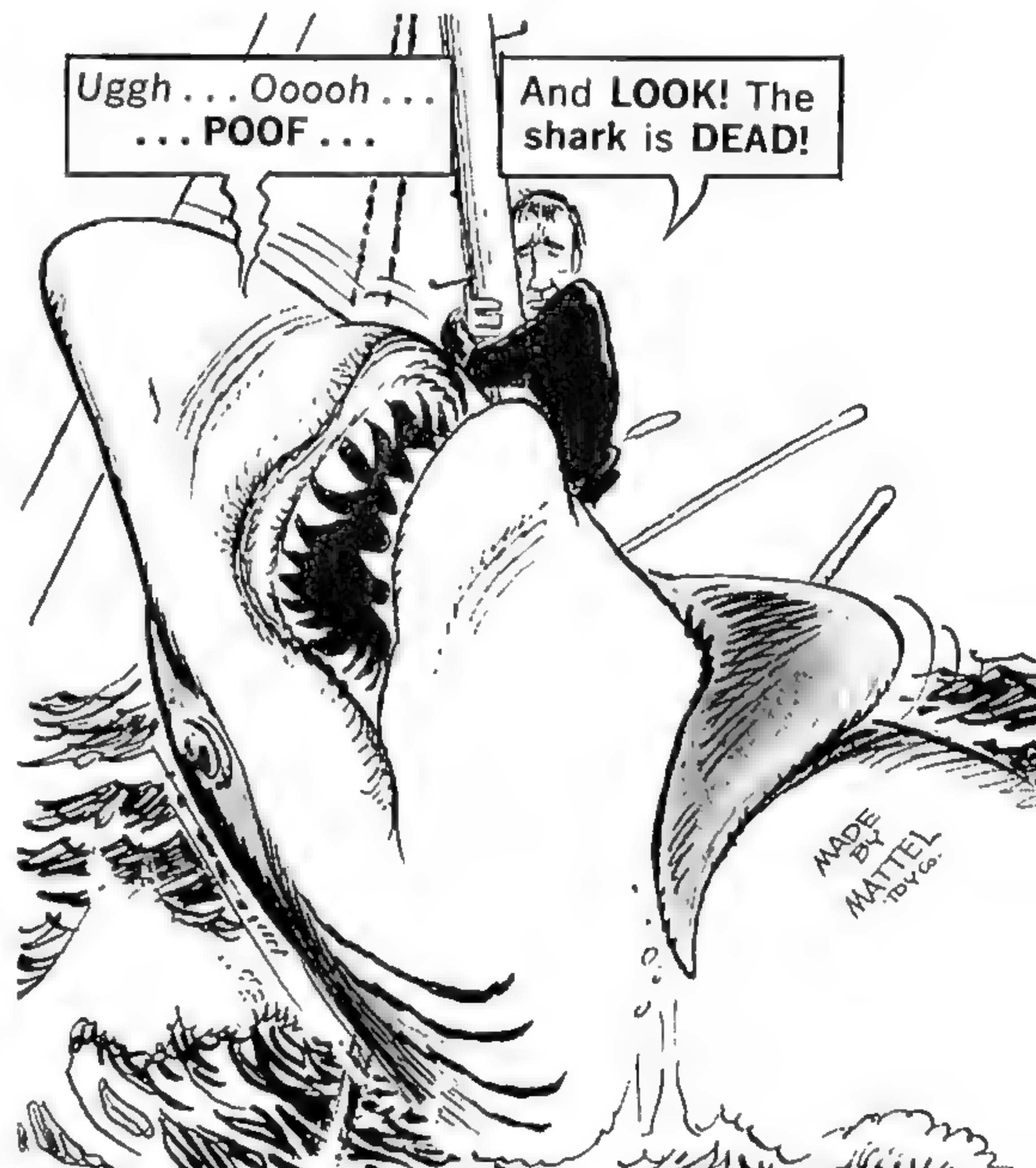
Whatever ...

Well, there goes Squint! And I'm next!! Nothing can stop that shark now!



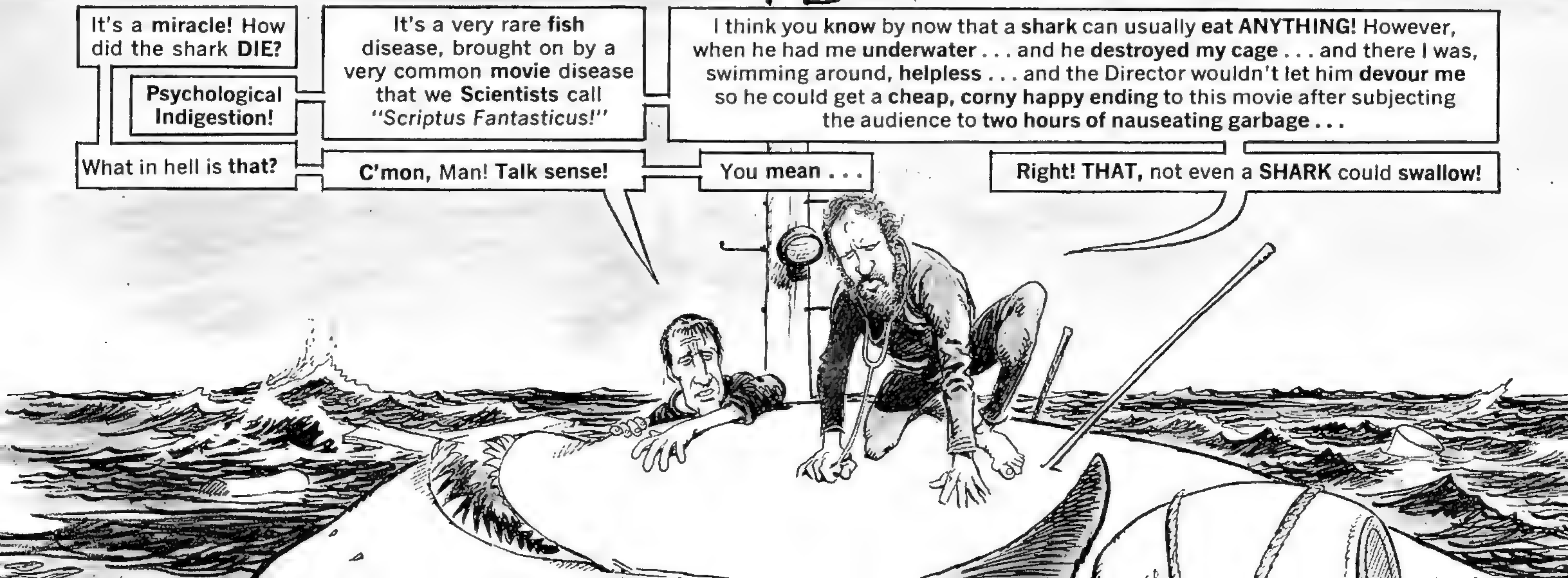
Hi! What's going on?

CLOD!! You're alive! YOU'RE ALIVE ... !!



Uggh ... Ooooh ... POOF ...

And LOOK! The shark is DEAD!



It's a miracle! How did the shark DIE?

Psychological Indigestion!

What in hell is that?

It's a very rare fish disease, brought on by a very common movie disease that we Scientists call "Scriptus Fantasticus!"

C'mon, Man! Talk sense!

I think you know by now that a shark can usually eat ANYTHING! However, when he had me underwater ... and he destroyed my cage ... and there I was, swimming around, helpless ... and the Director wouldn't let him devour me so he could get a cheap, corny happy ending to this movie after subjecting the audience to two hours of nauseating garbage ...

You mean ...

Right! THAT, not even a SHARK could swallow!



**WHAT'S  
THE LATEST IN  
EXCITING SUMMER  
WATER SPORTS?**

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Seems like every summer season some crazy new water sport is introduced. To find out what the latest is, fold page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◄ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**GARBED IN SWIMWEAR, EVEN PEOPLE OF AVERAGE  
ABILITY ARE INTO WATER SPORTS, BUT MANY FOOLS  
DON'T REALIZE THE RISKS EXPERTS ARE NOW ACKNOWLEDGING!**

A ►

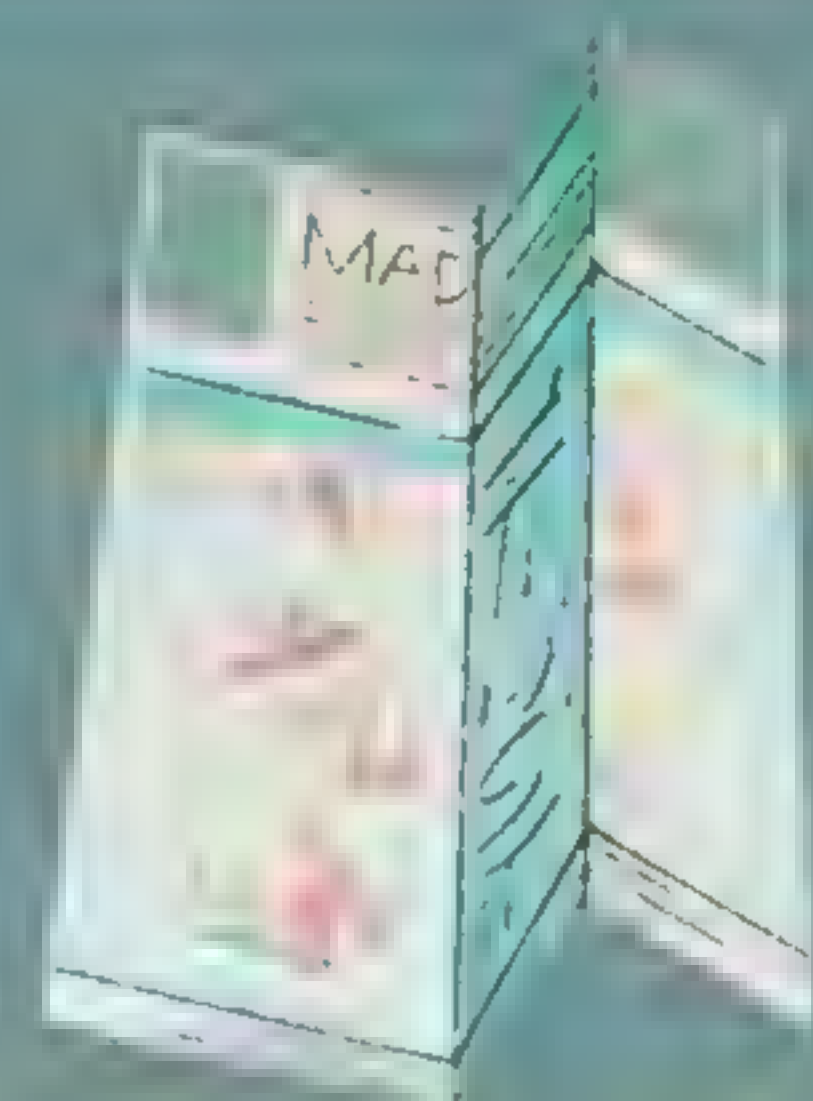
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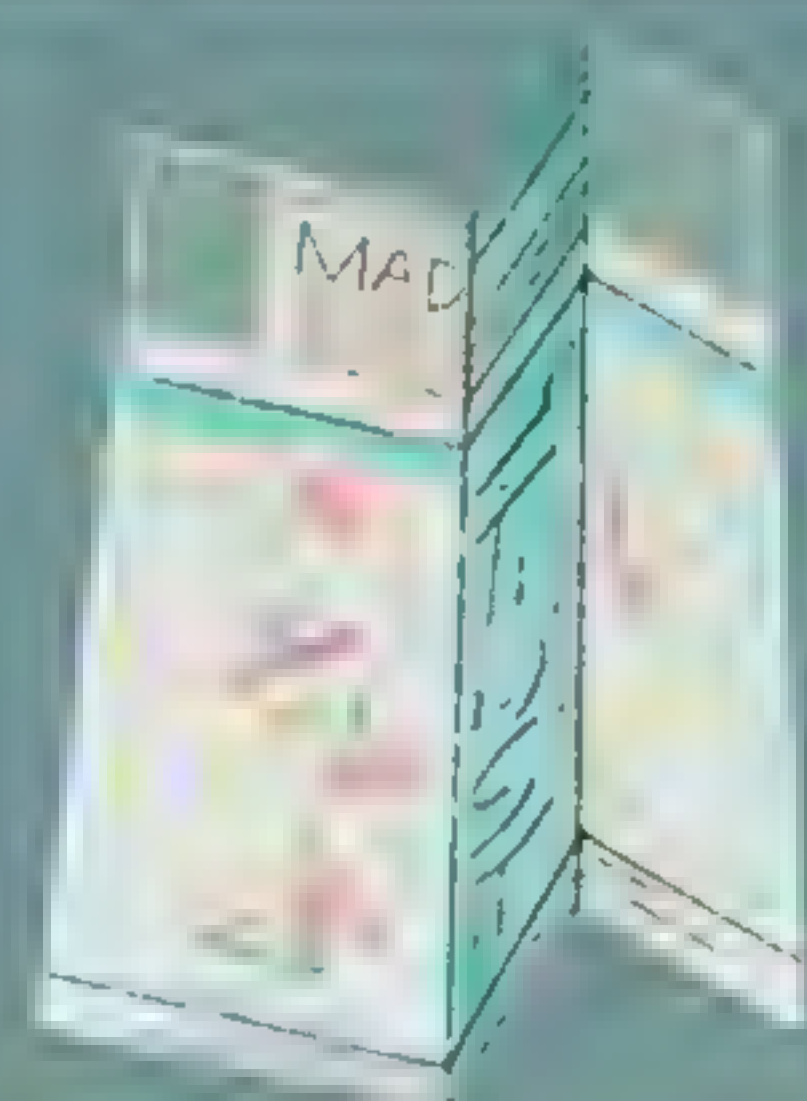
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A ►

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FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ► ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



GARBAGE

DODGING!

A ► ◀ B



MAD



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

